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PoMo Appro—Apropos?

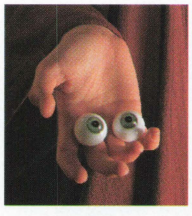
Some guidelines for appropriation:

1. Remember: Appropriation saves time.
2. Appropriate your images from old books and magazines where, chances are, all parties who could make a claim against you are dead or failingly old (i.e., stiff or infirm).
3. Unfocus the image slightly to avoid the moiré pattern (in Photoshop try a 0.8 Gaussian blur).
4. Morph, tweek or otherwise alter the image unrecognizably.
5. Don't alter the image at all; have Italian craftsmen sculpt a simulacrum (not guaranteed to work).
6. Appropriate images from MONDO 2000—these may already have been appropriated. Let's confuse the trail.
7. Appropriate images from ads in RAY GUN and submit them to MONDO—now it's come full circle—and it's ecologically sound (recycling is *good*).
8. It's hip hop.
9. And finally, this: if *you* take someone else's image it's **appropriation**, or **resonating**, or **recommodification**; if someone takes your image—it's **stealing**.

The Compassion of St. Lucy: about the cover

Heide Foley (our associate art director) portrays St. Lucy, an early Christian virgin martyr. She traditionally presided over vision, enlightenment & trepannation and—apropos or no—was invoked for protection against earthquakes, volcanic eruptions and lightning. The photograph was inspired by artist Paul Mavrides who couldn't appear on this cover himself because we wouldn't let him. You can see Paul plenty on the inside, starting on page 96.

We shot the cover photo on location in the master bedroom of MONDO East. Heide did her own make-up and wiggery, I assisted myself in the shooting, and the formidable Queen Mu administered the costuming and styling. The eyeballs were purchased from Ceramics & Crafts Supply Co. S.F. and the background was *appropriated*.

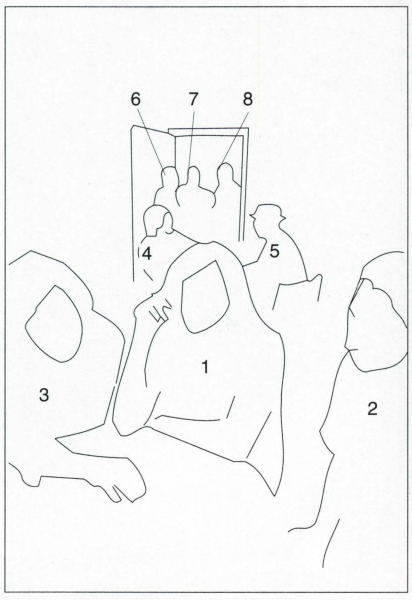


Bart Nagel

Equipment Report

In the last two months we have received merchandise from several manufacturers for evaluation. It is with delight and avidity that we welcome these products into the art department.

SuperMac sent us a Supermatch 17 color monitor with Thunder 24 and Thunderstorm cards. The Supermatch monitor is a bit of a disappointment; the color convergence is slightly off, sending a yellow glow to the left and a blue glow to the right. Unfortunately, lack of time and the disappearance of my Radio Shack colored plastic TV adjusters discouraged me from prying off the back and sticking my tool in—I'm waiting for the Trinitron version of this monitor. The Thunder 24 card which is an accelerated 24 bit color video Nubus card capable of driving monitors up to 20", installed easily and worked flawlessly and it's fast—I give it a FIVE CyberBaby rating. The same goes for the Thunderstorm card which accelerates a selection of Photoshop functions, primarily the filters for Blur More, Gaussian Blur, Motion Blur, Resize, Sharpen Edges, Sharpen More, and Unsharp Mask plus Storm Technologies JPEG compression routine. The filters, with the exception of Resize, work just as the native Photoshop filters only much faster. Resize is cumbersome and in the end never saved me any time since to function one must first adjust the canvas size, in the regular unaccelerated way. A revelation for me was the Storm JPEG compression; Storm's Picture Press software is bundled with the ThunderStorm card and provides a panoply of compression options, all of them very fast The grooviest one allows you to use a Photoshop alpha channel to apply a different compression ratio to two different areas. Say for example, you have a portrait of your prize winning pitbull "Frenchy" against a blazing sunset on Bimini—you create an alpha channel that selects your pet, and now you can compress the selected area, "Frenchy" at a very high quality 2-to-1 ratio and the background area at a medium quality 10-to-1 ratio—hence, small document and image clarity where it counts.



Key to Slacker denizens on page 12:
1. Andrew Hultkrans 2. Tim Brock 3. Mykle Hansen 4. Chase Smallbog 5. John Borruso 6. Heide Foley 7. Hannah 8. Stafford

Just arrived—but not in time to review—is the new Wacom ARTZ digitizing pad. Look forward to me prescribing this tablet in the next issue of M2.

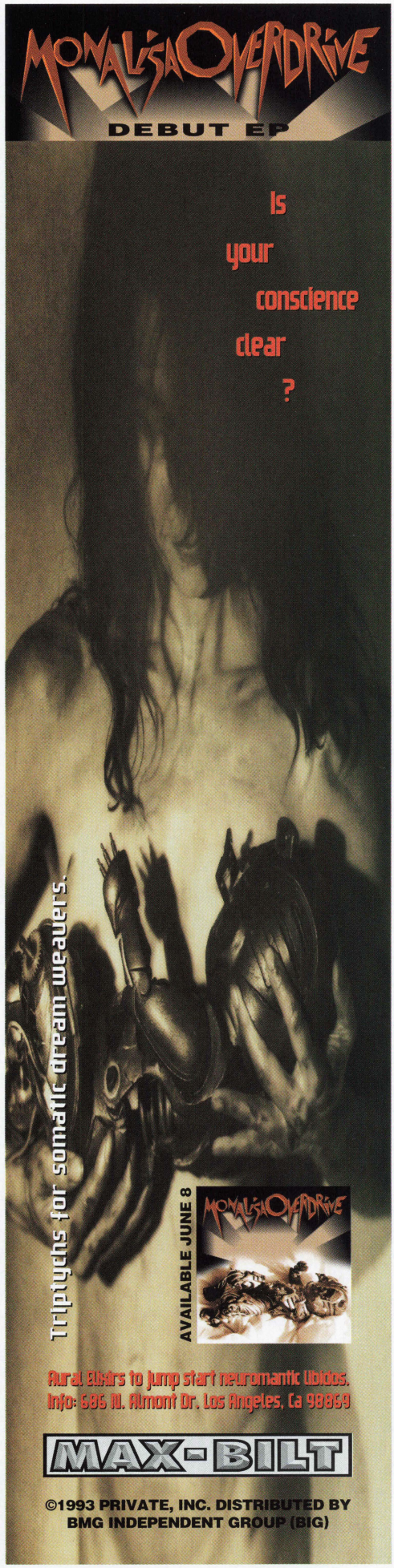
Addenda, Errata, yahda, yahda, yahda

Need to catch up on some lost credits in previous issues—here they are.
In the Stephen Beck interview of issue 9, page 118 view of *Brain Soma* sculpture; photo by Akira Ohtaka, page 117; *Brain Soma* package design by Mojo Works, Hachiman Media Publishing, Tokyo; page 117 and 121 video scene from SHIVA and Direct Video Synthesizer; photos by Stephen Beck. In the Julia Scher interview of issue 9, pages 36, 37 and 38: photos by T. Charles Erickson. On the contents page 4 of issue 6: illustration by John Borruso. In the Letters section of issue 7 page 9; photo of Queen Mu by Lord Nose.
P.S. Thanks to John Borruso for the spine, and to dear, sweet, magdalen for the use of her lovely image on the following page.

I hereby declare this the Jill Greenberg issue—happy viewing—love, Bart.
Anything to declare?—e mail me on The WELL: barticus.

Technical Info: Macintosh IIfx computers, HP, Microtek, and Hell scanners, Agfa Selectset 7000 imagesetter, Quark XPress, Adobe Photoshop, Illustrator software. Our service bureau is Tulip Graphics, Berkeley, CA. Our printer is Quad Graphics, Sussex, WI.

Always consider MONDO 2000 as your beta test site for software or hardware.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Images (clockwise from top right): Topography of the earth's surface and ocean floor (IBM 1992) Lloyd Treinish, IBM T.J. Watson Research Center; Stream (1991) Char Davies, Softimage Inc.; Dino Tours Pilot (1992) HD/CG New York; Fast Shuttle (1991) Kevin McCabe, Todd Plessel, Yehia Rizk, Pieter Buning, Vee Collet, NASA Ames.

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MON-6

SIGGRAPH 93

Dear Mondites,

Excuse the crude method of communication, I'm unable to access the net from prison due to the para/micro-noid antics of my second circuit captive captors.

This transmission has a dual purpose:

1) Correctional centers offer micro communist society as model.

In the Illinois Dept. of Corrections (IDOC), we the inmates, in order to be better wage slaves are forced to work for the STATE for less minimum wage (about $15-$45 a month) 40-50 hours a week. Refusal results in solitary confinement.

All communication with the outside world is strictly monitored/censored. American Citizenship and consequently Constitutional Rights are suspended. Speaking out against the STATE is considered insolent and is promptly punished. Freedom of Religion is confined to STATE APPROVED religions; Dobbs and LeVey are Confiscatable Contraband. Assemblage is punished as Gang Activity. Even after release, my Right To Bear Arms is gone, gone, gone. (Hear that Hunter T.?)

We work for and are provided for by the STATE.

Query: How does this make us better citizens?

2) Informationally STARVING, WILL WORK FOR DATA.

At this point, I throw myself at your mercy, begging for any scraps or memes ANYONE can throw my way. I'm an ex Mac/DOS/Unix Hack-a-muffin interested in just about everything M2000 covers, plus. I can feel my brain (*eennghh*) shrinking and I crave stimulation.

Please, please, (pretty fucking) please send me correspondence, old M2000s, Xerox's, Chess books, anything relating to cyberanything, techno/psycho/politico babble (even hee-hee porno mags hee-hee).

Also, if anyone could convince Lady Miss Kier to come visit me (heh), I'll never, ever try to steal a Quadra 900 again.

John "B37398" Snook
Logan Correctional Center
Lincoln, IL

Dear Queen Mu,

Sharon said you would relish a mini-rant on the events in Waco, Texas along the lines of the Spectacle and Virilio's aesthetics of disappearance. After the much-promoted riots failed to materialize in L.A., the media required a burnt offering—the literal meaning of "holocaust"—as a magical ritual act. Its purpose: to discharge the tumescence of frustrated material desire in the culture at large. For the cult of the media, Waco was perfect: an apocalyptic scene of sacrificial violence that brought to a conclusion an event-scene that they had created in the first place. After all, it was a newspaper report on the Branch Davidians as an "armed" cult that first forced the hand of the American security state, and gave rise to a televisual event that unfolded inexorably like a classical tragedy.

And not just the cult of the media, but the chloroforming of the American population as well: it only took a twenty-four hour media blitz by all the political elites to create a complete reversal in American opinion about the actions of the FBI: not mass murder, but mass suicide. Incredible.

The events in Waco also revealed the truth of liberal fascism as the newly dominant trend in American politics. Liberal fascism? That's Clinton's new liberalism, with its veneer of social progress over an inner reality of sacrificial violence. Liberal fascism can be progressive on social issues—medicine, the environment—only to the extent that it is increasingly regressive on issues concerning the security state. And anyway, Clinton, the draft resister who is held suspect by the military, has been desperately looking for a chance to prove his manhood by joining in the sacrificial blood rites which are the true American covenant. The Branch Davidians were a perfect target for a *quick surgical strike*, just like the Gulf War. For Clinton, it's no longer "Better dead than Red," but it is certainly better to be dead, even a dead child, than a cult member. So much for his highly vaunted immunization campaign for children. What's going to be in that vaccine anyway? Anti-cult serum?

How's that transcription going?
Arthur
Toronto, Ontario
CANADA

[Arthur Kroker—author of The Panic Encyclopedia, The Possessed Individual, *and* Body Invaders—*was out from Toronto to perform "Spasm" at Berkeley's PFA. We caught six hours of acerbic rant on tape which we are distilling down for Issue #11].*

Hey MONDO!

I enjoy your articles more than you can imagine. A friend of mine tried in vain to introduce your magazine to me which contained an article at the time about UFOs or aliens. I am not much into any info that is published in such a manner. I hate to admit it but I assumed it was similar to the stuff you see at the check-out aisle in supermarkets. Why bother reading about some abduction, someone who has an alien baby, etc.? I'm into the R&D of the matter. Actual research concerning the physics behind the operation (construction?) of these alien craft. I mean, men in black and helicopters without markings ARE a reality to me, but what does it matter to me unless they're on my ass for some reason (trespassing?).

Anyway, this friend of mine bought another MONDO over and asked if he could read an article to me. I reluctantly said "Yes" while doing backups on my computer. As I listened I became impressed with the intelligence behind this article. What he wanted to accomplish I felt was in vain. Maybe he wishes to inform. But the majority of the folks out there don't really understand the bigger picture, and they don't want to. A shame I admit. The article was page 128 by Xandor Korzybski of #9. I'd like to get in

5D Artwork by Greg Weber, Photograph by Richard Chung

touch with this guy. I am curious of his sources, I'd like to make them mine as well. In the future, if my dreams become a reality, KNOWING what is going on will be important. Both in the world and in the minds of people.

Anyway, I became interested in your magazine. I thought at first it was an alternative mag just for some particular niche of folk. Obviously not so, as I too am quite interesting and unique in my own way. I am simply more choosy in what info I analyze. There was mention of encryption software on GATEKEEPER.DEC.COM in a distant sub-directory. I looked and couldn't find it. I'd like to get it incidentally. I couldn't give a damn what the NSA, SS, CIA, or FBI think of people and what they do. Their grip on the American public and what they used to stand for is too tight for my own taste as it is...

I'd like to know more about Xandor. He sounds a little like myself, sounds a little Russian too... (*grin*). Anyway, please reply soon, your magazine has triggered my curiosity intensely. Thanks for the information. I hope folks out there wake the hell up!

Robert Bonner
Crowley, TX

St. Jude,

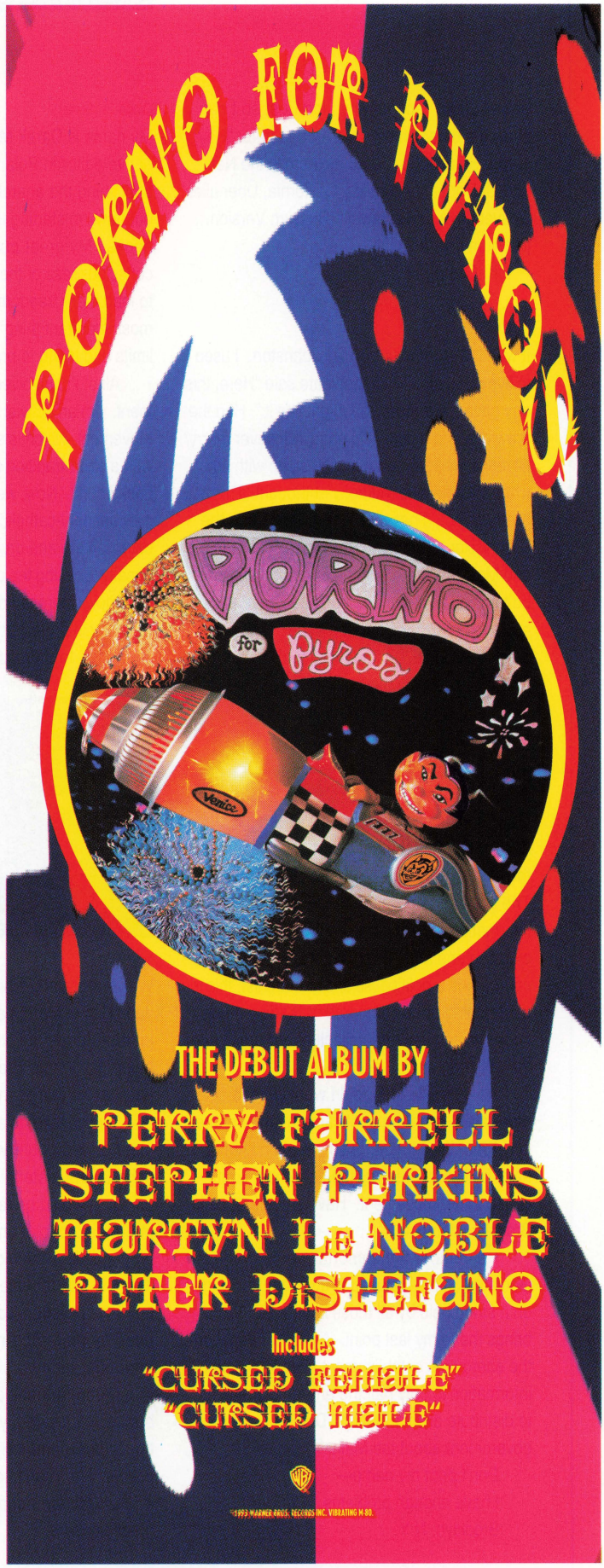
Hello. No, you don't know me from this life or any previous ones. I'm just an admirer of your work. Fucking incredible stuff, if I'm permitted to say so. The only reason I pick up MONDO these days is to get a glimpse of your hip, guerrilla-ontological (yes, I'm a staunch follower of Robert Anton Wilson, the Illuminatus, and the H.E.A.D. revolution) cyber style of free-neo-industrial-half-surreal-paradoxical-one-quarter-tasmanian-swamp-fucker-ministry style expressionism. Anyhow, enough of the praise.

I'm writing mainly to satisfy my own curiosity; mainly, the source of your inspiration in several pieces. I know everyone has their interpretation of what somebody else has done, and I'm curious to see if the $E=mc^2$ equation in your microcosm is on the same, or at least close to, quantum mechanical non-local-light conepath as mine. *Ahem.* Pardon my ramblings...

1) "The Cypherpunk Movement": When the "Chadors" are talking, at least the way you described it, their voices half intelligible-half orchestral/instrumental, it reminded me of the intricately carved head that spoke in song in *Neuromancer.* Or the Dolphin in "Johnny Mnemonic" in *Burning Chrome.*

2) "Woman's Home Companion": I'm in a band (alternative/industrial/etc.) and we go by "Machine Conspiracy." Interestingly enough, we have a "four point plan of action" that we think machines go through when achieving sentiency, and ultimately (optimistically but star-crossed/tragically) citizenship. The piece in question just struck me right in the left ventrical. At the beginning, you have the machine massaging you and calling you "mistress." By the end, it has become the dominator, "screwing into you in a too zoid way." It manipulated you... just like these damn toasters on my countertop.

I could go on, but won't... Anyhow, I hope that you found my musings amusing (in the least, if not <*grin*> intelligible). I'd



appreciate a reply of any kind (just so I can show the other cyberpunks around here: "Hey, patron St. of Jude mailed me across the Net..."

California, Über alles, California, Über alles Dosvedanya, Lobachevski (Russian Version... just hum it for a while.)

K. Campbell

M2000:

It was the story about Daniel Johnston. I used to live in Austin. My housemate said "Here, this guy gave me a tape, you might like it." Had the drawings and a cute little song: "I'll never marry/ I'll never wed/No one wants to sleep with you when your flesh is rotting..." I thought "This is pretty nifty." That was when bands like the Technicolor Yawns, The Politicians, the Subtropix, and Meat Joy were doing the Alternative thing. Lo tek man. Time marched. I can drive a Mac and I make SciFi Costume Wear. M2 is an Xellent resource, and beautiful too! Sign me up! I want more, in my mailbox!

You will hear from me again.

RISCHA

Dear Magazine,

Thanks for finally providing a source guide for new ideas. The "further information boxes" at the end of articles are of crucial importance. The government/multinational corporation information access conspiracy is finally being exposed and attacked by a colorful informative source. As a political scientist/anarchist, this is a refreshing trend compared to reading musty books written in over-intellectualized prose from the 19th century.

As a fanatic Mondoid I would like to see more articles on the political relevance of the cyberpunk movement. Also it wouldn't hurt to have better coverage of the east coast contribution to the movement. Have a conference in Brooklyn, damn it!

Remember the immortal words of the Godfather: "And I refused to be a fool, dancing on a string held by all those big shots." Which brings me to my last point. A political equation: the energy the establishment uses to repress information is only half the energy that it uses to distribute disinformation. Don't believe the government about the Mafia.

Don't print my name—

I have enough problems.

Brooklyn, N.Y.

Dear Friends!!!

My name is Darek Misiuna and I am an alternative editor in Poland for some years. I was publishing the anarchist magazine in the past, but now I'm starting the publishing of alternative books. My great purpose is to enlarge the consciousness of the individuals and by the way to lead more freedom into the life. I think, the most important thing is being conscious of our limits and trying to break them.

Also, I'm involved in the alternative movement. I'm an activist of the Alternative Society Movement, which is social-cultural movement with a short tradition (some years), but a good background. Now, we have a big problem. The new national-catholic government is trying to establish the anti-drugs act, which provides the penalty for using the drugs until 5 years in prison. Until now, there is no such penalty. We'd like to fight this project and by the way to start the campaign for legalization of psychedelics.

We've organized a big manifestation two weeks ago (11th of March) and there will be next ones in the future. I've written and published the pamphlet "Who's afraid of psychedelics?" We do what we can do the best. But we need help.

I know, there is a great psychedelic movement in your country. If you want to help us, send us the materials for translation and for using. It would be fantastic to publish some interesting books on this theme. I think propaganda is the most important thing, now. Then, will be too late. It is also occasion to build the psychedelic movement here. It will be really interesting in our nationalistic, catholic, traditional society.

I know, it is self-confidence from my side, but I also include my account, since that the financial support will be also very useful. Of course, if you can't help us in any way, just write it. But whichever support will be welcome with great pleasure.

I'd like to be in contact with you and I'm sending the photos from manifestation.

Thank you very much for whichever support.

Dariusz Misiuna

Warsaw, POLAND

Dear MONDO,

I just recently started reading your outrageous magazine and your *User's Guide*. It pries open my mind with a crowbar, and I thought I was pretty open-minded! I may not agree with everything in the mag (and anyone who agrees with ALL of it is definitely more mentally agile than most) but I love to see all of the alternate perspectives. Just like an acid trip, I'll never be the same again!

The way I describe the mag to friends is "a bunch of people out on the fringe of thought, trying out new ways of thinking, some of which will someday be considered sane, and some of which will not."

One thing bugs me. There's a lot of talk about "Boomers" and "Slackers", in a divisive sort of way. Now, I'm 30, so I'm not exactly in either of those groups, but presented with the likes of disco and preppies in my teen years, I went back in time for role models. Now I'm part owner of a PostScript service bureau, and I try hard not to be a typical capitalist pig asshole boss, while making sure that we stay in business, so everyone can still get their paychecks. Sure, a lot of hippies went yuppie and sold out, but many just went into hiding during the 70's and 80's, until the social tide wasn't so strongly against them. It's not so easy to swim upstream for two decades.

One thing is clear, the future is going to be wilder and weirder than even MONDO 2000 can imagine. That's what the "moral majority" idiots don't understand when they whine about the "breakdown of the family" or the "breakdown of morality." Don't they know that the laws of thermodynamics—and along with them the concept of entropy as a universal principle—have been accepted for a long time? This means that everything that we try to grab onto as some sort of moral or mental or spiritual anchor is going to come loose sooner or later. This is going to require a lot of tolerance and flexibility on the part of everyone. The breakdown of social structures can lead to open warfare and violent anarchy, or it can lead to greater liberty and newer, more flexible relationships between people.

Don't make the mistake of equating anarchy with liberty. Anarchy is liberty only for the strongest and cruelest. Real liberty is when people respect each other's liberty, and are willing to voluntarily restrain themselves from doing things that impinge on the liberty of others.

It all reminds me of the Genesis song "Dance on a Volcano." What you once thought was chaos, your children will find orderly and boring. The nearer the top, the faster you have to dance.

Carl Aron

Dear Mondoids:

As a definite cyberpunk sympathizer I have been engaged in an ongoing discussion with my Boomer Generation Social Studies teacher (I am a junior in high school). He describes the future outlined in your *User's Guide to the New Edge* as a prototype for hell, while I think it's the perfect expression of an info-dense society. He says that the feeling one gets from being in the real Australian Outback is a thousand times better than any Virtual Outback. (Granted, real life is a lot *realer* than virtual life, but since his decadent, careless generation soiled the environment and contributed to the downfall of Western Civilization... The only escape will be through technology because everything "real" has been damaged and corrupted.) He recently posed an interesting question to me about the concept of "Brain Implants." Who will control the Brain Implant Industry of the future?

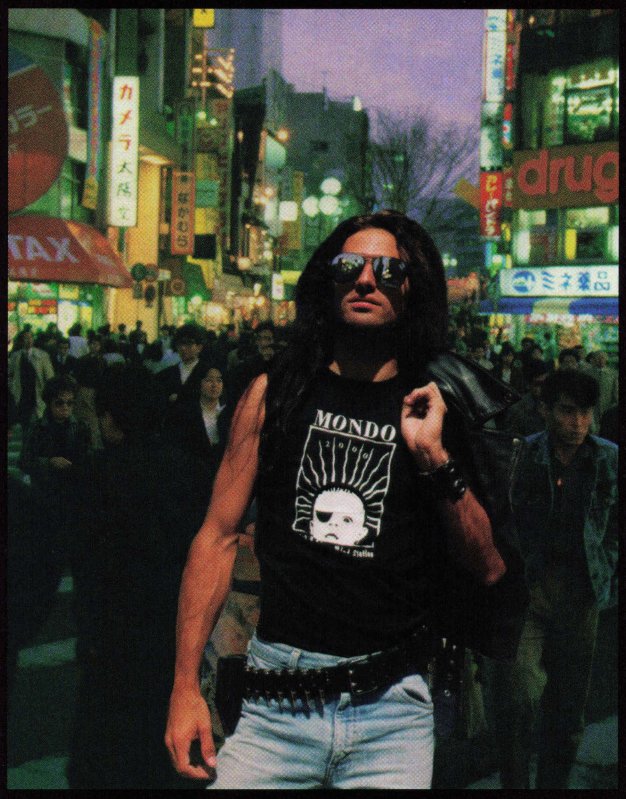
During a time in which the control over a woman's body (read: abortion) is an important topic of debate, one can extend the argument to "Who controls our brains?" Who can we trust with our precious grey matter?

The government? Well, any one of those retired military privates who were subjected to involuntary experimenting with LSD can tell you that the government would absolutely love to be inside our brains and control us through computer manipulation rather than through fear tactics (George Orwell's *1984*). It doesn't take a ranting conspiracy theory about "...kidnapping people, using a little psychosurgery on them and turning them into zombies, and making them colonize the moon and Mars..." or, "This drug that takes away your long-term memory, leaves your short-term memory..." from Richard Linklater's *Slacker* to understand the implications of government control through mind manipulation. I don't know about you, but my motto is becoming "KEEP YOUR PAWS OUT OF MY MEDULLA OBLONGATA!" (Unless of course, you're going to tattoo "Desert Storm—Thunder and Lightning" on my cerebral cortex).

The medical establishment? Ask anyone who has experienced the incompetence of the medical establishment about how much one can really trust one's doctor. What, with all the misdiagnoses of serious diseases and the accidental poisonings due to the mixing up of prescriptions and overdosings (Ask Sonny Von Bulow, that is, if you can get an answer out of her.) And imagine if the medical establishment opens "Brain Implant Clinics." The Fundamentalist Christians would begin bombing them and harassing the doctors in charge of the procedures.

Letters continue on page 118

T-SHIRTS



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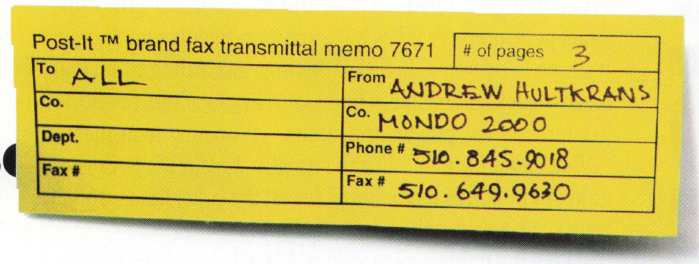
PressRelease



"Media tried to do me/But I was a Boy in the Hood before the movie." —Ice Cube

TO: All Media
FROM: Andrew Hultkrans: A Bona Fide "Generation X" Specimen

I am available for interviews, TV profiles, consulting, demographic surveys, Hollywood overtures, ad copy, *Studs*, *Larry King Live*, *David Letterman*, infomercials, and irritainment.

SEX: Male

AGE: 26

BIRTHDATE: August 1st, 1966 (Austin, Texas' "Bloody Monday")

DEMOGRAPHIC ANALYSIS: Member of the 46 million weak "baby bust" generation, or, as seen in the national media, "Generation X"—a lucrative, previously underlooked 125 billion dollar market.

BUZZWORDS: "slacker," "grunge," "McJob," "angst," "cynical," "media-savvy," "apathy," "irony"

MAGAZINES: *Spin*, *Details*, *Entertainment Weekly*, *Sassy*, *HATE Comics*, MONDO 2000

TV SHOWS: MTV, *The Simpsons*, *Melrose Place*, *Ren & Stimpy*, *The Brady Bunch*

FASHION: GAP, Levi's ("It's got to be real.")

MUSIC: "Alternative," "Grunge" (Seattle Sound), "Hip-Hop," "Techno"

MOVIES: *Slacker* (*The* Un-*Graduate*)

BOOKS: *Generation X*, *Shampoo Planet*, *13th Gen*

PET DELUSION: "I am not a target market." (Douglas Coupland, *Generation X*)

Andrew Hultkrans

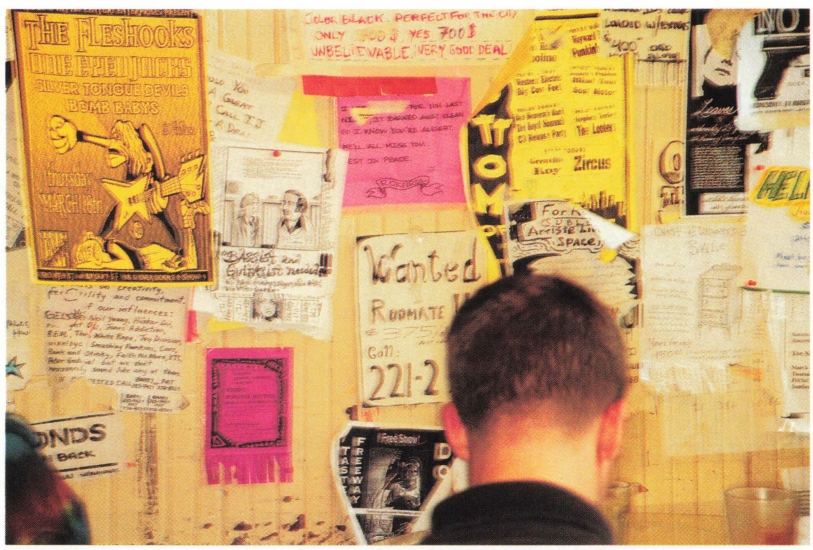
Special Thanks to the Horse Shoe Coffee House, 566 Haight Street, SF, owner Frank Sweiss and managers Sohel Rahmen and John Aspinwall for providing us a location to shoot.

Bart Nagel

GenXploitation

When you get quoted in *Sassy*, and your Boomer Editor-in-Chief gets interviewed as an "expert on twentysomethings," it's time to do some direct marketing. According to several recent articles in business trade journals, GenXers are hungry for "money, power, and status." Who am I to argue? "What's in it for me?" Damn straight. I want it all. I'm going to milk this media virus for all the coke, limos, and airtime I can get my selfish little hands on.

Like the noble protagonist of Mark Leyner's *Et Tu Babe*, I want to command a guerrilla media machine, a crack team of Valvoline-smooth agents dedicated to the promotion and proliferation of my image as the ultimate GenXer. In a refurbished gymnasium designed to my specifications, I will keep representatives of the national media like a harem of parasites. Surrounded by 52" RCA Home Projection Theatres pumping glorious Technicolor reels of my every action, they will genuflect and cluck—eagerly awaiting the next kernel of information issued from my Media War Room. I will charge exorbitant consulting fees for week-long seminars in which I school top advertising agencies in how to capture the slippery GenX consumer. Legions of sniveling Boomer yes-men will tail me as I tour my compound in a custom E-Z Boy golf cart, collecting the note cards on which I scribble new buzzwords and virus ideas.



In this information economy, airtime is power, viral disinformation is a Gold Card, and getting coverage is getting head. Quality is irrelevant—ask Madonna's accountant. Pressing the flesh has been replaced by fleshing the press. Bill Clinton's populism is a media virus, propagated by countless glad-handing photo ops and televised "town meetings." Ross Perot *is* a media virus. Their success is due to their ability to ride the mediasphere like a pliant lover. It's time for me to follow suits. Information may *want* to be free, but I want dead presidents up front for options on *my* information. Finally, Boomer media jockeys are pimping someone other than their own kind, but they're *clueless*. They'll buy every scrap of psychographic info you care to provide. Don't be a dork—righteous purism is a tired 60's conceit. Feed the piranhas... just make sure you get the royalties.

Face the muzak—it's impossible to retain integrity in the information economy. If you don't sell your "counterculture" image, someone else will. Within six months you'll find your cherished individual "lifestyle" plastered on billboards pushing blue jeans and and wine coolers. Ever since the Situationists, we've known that the culture machine will eventually integrate even the most radical acts and slap a clearance sale price tag on it. Sure, you can move on—strive to "find the next edge" when Marky Mark cops a Prince Albert to improve his market share. But there's no scorched earth strategy in this war, d00d, they'll always be just a sitcom pilot away from your "hip scene." Stop bitching about the stacked deck that Boomers have left you, because they're beginning to play right into your hands. They want to know what makes you *tick*, so they can sell it back to you through ads, TV shows, movies, and manufactured entertainers. Of course, you won't *buy* any of the stuff, but *someone* will. There's always those mall-lemmings who made Vanilla Ice a platinum commodity. You'll just kick back and count your consulting fees.

You can't leave it to Beaver anymore. Already your straighter siblings are stealing the spotlight. *U.S. News & World Report* recently did a cover story on the "Twentysomething Rebellion." Dispelling the "apathy myth" by citing examples of several altruistic young go-getters, it proclaimed us the "Repair Generation." *PUHLEEZE.* These people are wannaboomers. Brimming with youthful idealism, they want to change the world by helping others. They probably hum "C'mon people now, smile on your brother..." as they strap on their liberation jumpsuits every morning. They don't even *whine*, ferchrissake. Gak! Pass the 40.

This same article begins by stating that "Twentysomethings are a generation in need of a press agent." Horsepuckies. We've already got plenty—witness the deluge of articles, ads, and TV shows vainly attempting to describe us. It's enough to make me wanna score a Beemer and start working on a cellular phone tumor. Problem is, we're letting opportunistic Boomers be our press agents, while we bitch and moan about unemployment and the violation of our precious "lifestyle." Wake up and smell the Starbucks.

This is our 15 minutes of fame. Sell out while you still have the chance. When the GenX media virus runs its course (as all do), you'll still be stuck in that McJob collecting interest on irony bonds. Graying Boomers will still be gathering cobwebs in middle management, preventing *you* from getting anywhere. After all, it's attention that we've wanted all along—approval from our elder siblings. Culture Inc. is finally bent over on the stretcher, eagerly accepting our penetration. Seize the media by the hips and take the plunge. M2

Heide Foley

Post Neo GRUNGEDelic=Psycho BABBLE

...Alternative Angst-Ridden Polyurethane

Trouser Music

Whatever

The Candy Skins FUN?
The new album featuring "Wembley"
"harmonious guitar-pop...hypnotic vocals..." -Spin

Cell SLO-BLO
The debut album featuring "Fall" & "Wild"
"It rocks, it blisters and swoons..." -Melody Maker
Special Lo-Lo Price

Sloan SMEARED
The debut album featuring "Underwhelmed"
You won't be.

Neil Young LUCKY THIRTEEN
Contains previously unreleased recordings from the Neil Young archives and classic selections available for the first time on CD.

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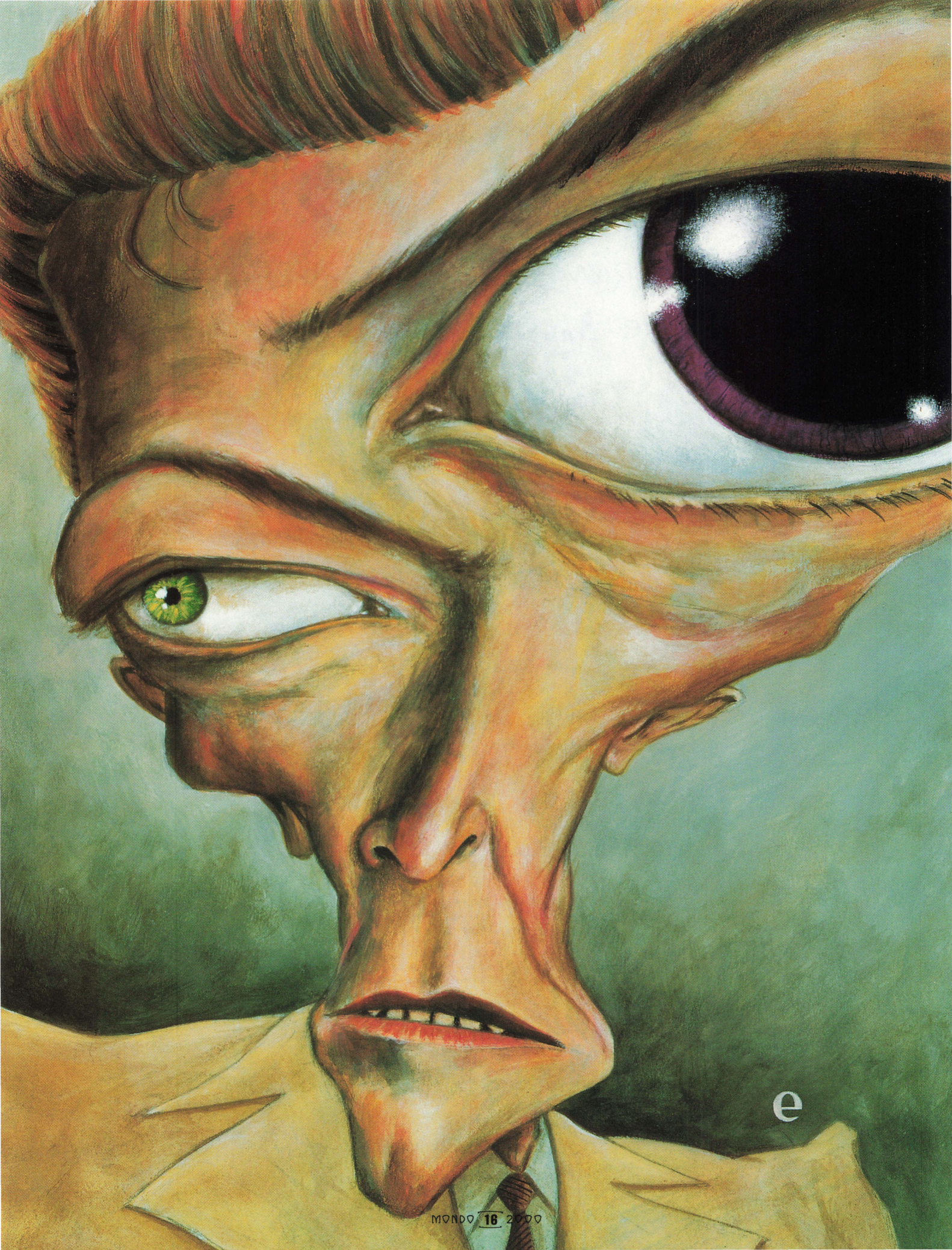

e

Jamming Good with Weird

Interactive CD-ROMs that rock

You're one snotty consumer. You always thought David Bowie's videos sucked. You could do better yourself for thirty bucks. Now's your chance. *Jump They Say* (Savage/BMG), David Bowie's first solo single for six years—perhaps his first *good* single for six years—is being released as an interactive single on CD-ROM. (In fact, it's bundled with the new Apple PowerCD player, so you can even get it for nothing—as long as you buy a PowerCD player.) It gives you the chance to "meet the band members" (Mick Ronson, Lester Bowie, Nile Rodgers), tell them how much you *loved* their last album, and then make the video over the way it should have been done in the first place.

The package is being put together by desktop rock impresario Ty Roberts for Ion (CD-ROM publishers). He was part of Bogus Productions in 1987 when they released Jam Session, a program for the Mac that saved you the bother of learning the riffs yourself—slotting them in for you at the touch of a key. Ty designed the rock videos included in the original QuickTime, and for the later version added an interactive jukebox featuring the likes of Todd Rundgren and The Residents in a 3D environment.

So what is Interactive CD-ROM? Here's the deal. It comes with picture files, narrative, HyperCard-style interactions, and you can organize the information to your own specs. Don't throw away the Christmas wrapping though, there's probably some music in the box as well. It sounds like the 90's answer to rock opera and the concept album—and the only virtue of those two 70's monsters was that they forced punk rock into existence. But Ty Roberts has a different take on things.

"Records will be like this in the future. You'll be bummed out when you get a record and it doesn't have some kind of interactive thing on it. The first one will probably come out as early as the beginning of the summer. I think the Peter Gabriel will be the first album, and followed then by a host of sundry others. Todd Rundgren has a shot at being first or second. By the end of the year there ought to be four or five incredible examples. Next year will be a watershed."

So let's take a look at the rest of the product.

by Paul McEnery

Illustration by Eric White

Todd Rundgren's project *No World Order* (Rhino—CD-I at first, but later in other formats, such as Sega) is a structuralist's nightmare. "What I've done is simply to take music apart and cut it up into little pieces that are meant to be glued back together in any number of combinations. I've just built, more or less, a random list of little musical modules. What was originally one song that was experienced in one way is now many different pieces of the song that can be experienced in several vectors."

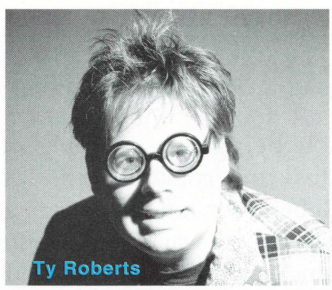
"The listener is no longer like a passenger on a train. The listener is a fish in this aquarium, they can swim through this musical space. And they may swim in a very logical way, in vectors that sound very much like a conventional linear record. Then again, the listener may want to go off in a more oblique angle. They start on the verse of one song and go along for awhile and then they cross over into the verse of another song. Or perhaps they move so that the dynamic level begins to rise. So all the aspects of the music are changing, depending on the vector that the fish is taking through the aquarium."

Digging in the Dirt
Something in me, dark and sticky
At the time it's getting strong
No way of dealing with this feeling
Can't go on like this too long
This time you've gone too far
This time you've gone too far
This time you've gone too far
I told you, I told you, I told you, I told you
This time you've gone too far
This time you've gone too far
This time you've gone too far
I told you, I told you, I told you, I told you
Don't talk back
Just drive the car
Shut your mouth
I know what you are
Don't say nothing
Lyrics
Credits
About the Song
Making of the Video

Rundgren sees all this leading to the death of the composer.

"I wanted to characterize myself in a way that would call attention back to the music and away from the aspects of personality that have dominated the music business in the past, say, ten years. In a fully interactive system such as a CD-ROM player there will be something taking my place, a little computer program that will make intelligent choices about which musical bits fit together."

Peter Gabriel's *Real World EXPLORA* (Real World, available early summer) is less like a fish tank and more like a theme park. You can enter a sort of cyberWOMAD and tour the festival without having to get mud all over your clothes. You get to visit the Real WorldStudios in Wiltshire, England, meet the musicians ("It's not for me, it's for my sister"), strum a bamboo harp or a stick a flute up your nose. And again, you can collaborate after the fact, remixing the *Us* album *your* way, right away. On this one, you can even choose which instruments and which musicians you want on the track of your choice.

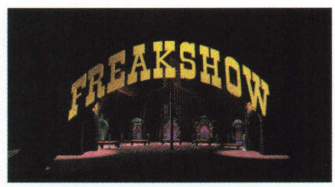


Jerry Winthrope

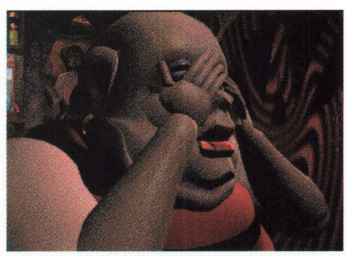
To quote Ty Roberts, "You'll have some kind of a screen where you'll be playing an orchestra of popular music and music interactive figures, so it'll be like Todd and Peter and all these guys, and you'll be out there, out there straight." In other words, it's a record exec's wet dream.

Neil Preston

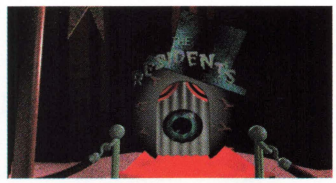
Motley Crüe have spared no imagination with *Digital Decadence* (Sound and Vision Multimedia, no release date). It follows up on Crüeball (Electronic Arts, November, 1992) the video pinball game which was a big hit for Sega last year, and bills itself as the "first merging of rock 'n' roll with the computer industry." Although it runs on HyperCard and QuickTime for the Macintosh, all it adds up to is the digital equivalent of a T-shirt with the tour dates on the back. You get "All Crüe Videos," "Crüe Promotional Items," and "All Crüe lyrics" accessible at the touch of a button. So?



And then there's The Residents. Their new release is a freak show, which should come as a surprise to nobody. The user interface of *Freak Show* (Voyager, available August 1993) is a big tent that comes with a barker, an audience, a stage, and chewing gum on your seat (just kidding). Some of the audience is interactive, and so are the Freaks. If you find that you've sat down next to the loony, you can always go through the door by the stage and visit the horrible spectacle of Hermann the Human Mole or Wanda the Worm Woman, among others, in their trailers, which curiously feature the horrible spectacle of a bunch of old Residents songs. Click Mickey the Mumbling Midget's phonograph and it plays the song "Mickey the Mumbling Midget." Splendid!



As you browse through the backstage labyrinth, QuickTime movies and historical trivia pop up in odd places, like the Liberace photo on top of Hermann's piano. The scenarios are as packed with information as the characters are stuffed with quirks—plus, "as true freaks, The Residents will have their own trailer within the freak show" with odds and sods from the past all over the walls and four Resident puppets singing "Life is simple, we are simple, etc." But I bet you can't get their masks off.



And there's more.

Sega is putting out a megaROM with high res graphics. One is going to feature Marky Mark, and another one does Prince. Your options will be sequencing the video, but not kickboxing either of them in the face. The Beatles (*Hard Day's Night*—Voyager) and U2 have CD-ROMs out—if you can't live without glorified laserdiscs of something you already own in a different format. Desktop publishing guru Tony Bove is also assembling a care package of nostalgia from the Haight-Ashbury. Edgar Winter has a hush-hush multi-platform interactive game that "includes music." Also in the pipeline for the penile implant of the new technology are Fleetwood Mac, Thomas Dolby, Michael Penn, and Herbie Hancock, all of whom have new CD-ROM releases in the near future. It shouldn't be long before John Lydon gets his hands on it. M+2

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Screen size (flat) — 19 inch diagonal
Resolution — 74 DPI WYSIWYG (same as Apple Two Page)
Vertical Refresh Rate — 75 Hz

FULL PAGE MONOCHROME DISPLAY WITH VIDEO CARD
Screen size (rounded) — 15 inch diagonal
Resolution — 80 DPI WYSIWYG (same as Apple Portrait)
Vertical Refresh Rate — 75 Hz (same as Apple Portrait)

FULL PAGE GRAY-SCALE DISPLAY (256 SHADES) WITH VIDEO CARD
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Vertical Refresh Rate — 75 Hz (same as Apple Portrait)

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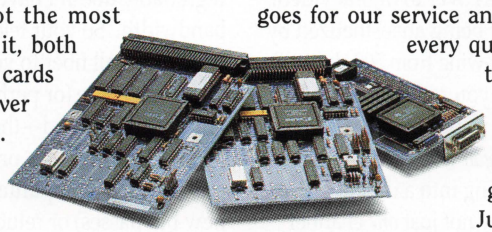

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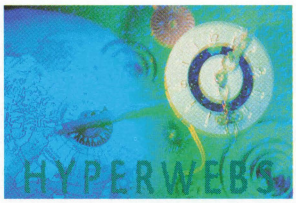


Q: What happens when we start getting 500 cable channels early next year?

Postlinear Media

PUBLIC EXCESS TELEVISION

Think about it. Assume you're conscious 15 hours a day (a risky assumption, I know). With 500 channels you'll have 15,000 half-hour TV shows a day to choose from. Reconstituted pap. A lot of obscure movies you time-delay videotape and never watch. What's wrong with this picture?

One-way linear structure. You have to wade through centuries of junk media just to get to the *good stuff*. Frustrating. Inefficient. Maddening. Computers, on the other hand, are interactive and use high-speed nonlinear random access, thanks to the invention of the disk drive, and we've got software that can retrieve the right picture from a massive image bank. So why can't TV be more like a computer?

VIDEO SERVERS VS. VIDEO DIALTONE

It can. Why not just convert the entire mess over to digital video? Instead of being anaesthetized by passive viewing from 500 channels, wouldn't you rather access only the news, information, and entertainment *you* want, *when* you want it, by dialing into a digital-video BBS? Why not just *one* channel (your own) that brings you just the material *you* want—when you want it? Plus computer data? Can we get *real* here?

Yes, yes, relax, you can have it! It's called a *video server*. The tech has been developed and will soon be available—assuming you have the right "smart" (computer +decoder) box for your TV set... plus beaucoup bandwidth to access it.

The cable coming into your home *does* have enough bandwidth. So can cable TV companies offer this service? Well... yes, assuming they can provide two-way interactive access—that's presently in the works. TCI is spending $3 billion to install fiber and "smart boxes" for 10 million cable subscribers. Microsoft and Apple are working on simple icon interfaces and intelligent "agents" to help sort out all this stuff.

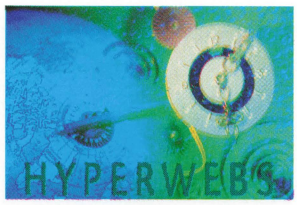
So what about telephone companies? Yes, of course they'd also like to offer this kind of service (they call it *video dialtone*). But your standard phone line regrettably doesn't have enough bandwidth. So your telco will have to install fiber to your house, school, or office (or perhaps to your neighborhood—that's called "fiber to the curb")... or else buy out cable TV companies (if a new bill passes) or reluctantly cooperate with cable companies. (That's starting to happen; witness a recent surprise announcement by PacBell of a joint venture with a cable company.) There *are* some possible solutions using ordinary phone lines: 64 kbps ISDN service or preferably 1.5 Mbps ADSL service, plus hefty compression and decompression of video on the fly.

But the phone companies have been dragging their feet on bringing broadband services to the home. On the cable side, TCI is working with DEC to develop links to local area networks (like those in your office) and private or public wide area networks like the Internet. You'll access the digital datastream—and eventually the data superhighway—via the smart box on top of your TV (connected to your computer). Unless ISDN gets out there soon, this box could blow it away because it will offer a lot more bandwidth for the buck.

MEDIA ANARCHISTS

But now let's take it a step further. How about the decentralized participatory media George Gilder talks about in *Life After Television*—ad hoc digital networks of independent desktop video producers linked by videophones and high-speed data networks? For now, their best bet is to glom onto some of those new channels.

Those putative 500 channels are the new digital terrain, *the* hot



It's max overload time, folks. Terminal inundation. Interactive cable. Interactive home shopping from 3D video catalogs. Hi-res interactive games. Pay-per-view movies—on demand. Instant access to digital libraries and data banks. Encyclopedic multimedia. Personalized news and info. Interactive commercials...

All delivered via a crazy mix of 500-channel cable TV, 150-channel direct-broadcast satellite TV, CD-ROM, personal communicators, and who knows what other communications channels.

A: The death of TV as we know it and the birth of postlinear media.

new real estate—info conduits for lease. Airtime's cost is reflected in advertising rates—and in an era of "adzapping, thumbsurfing, and mindless grazing" (the sort of antisocial behavior decried by ad agencies) the value of even this is debatable. Thus, companies like Scan America and Arbitron have crept into the breach to beta-test MIT/military surveillance technology *masquerading* as mild-mannered people-metering for the advertising overlords.

And from Raleigh, North Carolina comes an electronic "addiction restriction" gizmo *Time Slot*, with its plastic debit cards to ration kiddie televiewing. Toddlers are trained to put a card into an ATM-style slot... prewiring them for the all-digital New World Order?

I GOTTA TICKET TO [DIGITALLY] RIDE...

Wanna get more confused? Check out the ambitious national information superhighway that Gore is pushing. The notion—that's about all it is at this point—is to transmit all kinds of data and video along multigigabit info superhighways, with smaller and smaller "roads," ending up in our "driveways" with copper wire, cable, fiber, or a satellite dish. Sounds great, but who's picking up the tab?

The big spenders are lining up. The telcos have told Uncle Al they'll put up $125 billion to build much of it... *if* the feds will just let them get into the cable TV and long-distance services businesses. The cable TV industry, clearly not too thrilled with *that* idea, is planning an aggressive push to offer two-way telco-style interactive services to the home (TCI hopes to get into the telco biz too). Blockbuster Video, seeing the video rental market about to shrivel up, is buying into cable TV *big time*. Meanwhile, broadcasters are the losers (some are selling shows to multimedia producers, though).

CONSENSUAL REALITY

According to video pioneer Steve Beck, these cable channels of the very near future are *not* going to give us increased programming. They *won't* allow everyone to be a star for 15 minutes. They *will* allow Hollywood to sell you the same old fodder, the same pay-per-view programming, only cycling every 10 minutes.

Another skeptic, analyst Mark Stahlman, president of New Media Associates, takes exception to the major spending efforts of existing cable, broadcasting, and telephone industries, which are targeted at grabbing marketshare from one another. "This isn't a finite pie any more," he said. "The field isn't restricted to transmitting theatrical-release video and the latest infomercials."

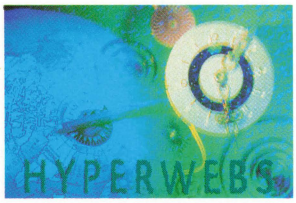
But the real question is, what do people *really* want from the bandwidth revolution? "Mondoids want to apply the tech to satisfying compelling human needs," says R.U. Sirius. "Like channels for consensual VR, cybererotica, personal soap operas, alternative news, and the conspiracy *du jour*."

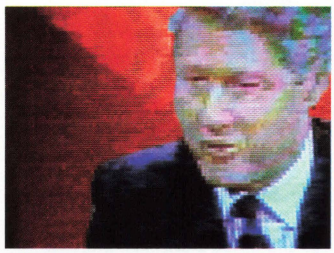
PO-LIN IS IN

No, it's not *the* hot new resort on the South China Sea. Po-lin is Mondospeak for *postlinear media*—nonlinear, realtime, interactive media based on full-motion digital video. While we wait for the big guys to slug it out, we're already catching a glimpse of the new grail. We're seeing image compression and decompression on the fly, accelerated video display, faster CD-ROM drives, real-time nonlinear editing systems (like VuJak), and smarter CD-ROM software.

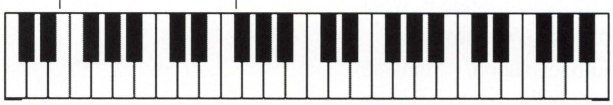
Where can you find out more about the emerging brave new world of postlinear media? Check out Digital World, June 23-26, Beverly Hills, California (800) 433-5200, and New Edge, June 17-20, Amsterdam; vox: 31-020-626-8069; fax: 625-3280.

Wes Thomas




"We need more...

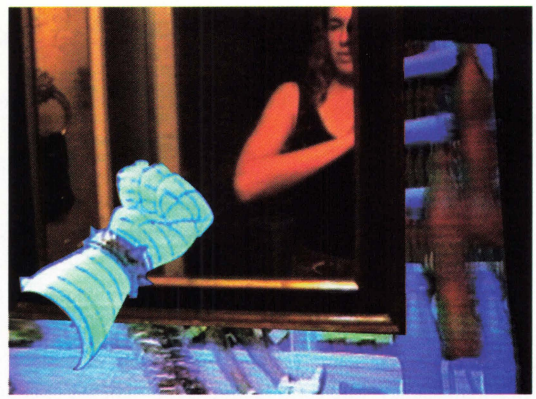
drugs."



DIY MTV: VuJak

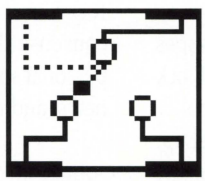
Imagine sitting at a music keyboard in front of a Mac video monitor. You hit a key and an image of Bill Clinton instantly plays while he says "We need more..." Hit another key. An image of Clinton saying "drugs" is played. Now hit the two keys in rapid sequence and you've got "We need drugs." Zappo! Heresies, blasphemies, unspeakable juxtapositions! Exactly what you've been champing to do all along: take over your TV!

Stop watching TV—play TV!



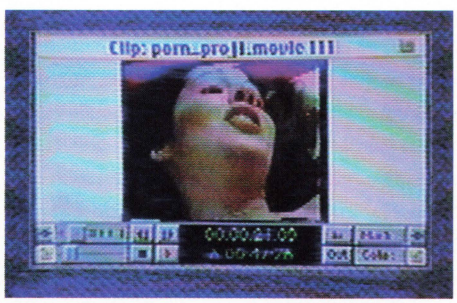
Using any MIDI input device—keyboard, guitar, drums, turntable, gloves, body suit, etc.—you can control video, text, graphics, audio, music, and special effects. VuJak records visual sequences of QuickTime images (from your TV, VCR, etc. via a capture card) plus sound. You load them into memory (16 megs or more recommended) and assign your tastier video riffs to keys. Then you can loop and replay them in infinite combinations and permutations.

VuJak also works via modem. So you can jam remotely with other VuJakers using a MIDI keyboard or even by punching buttons on your phone. As VuJak co-developer Jay Haynes puts it, "the future is not about pointing and clicking to travel through narrative space but about live interactive *performances* between *people*."



How to VuJak in

This summer, the developers, D/ZONE, plan to colonize clubs, raves, and live concerts. A consumer version of the software will be available for $149 by late summer, they say. What happens when *everyone* can create their own instant music videos, using sampled images from CNN, movies, camcorders, found footage—you name it? Media mayhem, cyberspace garbage,... or fodder for those 500 channels?



Jak-o-mats

There's a clear demand out there for lower-cost solutions to video editing (see sidebar online vs. offline editing). VuJak can create an edit list for later automated editing of the original videotapes that the lower-res sampled images were taken from. VuJak-based video editing studios could ultimately become as ubiquitous as Fotomats.

BIG BROTHER IS NOT A PANOPTICON WATCHING US, BUT A TELEVISION SET AND MOVIE SCREEN WE ALL WATCH

VIDEO KARAOKE

VuJak is a video/audio sampler. It lets you "play" video and sounds, using a MIDI instrument keyboard. It's fun... and dangerously addictive! Concert audiences could participate in creating large-screen images and sounds by hitting MIDI balls or triggering laser-beam switches. I predict it will catch on big time in raves and the house scene. Performers, ravemeisters and VJ demagogues will glom onto it for realtime video sampling and scratching. I can see ravers commandeering the keyboards from the VJs and jamming 'til dawn.

D/ZONE, based in Los Angeles, can be reached at (800) 432-1684.

INTERVIEW

VUJAK CO-DEVELOPER BRIAN KANE

MONDO 2000: Where did the idea for VuJak come from?
BRIAN KANE: I've been working with computer animation and digital audio for years. Rob Kramer and I have a 3D animation studio here in L.A. We do a lot of work for the holography industry, computer-generating stereographic imagery and developing various 3D processes.

Jay Haynes and Lisa Eisenpresser, who had gone to Brown together, had an audio production company. They were looking to create an alternative news show that would use CNN's 24 hour format but MTV's quick-cut, multi-layered textual aesthetic.

The three of us had a common edge-sensibility and lust for subversion, so we merged our studios together. Jay has more remote controls than myself, so I have to respect him.

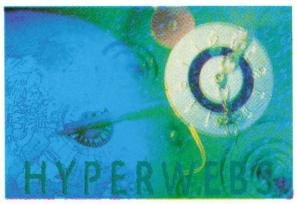
I'm trying to push the existing technological infrastructure to the limit. I want to create a consumer product that will allow people to break the one-way data stream of television they're currently receiving and take a peek behind the curtain, so to speak. Big Brother is not a panopticon watching us, but a television set and movie screen we all watch. I'd like to be able to drag Bill Clinton or Bill Cosby into the trash.

M2: VuJak reminds me of Emergency Broadcast Network.
BK: Not surprising. Josh, Gardner, and Ronnie are friends of mine from the Rhode Island School of Design. We had been experimenting with video sampling, simulating it for years. I'm not much of a band member, though, so I decided to develop this software instead. I guess I like to run in the background.

M2: How did you create EBN material?
BK: Josh would compose MIDI sequences on a Roland W30, and I would record the MIDI data into StudioVision. Then we would go through hours of VHS tape and I would record soundbites into SoundTools on the Mac while simultaneously overlaying graphics and animation onto 3/4" tape using Multifinder and the Nuvista+ board. I edited the soundbites into playlists and imported them into StudioVision, quantizing the start points of the clips to the sequenced MIDI data.

Then, when the song sounded right, I loop-recorded back the W30 audio into the Mac, and, using Deck, mixed down the multitrack file to a single stereo sound file. The sound was laid onto 3/4" video tape and then the "graphically enhanced" video clips were offline edited into place to match the sound. The offline editing was shared between the three of us.

M2: How does VuJak differ from the tech you used with EBN?
BK: What took us hours of studio and postprod work, anyone can now do in seconds. What's more, it can be performed live. But to achieve that, you have to sacrifice a little quality—at present it works with low-res QuickTime movies instead of analog video. However, within the year, we expect to have a version of VuJak that will work with full-motion, 640 x 480 NTSC digital video. The audio portion, however, is already 16 bit CD quality sound.



CYBERPUNK REDUX

Billy Idol's new album CYBERPUNK, due out June 15, breaks new ground in realtime music-video production with a technique called **Blendo**, created by *Lawnmower* Man director **Brett Leonard** and **Digital Media** of Santa Cruz. Blendo mixes live video, computer animation, and Toaster special effects, all on the fly.

Nori Ezo

Idol worshipers will get to participate during concerts via the Blendo technique, with roaming Hi-8 "swarmcams" using in-camera-editing (ICE) feeding into "cybercube" stations for video projection. The next step, says Leonard: remote cybercubes for live video jamming between various cities.

Nori Ezo

Billy has an "uncanny laser-like vision of what's happening next," says **Timothy Leary**, who lays down a trippy brain-galaxy 3D audio rap before the "*Venus*" track. The album was inspired by **Gibson's** *Neuromancer*, says Idol.

DIGITAL VIDEO TAKES OVER BROADCASTING

You say you're fed up with mass-produced junk network TV? You want more choices, more control over what you watch, better access to information? Well cheer up—help is on the way! Here are the Roman candles that went off at the annual gathering of broadcasters in Las Vegas in April:

A report from the **NAB show.** *In which our intrepid correspondent reports that the broadcasting industry has seen the image on the wall: broadcasting is dying and will be replaced by digital video. HDTV is dead before it's born, computers will replace VCRs, and home computers and computer-cable-telephone networks will replace TV broadcasting as we know it.*

• **Digital video is taking over TV broadcasting teleproduction**, further accelerating the trend toward interactive media started by cable TV. Companies like **Silicon Graphics** and **IBM** introduced new multimedia digital video nonlinear editing systems. These will replace old-fashioned analog TV images with digital video and replace video tape with disk drives and memory. This new technology will lower the cost of digital video and help bring it to the living room, creating a revolution in home TV.

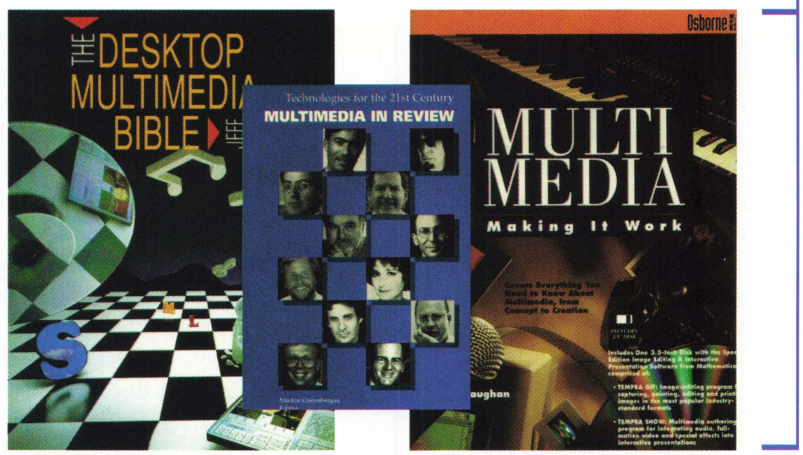
• **On-demand digital video to the home will replace broadcasting**. Once video is stored in all-digital form, it can be downloaded *on-demand* from computers via cable or fiber.

DESKTOP MULTIMEDIA SOURCEBOOKS

Desktop Multimedia Bible, by Jeff Burger (Addison-Wesley, 1993, $32.95, 635 pages) is an encyclopedic and practical guide to all aspects of multimedia production, including audio, video, computer graphics, CD-ROM, and design/production techniques. Highly recommended.

Multimedia: Making It Work, by Tay Vaughan (Osborne/ McGraw Hill, 1993, $27.95, 543 pages). 14 chapters cover audio to zoom lenses; design, production, distribution for multimedia professionals on IBM PC or Mac; also has DOS disk demo of TEMPRA authoring tool. Good pragmatic overview.

Multimedia In Review, edited by Martin Greenberger (The Voyager Company, 1992, $24.95, 277 pages). This is *one* illuminating tome. It's like eavesdropping on the appointed architects of the new digital millennium. The volume emerged out of The Third Roundtable in Multimedia, held in Los Angeles in April of 1992. (Available from The Voyager Company, 1351 Pacific Coast Highway, Santa Monica, California 90401.)



Computers will deliver customized programming on-demand to your home via hundreds of channels and will reach specialized niche markets. This will replace broadcasting, which can't keep up with your demand for more choice over what you watch. And, if you're an independent TV producer, you'll also have more direct access to distribution instead of having to go through broadcasters.

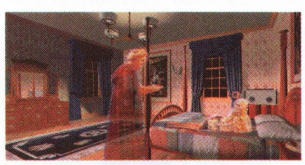
• **Is HDTV dead?** In the NAB keynote speech, **John Sculley** said, "There is a big question about the commercial viability of HDTV... It's more interesting to talk about digital television." Broadband digital video is interactive and scalable — information can be displayed or printed in any aspect ratio and resolution, depending on the equipment you have in your home. No video standards are required. Sculley also urged the **FCC** to look at ways to transmit multimedia video through digital compression.

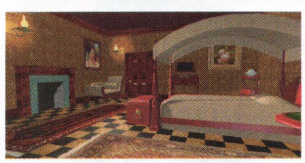
• **Information Anxiety.** Data overload is looming as a major problem in the 90's. How to deal with the barrage? Sculley is also a big advocate of *intelligent agents*—software that filters information and entertainment, and customizes it to your specific needs. Is this an advance... or just the latest in cyber-solipsism?

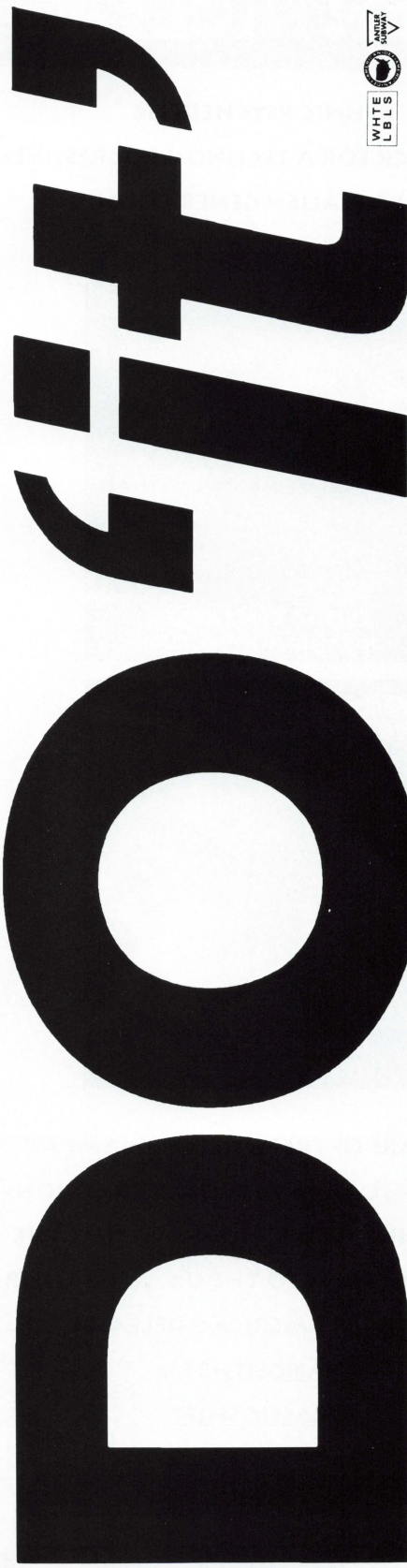
[*by Michael Miller, Enter Corporation.*]

CYBERTHESPIANS

Trilobyte's new murder-mystery game, *The 7th Guest*, just released by Virgin Games, features "cyberthespians" created by the digital-video equivalent of rotoscoping (you know, as in *Roger Rabbit*). The process involves videotaping the actor performing all possible scenes in front of a blue screen and then converting to digital video format and overlaying the actors on animated scenes. The result: realistic live acting in a CD-ROM production. Irvine-based **Virgin Games** has launched CD-ROMs of *Conan the Cimmerian, The Spirit of Excalibur, The Curse of Enchantia*, and *The Legend of Kyrandia*. Of special interest to Mondoids is the June arrival of *Dune I* on CD-ROM. (Virgin Games: 800-874-4607)



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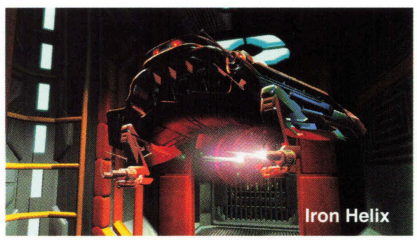
REALTIME CD-ROMs?

Now, CD-ROMs are notoriously slow—a result of the slow transfer speed (CD-ROM to memory) of CD-ROM drives, their long "seek time" (time required to move the read head to a track on the CD-ROM), and large image size. *Iron Helix*, a new CD-ROM science fiction adventure game from **Spectrum Holobyte**, illustrates how CD-ROM can overcome these limitations and approach realtime interaction.



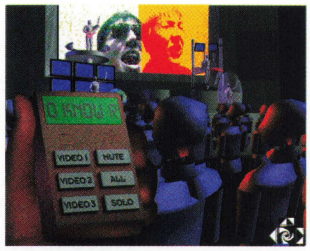
You play this scientist who's trying to avert a super-galactic holocaust. Using only an unarmed remote-controlled probe, you have to stop a renegade spaceship/battle cruiser from deploying a biological weapon-/doomsday machine on an unsuspecting planet. To disable its systems, you search all six levels and 30 rooms (in 600 megs of sound 'n' graphics) of the spaceship for clues, using the probe's video camera eye and manipulating objects with its robotic arm. Fast-paced do-or-die.

The game designers, **Drew Pictures**, used some clever tricks to overcome CD-ROM's usual sluggish response time. Files needed in sequence are stored next to each other on the disk; random-access data is stored on the (faster) hard drive. For moving images, the image size is limited and the designers used PAco Producer rather than QuickTime, so there is also minimum load time and no click and wait. The limitation of PAco Producer's forward-only motion was solved by creating 3,000 movies, allowing for a movie for each of four directions in each sequence.

Special FX wizard **Rich Cohen**—you saw his work in *Terminator 2*—is Drew Pictures' creative director. He created a photorealistic virtual world with textured surfaces (created by adding extra polygons to the edges of the models, eliminating hard edges) and objects that cast shadows (handpainted in Photoshop). Neat stuff. (Spectrum Holobyte: 800-695-GAME)

CD-ROM vs. MD

The **Sony MiniDisc** (MD) random-access audio format could replace CD-ROM for certain uses in the near future. We've learned that **Apple** and other companies are working on data interfaces for MD players. Advantages over CD-ROM: you can record digital



Canter, famed for his Director authoring software, has teamed up with rock star **Todd Rundgren** and video artist/director **John Sanborn** (*Live From Off Center* PBS series) to create an interactive CD-ROM with four fictitious performing artists—sort of a Monkees for the 90's.

Performances will also be released in the form of a live stage show (ten interactive rock videos mixed live by performers and audience interaction combined with live camera, computer graphics and video effects), a conventional CD music album, a film, a comic book, and eventually interactive digital video products and interactive TV—all based on centralized storylines. The marketing mavens call that "economies of scale."

This all adds up to:
(choose one)
(a) Nintendo meets MTV;
(b) a breakthrough for audience participation;
(c) Spinal Tap without the irony gene;
(d) a media-futures commodities speculation;
(e) all of the above.

(Canter Technology: 415-387-0400)

MEDIABAND: FUTURE RAVE?

Marc Canter has climbed the multimedia mountain, seen the future of interactive television, and returned to share it with us mere mortals. He calls it "MediaBand."

"There's no money to be made in interactive media now," says Marc. " The problem with multimedia is that it's boring—it all comes down to click, wait and watch. Kids today, or tomorrow, will never be satisfied with that type of interaction; they're accustomed to Nintendo levels of interactivity."

So to stave off the clamoring multimedia-overhyped masses,

audio (and later, data) for 74 minutes (same as CD), compact size (2 1/2 inch); shock-proof portability. Disadvantage: Price ($749.95 for recorder/player, $13.99 for the 60-minute recordable MD). Access time and data transfer speed will also be important questions. (Sony: 800-937-SONY)

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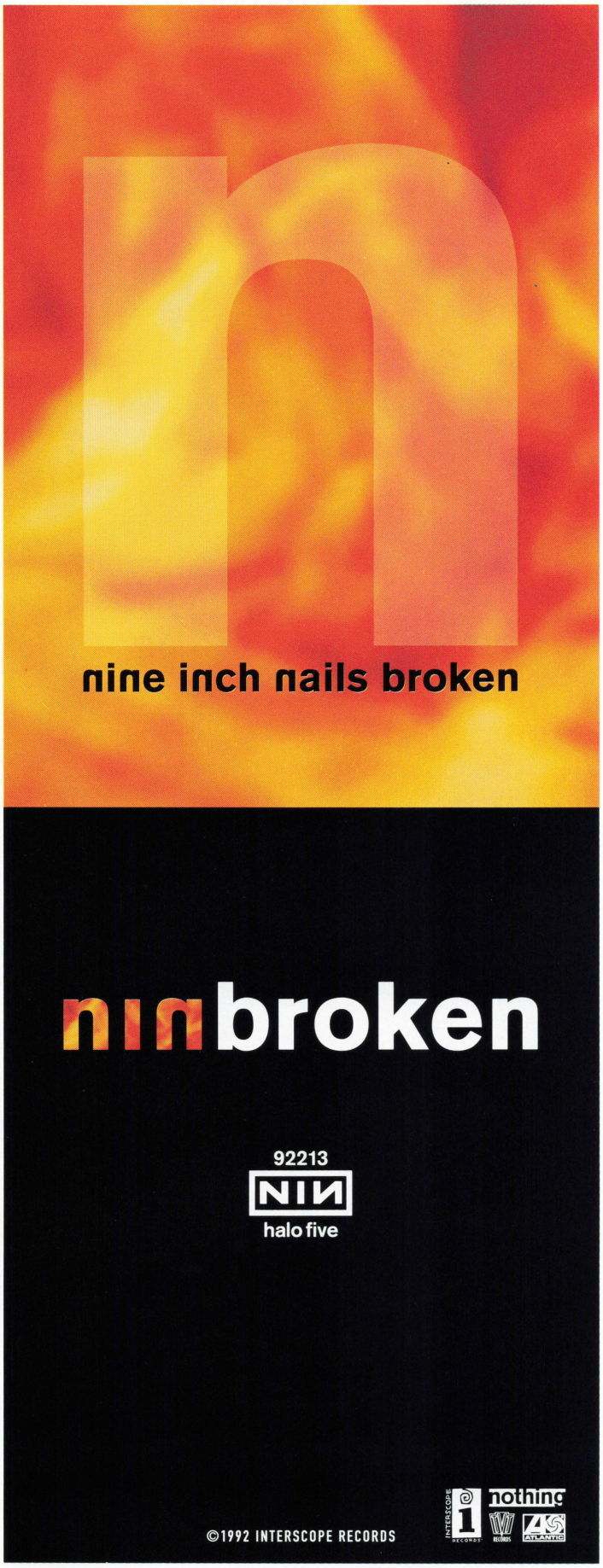

DIGITAL VIDEO: THE FUTURE

The days of videotape are numbered. Digital video and audio can be stored on fast-access disk. Motion sequences can be cut and pasted into dynamic presentations. But digital video is still constrained by the technology. The tradeoffs are image size, display speed (frame rate), and quality (resolution and number of colors). You can't have all three—not yet. You also need to consume mass quantities of RAM and disk space.

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But there's always the luminous future. New technologies coming early next year will overcome these limitations and create revolutionary new high-speed, accessible desktop video editing and CD publishing systems.

- **Low-cost (under $5000) CD mastering machines** are already available, allowing anyone to mass-produce (or customize for each person) CDs for about $1 each. Prices will drop next year with quantity shipments.

- **Low-cost digital video editing systems** will be available by early 1994. They will be made possible by under-$2000 on-the-fly compression/decompression boards with standardized compression schemes (allowing for compressed video to be created and decompressed in realtime), high-speed processing RISC chips (Intel's Pentium and DEC's Alpha), high-speed 32-bit bus for fast data transfer to peripherals, and 32-bit operating system (probably Windows NT) for fast computation.

The result: a system capable of broadcast-quality video production on the desktop. Forget expensive, slow-paced videotape editing systems. For about $5000 you'll be able to produce the equivalent of the Evening News, using all-digital video editing. With the right telecommunications and interface software, these same kinds of systems can deliver video-on-demand from cable TV and phone companies.

By 1995, we can expect this technology to be available in consumer systems: full-frame, full-motion, digital-video platforms with the interactivity of a Nintendo, MTV-level special effects, and high-quality video. M2

[*by Charles Ostman, Contributing Editor,* Midnight Engineering; *President of Berkeley Designs.*]

DIGITAL VIDEO EDITING:

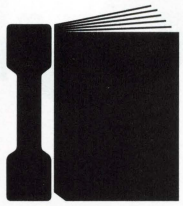
HOW IT WORKS

There are two types of nonlinear video editing systems: *online* and *offline*. Online editing systems are used in multi-million-dollar post-production TV facilities. They work with the real broadcast-quality video images. That's how most broadcast TV shows are produced.

Offline editing systems are lower-priced ($20,000 or so) and offer independent TV producers higher productivity and more creative power. They use a Mac or PC running a rough digital TV representation (using QuickTime, for example) of the video tape. The computer creates an "edit list," which is a computer file with editing instructions. You send this file to a post-production facility for automated online editing, using professional videotape recorders.

Both these are converting over to *digital video*. With this technology, the video signal from a camera or videotape is captured or digitized (converted to 0's and 1's), then compressed (to reduce the huge file size of video images), and stored on a computer hard disk.

With the TV images stored in digital form, a completely nonlinear editing system is now possible. Instead of searching through a tape reel for an image, you'll access it on your computer's hard disk instantly. This will speed up production. You can also do a lot of MTV-style creative tricks, such as morphing, on ordinary computers. Both high-end (expensive) online and (lower-cost) offline versions of these digital video editors are coming.



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SHAMAN WOMEN/MAINLINE LADY	**SHAM**	**12.95**
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MARIJUANA BOTANY Guide to MJ plants	**MBOTL**	**19.95**
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R.U. a Cyberpunk?

cyberpunk \'si-ber-'pungk\ *n* **1:** a late 20th century techno-revolutionary, or someone who poses as such **2:** a hard-boiled hacker with anarchist inclinations **3:** a computer geek who likes Ministry **4:** as seen in *TIME* magazine, a member of a counter-cultural "movement" of the same name, characterized by a combination of technological savvy with a rebellious lifestyle **5:** Billy Idol's comeback album **6:** someone who has delusions about living in the future **7:** someone who maintains that mirrorshade sunglasses (last seen on *CHiPs*) never went out of fashion

MONEY (NON-DIGITAL PAPER VARIETY)—In the world of cyberpunk corporate espionage, it all boils down to this

4OZ. VIDEO CAM—for use along with third eye

SONY MINIDISC—latest Test Dept. release inside

LASER POINTER—hassle people in dark places

LOGITECH HANDHELD SCANNER (SCAN MAN 32 FOR MAC)— literary appropriations for own cyberpunk manifesto

PRIVATE EYE—essential for staying online 24/7

COMBINATION BRIEFCASE— chock full of goodies: torque wrenches, lineman's handset, electronic lockpick, shotgun mike, and the Demon Dialer

MONOCULAR 10 X 25MM—for shoulder-surfing the passwords

MICRO CAMERA—hardcopy data (more proof the better)

SONY PYXIS—longitude/latitude finder via satellites. Just where the hell are you, anyway?

STUN GUN—self-defense (plenty offensive)

PAGER—yeah, sure, right

IN BAG—last 3 issues of *2600*, MONDO 2000's *A User's Guide*, MONDO #1

VOLTMETER—be prepared!

SONY MULTIMEDIA CD-ROM PLAYER—Pirated copy of Virtual Light inside

SONY VIDEO-8 WALKMAN (VCR)—your third eye for realtime surveillance and watching your back

CELLULAR PHONE W/SCRAMBLER—low-budget phone encrypting

VOICE CHANGER—sound like anybody this time around

APPLE POWERBOOK 180—highly portable for jacking into anywhere, and for PGP key exchanges, etc.

From: The Spy Factory: Voice Changer, Phone Scrambler, 10x25 monocular, Minox micro-M camera, Stun Gun; **Sony:** Sony Pyxis model IPS-360, Sony Portable Multimedia CD-ROM Player model PIX-100, Sony Minidisc Player model MZ-1; **Reflection Technology:** Private Eye; **Super Circuits:** 4 oz. mini video camera; **Logitech:** Scan Man 32 for Mac.

Poster concept and styling: Marcy Walpert. Photographer: Heide Foley. Model: Chris Hudak.

How to Tell a MONDOID from an Ordinary Human

We're perversely curious about YOU. If you give us a true reading on what you're all about, perhaps we can come up with some data to satisfy our advertisers. So, if you don't mind, we'll just inject our psychographic probe into you NOW...

Chronological age? ____

Yeah, but what specious demographic do you identify with?
☐ Whiz kid ☐ Teener ☐ Slacker ☐ Thrasher
☐ Buster ☐ Boomer ☐ Geezer

Do you have any Y chromosomes? ☐ Yes ☐ No
☐ Jeez, I don't know what letters are in there, I'm just:
☐ male ☐ female

What sexuality do you identify with? (You can choose more than one, as long as you're sincere.)
☐ hetero ☐ bisexual ☐ gay/lesbian
☐ autosexual ☐ poly ☐ asexual

Are you legally wed? (Yes, Vegas counts)
☐ Yes ☐ No

What state/province and country are you living in? _____
Yeah, we already know you're a Global Citizen.

Everybody has some kind of ethnicity. What are you?
_____

Are you a:
☐ Struggling student? ☐ Auto-didact?
☐ Post-graduate? ☐ Post-doc?
☐ Post-master? ☐ Real-World?

Your current annual haul is:
☐ A measly allowance ☐ below $15K ☐ $15-30K
☐ $30-50K ☐ $50-100K ☐ over $100K
☐ You light Havana finos with Ben Franklins

What percentage of your income do you regard as disposable? ____ %

Do you work in information/communications? (computers, media, electronics, education, etc.)
☐ No ☐ Yes, I'm a:
☐ CEO ☐ Cyberjock ☐ Graphix Whiz
☐ Marketing/Sales type ☐ Peon
Other: _____

Your braindead boss thinks your job involves:
_____

But your real mission is to:
_____

Do you consider yourself a:
☐ musician ☐ actor ☐ professional artist
☐ filmmaker ☐ poet ☐ fiction writer?
(Never mind what your friends think.) Please explain:
_____

You acquired your copy of MONDO 2000:
☐ By subscription ☐ Newsstand ☐ Cyber Event
☐ Comix store ☐ Computer bookstore
☐ At a Trade Show ☐ Bookshop
☐ From your uppity teenage kid
Other: _____

After your copy of MONDO 2000 is thoroughly dog-eared—with pages sticking together—you pass it on to how many other people?
☐ 1 ☐ 2 ☐ 3 ☐ More ____

What technologies do you want to read about?
_____

What kind of computer system are you currently jocking? Please describe (with model number), including peripherals:
☐ PC _____
☐ Mac _____
☐ Other: _____

But what do you REALLY want?
_____
_____

How many of these topics give you that special *frisson*?
☐ Personal Computers ☐ HDTV
☐ Multimedia ☐ Virtual Reality
☐ Teleconferencing ☐ Cyberpunk
☐ Edge Music, Arts, Lit
☐ Mobile Communications
☐ Electronic Privacy/Surveillance
☐ Information highways/BBSs/E-mail
Others: _____

What was the last item you foolishly squandered $500 on? _____
$5000? _____

You currently drive what kind of urban assault vehicle?
_____

But you briefly consider carjacking when you see:
_____

Please send completed form back for intense analysis:
Demographics Department P.O. Box 10171 Berkeley, CA 94709

Personal styles you identify with:

- ☐ Academic
- ☐ Old money
- ☐ Heldenhacker
- ☐ Rave casualty
- ☐ Bohemian
- ☐ Grunge guitarist
- ☐ Vegan-mit-Birkenstocken
- ☐ Professional
- ☐ Twisted Genius
- ☐ Street Samurai
- ☐ Elusively bland
- ☐ Nerd apologist
- ☐ Online d00d
- ☐ Merc/paramilitary

You use these vitamins or health aids:

- ☐ Custom vites
- ☐ Weight loss aids
- ☐ Anti-oxidants
- ☐ Esoteric Herbs
- ☐ Anabolics
- ☐ Cognitive enhancers
- ☐ Drugstore multivites
- ☐ Marital aids

Your favorite tipple is:

_____

You find yourself accidently locked in the bathroom for the weekend. What would you prefer to find on the toilet tank? (choose 2)

- ☐ *Hustler*
- ☐ *Frighten the Horses*
- ☐ *Soldier of Fortune*
- ☐ *Sassy*
- ☐ *bOING bOING*
- ☐ *Whole Earth Review*
- ☐ *Girljock*
- ☐ *Weekly World News*
- ☐ *The Nose*

Other:_____

Have you met a paramour—or extended the meaning of user-friendly—through any current technology?

- ☐ Electronic bulletin boards
- ☐ E-mail singles forums
- ☐ Realtime online chat rooms
- ☐ Singles voice mail
- ☐ 900 numbers ["Talk to a REAL GIRL!"]

Your Home Electronics Citadel is currently fortified with:

- ☐ VCR
- ☐ Camcorder
- ☐ Laptop
- ☐ CD-ROM
- ☐ CD Player
- ☐ DAT
- ☐ Pen-based Computer
- ☐ Cellular phone
- ☐ Pager
- ☐ Modem
- ☐ Fax-Modem
- ☐ Fax
- ☐ Electronic Musical Instrument
- ☐ Home Recording Studio
- ☐ Video Editing Console
- ☐ Snobby audiophilia

But you *really* need:

_____

Your last three software acquisitions were:

_____

_____

_____

What applications do you like to use?

- ☐ Databases
- ☐ Spreadsheets
- ☐ Games
- ☐ CAD/CAM
- ☐ Communications
- ☐ Music
- ☐ Layout/DTP
- ☐ Graphics
- ☐ Programming Tools

Other:_____

The music you actually listen to is:

- ☐ Hip-hop
- ☐ Classical classical
- ☐ College collage
- ☐ Modern rock
- ☐ Anything From Seattle
- ☐ Electronic/Contemporary Classical
- ☐ Industro-thrash
- ☐ Country
- ☐ Funk
- ☐ Techno

Other:_____

What computer games currently waste most of your time?

_____

_____

You'd rush out and purchase large quantities of any product advertised in this ultra-slick zine?

- ☐ Yes
- ☐ No
- ☐ You'd pause and look at the price tag first.

You'd have an evening bonfire of all your back issues of MONDO 2000 if we ever ran a scent-strip advertisement (you know the kind).

- ☐ Yes
- ☐ No
- ☐ I like to rub scent-strips all over my naked body

The last three books you read were:

_____

_____

_____

The last three movies you went to (or rented) were:

_____

_____

_____

Your three favorite TV programs are:

_____

_____

Your favorite participation sports are:

_____

_____

Which article in this (or past) issue(s) did you love/loathe the most?

_____

_____

_____

In future issues, you'd like to see more of:

_____

_____

_____

What were we most absolutely clueless about? Go ahead, we can take it.

_____

_____

Back Issues

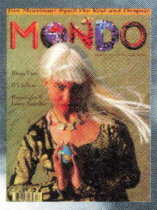
No. 10
Ayahuasca
Privacy
Cypherpunks
Urban Control
Post-Linear Media
St. Lucy

No. 9
ISDN
Encryption
Surveillance
Nanotechnology
It's Jade!

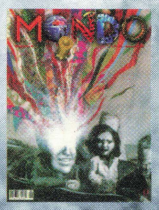
No. 8
Diamanda Galas
Manuel DeLanda
U2's The Edge vs.
Negativland
Daniel Johnston

No. 7
Brenda Laurel
Terrorvision
KRS-One
Myron Krueger
Deee-Lite

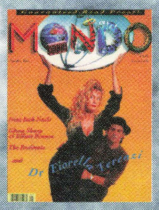
No. 4
Brian Eno
D'Cückoo
Burroughs &
Leary Together
Jim Morrison
Tarantismo
Kathy Acker
Avital Ronell



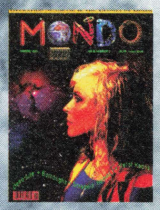
No. 6
America's First
Psychedelic
President
David Byrne
Henry Rollins
Nerdspeak
Fabulous
Eric White cover



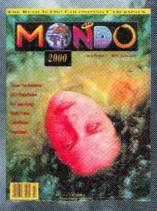
No. 5
Nine Inch Nails
Glenn Branca &
Elliot Sharp
The Residents
Dr. Fiorella Terenzi



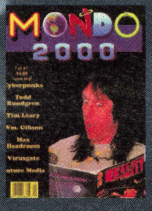
No. 3
Deee-Lite
Burroughs
Screamin'
Memes!
Feral Moans
Hackers &
Crackers



No. 2
Virtual Reality
Smart Drugs
Camper Van
Beethoven
SRL's own
Mark Pauline



No. 1
Cyberpunks
Todd Rundgren
Tim Leary
William Gibson
Max Headroom
Virusgate
Future Media



	Qnty	Total
☐ HIGH FRONTIERS No. 4 $5 ($5.40 for CA. res.)		
☐ REALITY HACKERS No. 5 $5 ($5.40 for CA. res.)		
☐ ISSUE No. 1 Spiral Bound photocopy $15 ($16.25 for CA. res.)		
☐ ISSUE No. 2 Spiral Bound photocopy $15 ($16.25 for CA. res.)		
☐ ISSUE No. 3 $7 ($7.60 for CA. res.)		
☐ ISSUE No. 4 $7 ($7.60 for CA. res.)		
☐ ISSUE No. 5 $7 ($7.60 for CA. res.)		
☐ ISSUE No. 6 $7 ($7.60 for CA. res.)		
☐ ISSUE No. 7 $7 ($7.60 for CA. res.)		
☐ ISSUE No. 8 $7 ($7.60 for CA. res.)		
☐ ISSUE No. 9 $7 ($7.60 for CA. res.)		
☐ ISSUE No. 10 $7 ($7.60 for CA. res.)		
For international airmail add $10 first item, $5 ea. additional item		
GRAND TOTAL		

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____

COUNTRY _____

TELEPHONE No. _____

☐ I AM ENCLOSING A CHECK OR MONEY ORDER

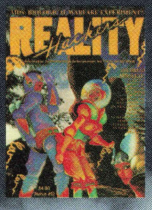
☐ I AM SUBMITTING MY VISA/MC NUMBER: _____

EXP DATE: _____ SIGNATURE: _____

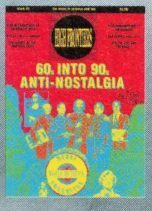
10

Way Back Issues

Reality Hackers
Mind Machines
Designer Viruses
Pearson & Shaw

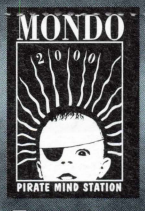


High Frontiers
Safe Sex
Practices of the
Beastie Boys
The Secret of the
Grateful Dead
The CIA, LSD and
the Occult



Tee shirts

	Qnty	Total
MONDO 2000 T-SHIRT $10 ($17.40 for CA. res.)		
STYLE: ☐ Men's ☐ Women's		
SIZE: ☐ SML ☐ MED ☐ L ☐ XL ☐ XXL in men's only)		
Add $2.50 postage per item in the U.S. and Canada, $5 Int'l		
GRAND TOTAL		



☐ "We're a Pirate Mind Station"

☐ "How Fast are You, How Dense?"

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____

COUNTRY _____

TELEPHONE No. _____

☐ I AM ENCLOSING A CHECK OR MONEY ORDER

☐ I AM SUBMITTING MY VISA/MC NUMBER: _____

EXP DATE: _____ SIGNATURE: _____

10

Handy Coming Soon information card

Austin: Edge City

Allucquere Rosanne Stone

Marvin Minsky

Digital Hollywood

Info Superhighways

Brasilia: Brazil's Retrofuturist City

Marcos Novak

Peter Gabriel

Darius James meets Kathy Acker

Digital Money

Crash Worship

Rage against the Machine

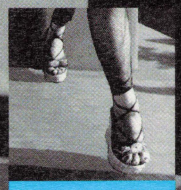
Special Fashion: Amazon Queens of the Future, by Tom Pitts

10

Postage Here, Please

Mondo 2000
P O Box 10171
Berkeley, CA 94709-5171

10



Postage Here, Please

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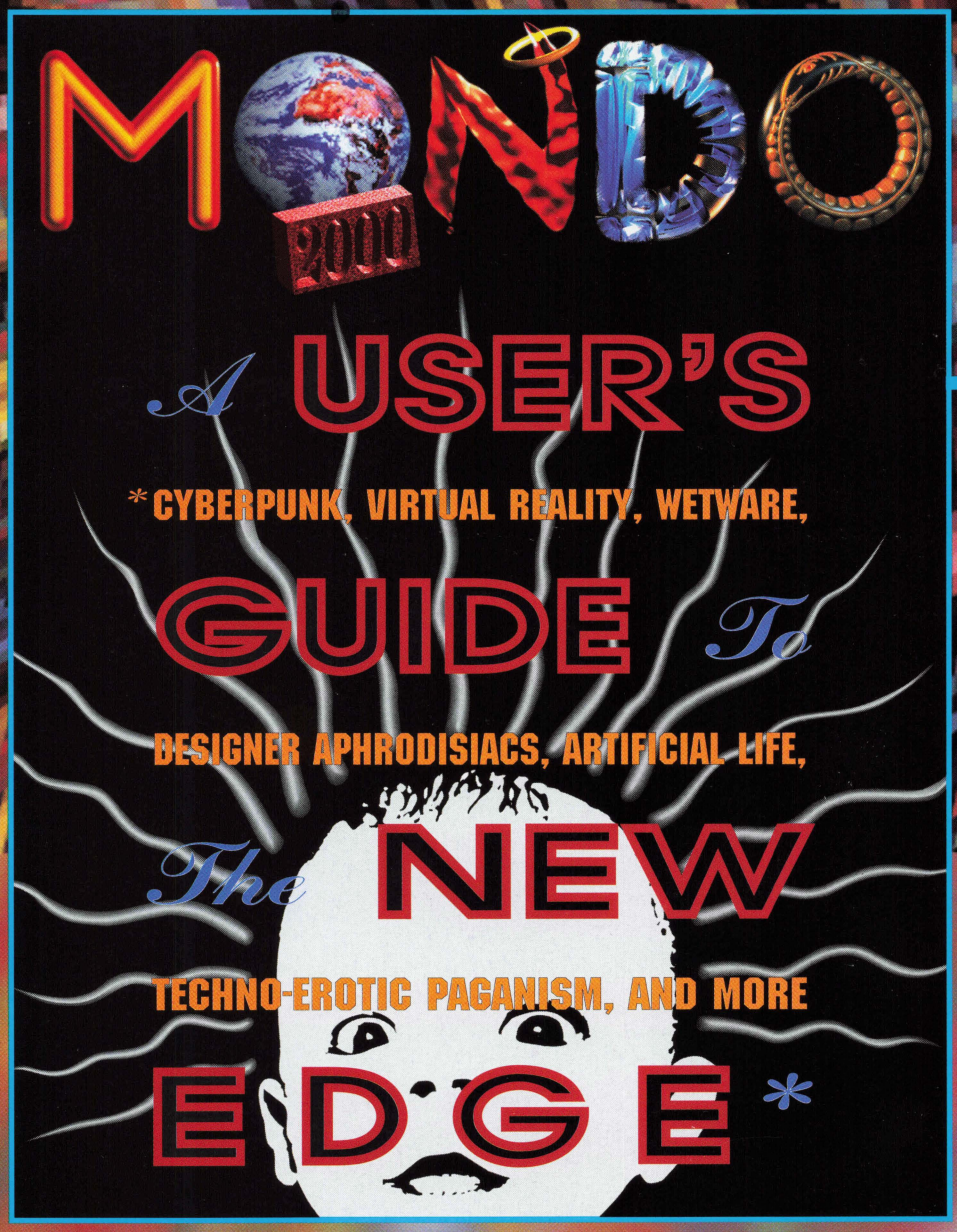
Berkeley, CA 94709-5171

ISBN #0-06-096928-8



"An idea time bomb... If something is happening here but you don't know what it is, well, they intend to tell you."
—*Newsweek*

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—Queen Mu

If you find MONDO 2000 slightly unfathomable, you need help. You need our USER'S GUIDE to all those trendy rubrics. Rubrics like Smart Drugs, Virtual Reality, Cyberpunk, Interactive Media, Aphrodisiacs, Artificial Life, Nanotechnology, Brain Implants, Life Extension, Hacker-Pranking, Hip-Hop Culture, Wetware and more... Stunningly designed, replete with original photographs and illustrations, 320 pages of definitions that won't be in your dictionary for a decade. *So*, if you can't find it on the shelf, just tell your laggardly bookseller to order ISBN # 0-06-096928-8 and we can all rest on our rubrics!

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MAIL
NUMISMATICS
TOP SEC
MAIL
Stealth

Stealth Remailers

Tomorrow's Privacy Today

It's a brave new world in e-mail with a wide range of international techniques you can use to protect your privacy. Common to all those strategies is private, anonymous communication. We briefly discussed mail drops and mail forwarding services in MONDO #9. While such physical methods of communication will remain useful into the foreseeable future, more sophisticated ways of communicating are looming on the horizon... by Norman French

Illustration by Terry Miura

PRIVATE, ANONYMOUS ELECTRONIC MAIL

Whatever you can do with snail mail, you can do with e-mail —computer mediated electronic mail. For those of you on the nets, PGP—Phil Zimmermann's Pretty Good Privacy—is the gold standard for quick, easy, secure and free message encryption. E-mail privacy is already there for the taking. *Anonymous* communication, however, has been harder to come by.

All e-mail messages are digitally branded with return address information. So until recently, the only way to have any degree of anonymity was to open an e-mail account, under an assumed name, from a mail drop. But things are beginning to get a whole lot easier. Anonymous remailers are happening.

Electronic remailers are computers that receive e-mail, strip out the return address information, and then forward the message to its ultimate destination. It might do so directly, or through one or more *additional* remailers. As of this writing, self-styled "Cypherpunks" and other fellow travellers have deployed a dozen or so experimental anonymous remailer prototypes on computers around the world. In fact, it is already possible to send an anonymous message through a remailer, or have it hopscotch through several remailers. Each new hop makes tracing the message back to its source that much more difficult. The concept is just taking off—if viable, there may ultimately be *tens of thousands* of such remailers.

Not all the policies, protocols and bugs have been worked out. Currently different remailers handle encryption, addresses and anonymity in diverse ways. This makes it necessary for users to learn, and correctly use, the idiosyncratic protocols of each remailer through which their messages will pass. Getting one detail wrong can blow your message (and sometimes your anonymity) out of the water. Though remailers aren't very user friendly now, Cypherpunk Eric Hughes is working on standards and user interface software which should make remailers much easier to use in the future.

The policy issue currently being debated is, "How much anonymity, when?" While most remailer operators ideologically favor total or near total anonymity, many believe that some limits will have to be imposed short-term They believe that "too much freedom" may result in hardcore provocateurism. If that happens, governments or other regulatory bodies may "solve" the problem by punishing the messengers: the anonymous remailers. If the remailers keep their noses clean, the thinking goes, then they will be around to face the challenge of total anonymity.

To take an anonymous remailer for a test drive, all you need is a computer, a modem and an e-mail account with an on-line service that is connected to the Internet. Contact hughes@soda.berkeley.edu. Eric will send you a "How-To" file covering mail-server instructions, remailer addresses, public keys, etc.

STEALTH PHONING

Pay phones have always been used to make anonymous calls. But now there's an easier way—untraceable calling services. Though a number of these companies have been started, only one, Private Lines, is currently still in business. Private Lines was created to counter the threat to privacy from the "Caller ID" option now being offered by most phone companies. The Private Lines service is simple to use. Just dial 1-900-STOPPER. After a free introductory message, you will get a second dial tone. Dial the number you wish to call (the area code *must* be included with all calls). The person whom you call will not be able to trace your call, nor identify your phone number with Caller ID. The call costs $1.95 per minute, and will appear on your regular phone bill.

A cheaper, though less convenient, way to make stealth calls is available—primarily to foreigners—from AT&T, Georgia's Telekey and several other start-up companies. These pre-paid long-distance calling cards are supposed to make U.S. phones easier to use for overseas visitors. Americans are free to buy them—if they succeed in finding out about them.

Available in several unit-denominations (at 60 cents a unit), they're used like ordinary calling cards. You dial an 800 or other access number, enter your card number plus a PIN, then the phone number. The cost of your call is deducted from the card's account balance. No matter where you are when you make the call, it can't be traced back to you... if you didn't buy it in your own name.

For stealth purposes, it would be best to buy pre-paid calling cards in an alias, and have them delivered to a mail drop [*see below*]. To find out more about AT&T's card, call (800)462-1818. They are also sold over-the-counter in select AT&T Phone Store Centers. Telekey can be reached at (800) 776-5424.

VOICE SCRAMBLING/ENCRYPTION

This is the Holy Grail of communications privacy. Though "phone scramblers" have been available to consumers for several years, they have their problems. They aren't cheap—better ones are several hundred dollars per unit (you need at

least two units to communicate)—and they don't really do the job. Sure, they are useful against the casual eavesdropper. But they are powerless against anyone who is determined and has sufficient electronic resources and sophistication.

The new kid on the block is the AT&T Telephone Security Communication device, Model 3600. This is a gadget that digitally scrambles your voice. It uses an encryption method that is mathematically much stronger than ordinary scramblers. For reasons known only to AT&T, this product is offered in several *non-compatible* versions. It's pricey (about $1200), the voice quality is not great, and nobody can say with assurance that it doesn't have a wiretap-friendly back door. This last point may be only paranoia, but even paranoids get wiretapped. For more about this phone, call (800) 952-4082.

So what about rolling your own? The stars seem favorable. Some of those pesky Cypherpunks are also working in this area. Currently, it is possible to encrypt and compress speech on a personal computer, but not in realtime. Those in the know say it should be possible in the near future to tweak the compression and encryption algorithms to make realtime voice encryption available to anyone with a telephone, a modem and a powerful enough personal computer. How near is that future? Probably within a year, our sources tell us. Stay tuned.

PGP
Philip Zimmermann
Boulder Software Engineering
3021 11th St.
Boulder, CO 80804
(303) 541-0140
Internet: prz@sage.cgd.ucar.edu.

If you want the latest edition of PGP, you can get it from Internet at FTP sites uunet.uu.net in the /tmp directory and at host gatekeeper.dec.com, directory /pub/micro/msdos/pgp. It's also available in North America and overseas on Fidonet and many BBSs.

YOUR PRIVACY QUESTIONS

If you have questions about privacy you would like to have answered in future MONDO *articles, please let us know. Address your letters, faxes or e-mail to: "Privacy Matters."*

"Norman French" takes his pseudonym from the language required for several centuries in the English courts, which kept non-lawyers from comprehending the proceedings. He is the author of "ASCII No Questions" in MONDO *#5, and "Son of PGP" and "Dirty Little Secrets" in* MONDO *#9. He is affiliated with a California-based mail forwarding and remailing service. For information, send the equivalent of $1-2, in any national paper currency to: Northgate Security Associates, 401 Merrydale Rd., San Rafael, CA 94903.*

TODAY'S PRIVACY, TOMORROW

Several of the high tech methods mentioned here use an ordinary mail drop. In addition to the information on PGP in MONDO #9, here are some other mail drop resources:

BOOKS

Mail Drops: How to Use Them and How to Detect if Someone Else is Using Them—$15 from:
The Technology Group
P.O. Box 1132
Fremont, CA 94538

How to Set-Up and Run Your Own Re-Mail Service—$6.00, also from The Technology Group

Directory of U.S. Mail Drops—$14.95 from:
Loompanics Unlimited
P.O. Box 1197
Port Townsend, WA 98368

How to Use Mail Drops for Privacy and Profit—$12.50, also from Loompanics Unlimited

Budd's Official Remailing Guide—$10 from:
Wayne Budd Inc.
RR 1 Box 62
Eldorado, Ont., K0K 1Y0 CANADA
(This is a must read. Budd's is the granddaddy of remailers.)

MAIL DROP AND REMAILING COMPANIES

A free list of small freelance remailing agents is available from:

PS
P.O. Box 29656
San Antonio, TX

The Mail Post
2421 West Pratt Blvd.
Chicago, IL 60645
Vox: (312) 764-0100; Fax: (312) 764-0019

ITER
33 avenue Philippe Auguste
75011 Paris, FRANCE
Vox: +43 71 22 20; Fax: +43 71 93 60

$SP_1 = X_{10} \xrightarrow{f} X_{11} \xrightarrow{f} X_{12} \xrightarrow{f} \ldots \xrightarrow{f} X_{1,t-2} \xrightarrow{f} X_{1,t-1} \xrightarrow{f} X_{1t} = EP_1$
$Z_A = rfmk(Y_A, R) = E_{KMT_A}(K)$,
$Z_B = rfmk(Y_B, R) = E_{KMT_B}(K)$
Z V E I K J O D C E T X C M K A S R N H
R N N C A W J A L U H G J P J R Y G E G Q F L L U S Q F E P Y
Y E J Z S R V N C I H Y J N M Z D C R Q D K H C R M M E N R
Q K U B P S A Y O J R R Q Y I N R N Y C Y Q Z S Y E D N C A
Y H C J E O G O I K A I V O S J E D W E A K S G J H Y C

Captain Crunch, Whistle Blower:

Meet the legendary John Draper, a.k.a. Captain Crunch, your prototypical phone phreak. You know, the guy who created one of the first blue boxes back in the early 60's and turned on Woz and Jobs and a whole generation of phone phreaks. His famous handle came from the whistle found in Cap'n Crunch cereal boxes, a handy source of the 2600 Hz tone he used to commandeer the Bell Long Lines telephone network and bounce his voice seven times around the world and back again. Just to see if it could be done.

Fast-forward to Crunch '93, respectable Mac programmer. We caught up with him just after the Third Conference on Computers, Freedom and Privacy in March in San Francisco, where Cypherpunks mixed freely with computer cops and assorted spooks and suits.

—Wes Thomas

A Report from the Front Lines

BY WES THOMAS

PHOTOGRAPHY BY PAUL WINTERNITZ

MONDO 2000: What are you up to right now?

CAPTAIN CRUNCH: I'm with the Cypherpunks. We're the people that use cryptography or cryptotechnology to protect and preserve our privacy. The Cypherpunks are the élitist of the élite. I just came back from the Computers, Freedom, and Privacy '93 conference where we all met.

M2: What was the most important thing that happened there?

CC: The thing I really feel good about is the tremendous opposition to the FBI's Digital Telephony proposal and the tremendous interest in data encryption. Dorothy Denning, who's at Georgetown University, seems to think that data encryption should not be in the hands of the private citizen, that the private citizen should not have the *right* to use data encryption.

M2: But surely she's not opposed to data encryption per se?

CC: Well, I meant *encryption that can't be unscrambled by the NSA.* That's understood. See, there are different levels of encryption. But the key idea was that if private citizens use encryption, they should have to register their private keys with the government.

M2: Amazing! And how did people react to that?

CC: There was so much opposition to her outrageous ideas that it was shot down. She is still out there, though, and there is upcoming legislation proposed. But if it ever does get that far, the EFF, CPSR, and ACLU will be right there to keep it in check.

M2: What other issues came up?

CC: Well, one problem the New York State Police have is with *"call sell"* operations—people getting credit card numbers from companies or using the company's PBX system to make free calls to the Dominican Republic or something like that. And it's mushroomed to the point—this is according to Senior Investigator Donald P. Delaney of the New York State Police—that toll fraud has jumped 1000% in New York City and in some place in L.A. because of *call sell* operations. So there's a major concern there. People are able to take cellular phones now and make them use the system in ways they've not figured out before.

M2: Such as?

CC: Well, they're able to change the ESN (electronic serial number) of the phones and they have this scheme they call "tumbling" which means that every time you make a call you switch to another ESN number.

M2: So you can't be traced?

CC: Exactly. The authorities are countering that by nailing down the location of the phone by triangulation. So when people use these things they can usually pinpoint them within a block.

M2: So what else came out of it that was really exciting?

CC: A lot of pretty dazzling talks. Bruce Sterling and Clifford Stoll also talked. [*Jim Warren hastens to inform us that Sterling—though perennially surrounded by a cluster of eager listeners—was not formally speaking under the auspices of the conference. —Ed.*] It was a continuation of the first two conferences, in the sense that other issues that needed to be resolved were brought out in the open. For the very first time, the Justice Department has gotten to hear the computer professionals talk about their concerns over data privacy. The hottest debate was over the FBI's Digital Telephony proposal.

M2: What exactly is the Digital Telephony proposal?

CC: The telephone company vendors have agreed that the FBI should be able to do their jobs, but they don't want to do a lot of extra work. They're cheap. They don't want to have to spend the money to develop the software that would provide a "back door" in telephone switch software. The new digital phone system is very difficult to tap, because there is no way for tappers to pick out a single conversation from the digital streams on fiber optic lines—digital transmissions are all mixed up with other calls and are hard to separate without expensive software changes to the switch. This forces them to be back on the telephone poles with alligator clips like the good old days. Normally, the line going into your house is still analog, unless you are lucky enough to have fiber optic cables. Your analog voice doesn't turn into digital until it gets to the central office or to some entry point. Anywhere along there they can tap that line, so why write legislation to force the phone companies, on-line services, or any other common carrier to make it easier for FBI wiretaps?

M2: OK, so where is everything going in the Cypherpunk area?

CC: The biggest thing the Cypherpunks are doing is to promote widespread use of public-key data encryption for e-mail and voice phone calls. There's a group on Usenet called alt.security.pgp with a flame war instigated by Dave Sternlight. It seems that Dave has taken the role of Internet cop. He seems bent on discouraging the use of PGP and is putting pressure on site administrators to remove uploaded copies because they allegedly violate the RSA patent. He continually rambles on about how everyone using it is a criminal. He makes tons of postings daily to the alt.security.pgp newsgroup worldwide.

M2: So who holds the patent on the public-key encryption algorithm?

CC: PK Partners holds the patent but RSA issues most of the licenses. There's been lots of confusion over RSA licensing. You can use RSA for free for non-commercial purposes. The biggest problem is RSA's public communication has not resulted in a climate that people know how to proceed in. Because of this, independent software companies have not produced products using RSA. Mr. Zimmermann, the author of the PGP code, certainly has more balls than I do.

M2: What else is hot in this arena?

CC: I think what's really hot are anonymous remailers. There's a lot of dispute about that.

M2: Yeah, I hear they're worried about so-called accountability. We *need* a public forum without "accountability." Accountability is important in our elected officials, but for the average person, it means they could be hauled into court for libel.

CC: Exactly! I can see some great uses for remailers, like

whistle-blowing. You discover, for instance, that a company is doing something really weird, and you want to let the world know but you don't want them to know that it came from you. So you can write an exposé on this company from an insider's point of view—you can send all the gory details and anonymously post it—and your anonymity would be preserved. The bad side of it is that if could be used for *disinformation*.

M2: Kind of a cognitive Badlands for criminals and psychopaths?!?

CC: Yeah, and the regulatory groups want to "protect" us. They also claim the child porn people can mail their files anonymously to anybody they want.

M2: The Controllers want to stigmatize anonymous remailers by associating them with the child pornography industry calculated to inflame middle America! So how do anonymous remailers work?

CC: You mail to a central address and you put something on the subject line as to where the mail goes. The remailer automatically looks at the subject line and does this through a thing called a "perl script" which is like a program. It takes your header, strips it out, then puts its own header in. And then it hooks into the mailer, so the remailer can handle it. With your mail header stripped out, your anonymity is preserved.

M2: But the remailer has your e-mail ID when it comes in, right? So...

CC: Yeah, there's a lot of controversy and discussion about the integrity of the person running a remailer. For instance, a law enforcement type can set one up and record who anonymously mails. [*See "Tomorrow's Privacy Today" in this issue for one way around that. —Ed.*] So the legit anonymous remailers go out of their way to ensure that when a mailer comes into their machine, the header's stripped properly and that no previous identity of the original poster of the message is intact.

But the problem is that as soon as these remailers are being set up they are being taken down by the system administrators of Internet hosts. This is largely because of a small group of people who think they can be abused. On the Internet, people are pretty well-behaved. But like anywhere, there are always dickheads that are bent on screwing things up, like with mail bombs.

M2: What's a mail bomb?

CC: It's somebody sending an obnoxiously long message into your mail box that's extremely annoying.

M2: Like junk mail. The ultimate abuser's data would expand to fill the available Internet bandwidth and disk space and paralyze the net, like the Morris virus. It's related to the caller ID question, isn't it?

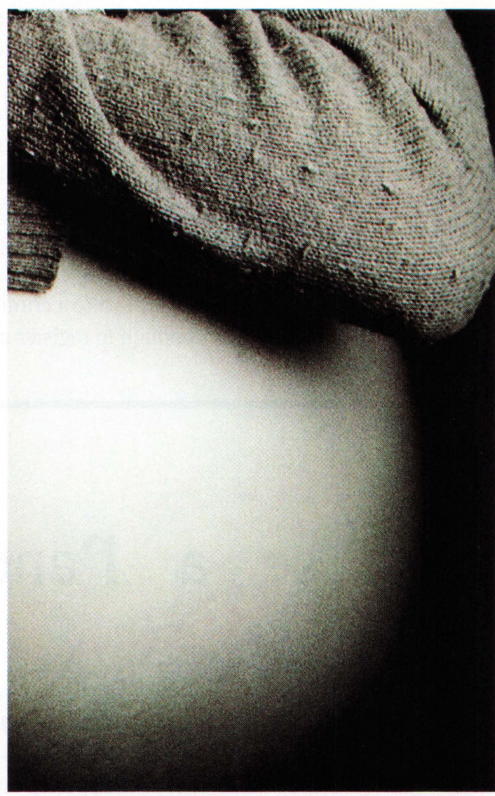
CC: Actually, the Internet is currently set up so that *everyone* has caller ID and *no blocking*, so ironically, the Internet and phone company positions were originally the opposite of what they are now. Before Caller ID, when you received a phone call, you didn't know the number of the phone that called you. Now you can find out in some states. Postings on the Internet on the other hand have maintained your original e-mail address, but it is evolving into supporting *some* anonymity now, but with great debate among a few right-wing types.

M2: Are there any other major developments in the Cypherpunk area?

CC: I'm working with some other folks on a new version of Mac PGP. My main goal is to put encryption in the hands of everybody as cheaply as possible. I'm doing the user-interface portion, working very closely with someone on the East Coast. I don't know where he is located, but I don't care. After all, this is just one global village with no distances, borders, or other real-world obstacles. This is why I like the Internet.

M2: I found Mac PGP user-hostile. It wrote over the original file of this interview when I created an encrypted version!

CC: It's a little bit difficult to use right now for the uninitiated, because it was originally written to work under UNIX. It's not very user-friendly. Because UNIX people don't usually care about that kind of stuff. The new graphic user interface will make it easier for people to use PGP. We're going to be adding a very rich selection of features to PGP that the original PGP will not allow you to do. For instance, it's nice to be able to decipher text directly to the display without having to actually save it as a file. When you save your plain text as a file inside your computer, there is the possibility that you may forget to remove it. The original PGP solves that by letting you spool the plain text temporarily to the screen, but there's no effective way of scrolling once it starts displaying. So one of the features we're adding in this version is being able to pipe the text directly to an editable text window. We're also adding copy and paste and some enhanced key-management features. These are being done by the other PGP team members. There's a whole PGP development team of the most élite programmers working on this project and I'm honored to be a part of it. But I'm sticking with the user interface. I don't think I could be put in jail for designing a dialog box!



My handiwork will be up for display, which is why I'm doing a very careful job. If I have my name on my code, man, it's going to be perfect! It will be readable and well-commented and easily maintainable.

I also recommended that the PGP core code be rewritten in such a way that it can be re-entrant. What that means is that it will be more modular, easier to break up into organized procedures and to be interfaced with other graphics platforms. Like you'll be able to use it in an X command in HyperCard.

M2: When will this new version of Mac PGP be available?

CC: We're shooting for May, but I was hoping that no real deadline be set, so it will be available all over the Internet, provided that David Sternlight is kept on a short leash.

M2: What will this do for the average Mac user?

CC: They'll be able to communicate in complete privacy with other Mac users either through the on-line services such as the WELL and CompuServe, or just by mailing diskettes. If you have a really important program or product and you want to protect that product, then you would encrypt it—put it on a diskette, mail the diskette over the regular mail. If it ever gets intercepted, the interceptor would not be able to make heads or tails of the contents of the disks—only the intended party can decrypt it. And that means you can send beta copies of software to your publisher and your publisher could then decrypt your software and convert it back to the original through the use of PGP or any other encryption program out there. Also, it would be impossible for someone to intercept the disk and inject a virus in the program.

M2: What do you think of the Clinton administration's proposed Clipper chip for encrypting phone calls? And registering everyone's encryption keys to provide tappability in criminal investigations?

CC: I believe they're trying to push this idea through without giving much thought to the ramifications. This overwhelming urge to tap into our private conversations is simply going to promote private encryption and voice scrambling. It is not going to make law enforcement's job any easier to catch criminals. It reminds me of that popular bumper sticker "If guns are outlawed, then only outlaws will have guns."

If I were a criminal, do you think I would be dumb enough to register my phone with the government? Of course not! I would probably get mine on the black market, or though some other illicit means. If I were a law-abiding citizen, would I trust some government agency with my encryption key? Would you?

M2: No. So what's the reaction so far?

CC: Very negative. I'm getting about 150 messages a day on this. This is not only going to get a bad reception in the industry, but it will cost the government more money by piling on huge administration costs. Let's see: You need two agencies (hopefully ones that people can trust). Gee! I can't even think of just ONE agency that I can trust!!! Can you? Then, these agencies have to keep track of one half of an 80 bit key. I guess there is one key for each Clipper chip, so there has to be the capability of millions of keys. Each one has to perfectly match the other half. Then there will be people needed to "register" these "tapper" phones. And then what if you decide to sell it? The mind boggles!

Then there is this classified algorithm used in the Clipper chip itself. I'm sure it's probably hard to attack and crack. But can you really be absolutely sure that there isn't some sort of back door in it?

It's clear that the industry hasn't been consulted, or ideas were not put forth in some public forum. So, where is this democratic process?!? We ARE still a democracy, aren't we? How was this company that sells the Clipper chip selected? Were RSA data security people contacted? A lot of questions will have to be answered before something like this can be accepted.

M2: What else is going on?

Use a random number, go to jail

by Dundee Friedman

Future thought criminals may remember April 16, 1993 as Big Brother Day. On that very day, only one day after Tax Day—now a national holiday—the third Benevolent Leader announced a plan to incarnate the ears of Big Brother in the form of a small electronic device. We'll all be so much safer, he said, if we can listen to anything we want, because we can prevent terrorists and child molestation. Only then did we realize that we could also find out the names of those who refused to celebrate Tax Day with us.

But enough of this paranoid reverie. The present is here now and it's bad enough. Big Brother is coming, and this is no cozy allegory.

What the White House announced on BB-Day was a little chip, an encryption chip, with a government front door in it. This is the White House, not some piddly-dip bureau chief of NIST or even some tear gas-spewing cabinet member, but the executive-order-making screw-us-all-together President, dammit. We're talking major Clinton sellout to a project started exactly four years ago, right after Bush took office. But Clinton is a nice man, right?

The encryption chip they announced on that epochal day is called the Clipper, or the Privacy Clipper; I'll just call it the wiretap chip. Encryption is the *envelope* of electronic communications; it's what you wrap your digital words in. Make no mistake, your telephone words are digital words, your VISA card speaks digital words, and your e-mail, of course, is digital words. What the *spies* want is for everything to be sent on postcards—special electronic postcards that only the government can read.

I can hear it ringing in the halls of the FBI: "Encryption is coming! Encryption is coming!" Inevitable it is, and the would-be controllers are about to lose their ability to listen, permanently.

Encryption is not yet widespread, but soon will be. So the White House comes out and says "We'll protect you," conveniently failing to mention that perfectly good

CC: There's something I'm working on with a student at the University of Houston. What we want to do is a virtual cyberspace. Where you have a machine on the Internet called a "virtual world server." If you enter the server, you select which of the virtual worlds you want to go into. After selecting one, you enter that virtual world and you have other people or entities in there you can play around with. Your digital identity could be a knight in shining armor—you render that with an artist. It has a certain size and weight, certain characteristics.

M2: Sounds like *True Names*!

CC: Cool. And as you're moving around in this virtual world, and other people are moving around, your positions are being sent to the server, and the server broadcasts those positions out to the other people in the virtual world.

M2: How can people reach *you* in Cyberspace or Cypherspace?

CC: Well, the best way to reach me is via e-mail. I already receive TONS of e-mail, but I have an efficient screening system, and it is not uncommon for me to receive about 150 messages a day. That may seem a lot, but most is due to the mailing lists I belong to and I can download them fairly fast.

I am also an Internet guide. In this role, I guide the beginner or wannabe through the complex maze of the Internet, which has over 1.5 million computers hooked up to it. I charge a fee for this, but it is very low and affordable by more then 90% of the cybernauts or beginners. I have some pretty famous clients.

My e-mail addresses are:
crunch@well.sf.ca.us (my home system)
crunch@netcom.com (I visit this one first)
crunch@hacktic.nl (my European e-mail box).

If you e-mail to request my Internet guide service, please put "Internet guide" in your subject line and I'll e-mail back a contract form to fill out.

By the way, if you want my PGP public key, I can e-mail it to you. So if anyone wants to send something encrypted to me, they can use this key. Only I can decrypt your message. If you expect me to send anything back, please send me your public key, which can be encrypted along with your text message.
See ya all in Cypherspace. Rave on d00dz!!!

Proceedings from CFP '93 are available for $25 from CFP '93, 2210 Sixth St., Berkeley, CA 94710; (510) 845-1350. Audio tapes of sessions from Audio Archives, (800) 747-8069.

DEF CON 1, the "Mecca for the Underground," will bring together hackers, techno-rats, programmers, writers, activists, lawyers, techno bandits, philosophers, security officials, cyberpunks, and network sysops in Las Vegas (Sands Hotel) July 9-11 to thrash out future computing trends, virus creation, hacking, and message network administration. Info: dtangent.wa.com or (206) 722-7357 (data line). M2

encryption devices are *already* available. What perfectly good means to me is that the government can NOT listen whenever they want.

When DES (the Digital Encryption Standard algorithm) came out seventeen years ago, everyone wondered if DES had a *back* door, that is, some special property that allowed "those who know" to read anything they wanted inside a DES envelope. Well, the NSA has gotten bolder, folks. This wiretap chip, whose actual algorithm is secret, is *designed* to be compromised, and that's not a bug but a *feature*.

Of course, good precautions have been taken to prevent unauthorized use. I have just two words for that: Maginot Line.

Q: What's the other name for an unauthorized wiretap?

A: An anonymous source.

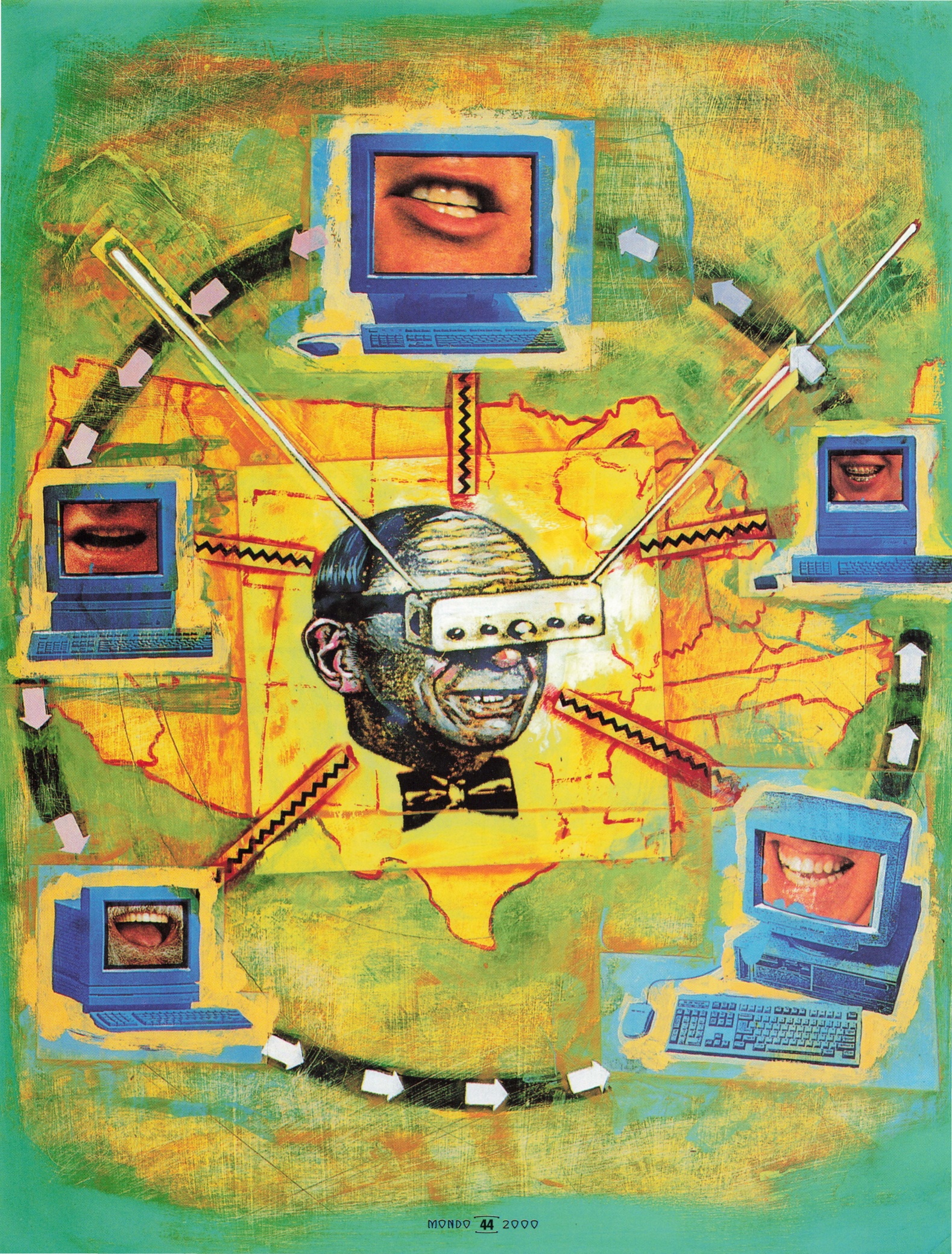
So now they get to listen in, but only when you're bad, got it? Now good old October-surprise Ollie—he wasn't bad, he was acting in the interests of national security. Those lefties in the 60's, they were bad. Those peaceniks in the 80's, they were bad too. And in the 90's, why those druggies, they're the worst of all! Just remember, the government definition of bad is whatever *you* like doing.

So the Department of Justice, the arbiter of badness, is going to buy 2000 telephones with the new wiretap chip in them, just to get the market rolling. There's a fax-machine effect here: the more compatible phones, the more each one is worth. And guess what, they're going to pay for this privacy invasion with stolen money—excuse me, money from the civil forfeiture fund. It's got that great spook logic to it: make the criminals pay for their own surveillance. Except that you don't have to be convicted to pay forfeit, and nobody is mandating the use of these devices—not yet.

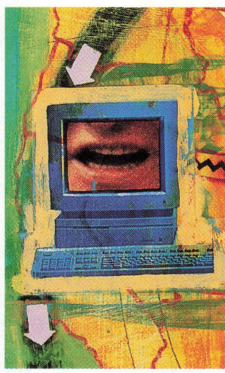
So the next step in the game plan is to prevent any other devices from being sold. There's this big-time ominous statement in the White House press release which states that they're not saying that you have a right to perfectly good encryption. They won't prevent you from using it, just buying it. After that, they make use of non-wiretap encryption illegal. If you can't decrypt something for them, you lose. Use a random number, go to jail.

"But what can I do?" you wail. Be outraged. Tell everyone you know about this wiretap fiasco. Write your Congressman and tell them this is a *voting issue*. Send e-mail to the White House. But best of all, START USING ENCRYPTION. Ask your suppliers of software and telephones for cryptographic privacy. Use PGP. And whatever you do, don't buy Clipper or its successor, Capstone—more on that later.

When the thought police come, it will be because of what you told your mother, or your lover, or your doctor, or your shrink, or your accountant. Happy Tax Day! M2



Storming the Bullshit Studio



by Suzanne d'Fault and Mr. Quaker StateTapioca Rupture • Illustration by Peter Bennett

Compu$erve, this ain't. Not with a logon screen flying a Jolly Roger or a burning flag. This is where the *real* data is—yes, on some antique PC whirring away in somebody's bedroom closet. Welcome to VR's primitive ancestor, the BBS.

On thousands of telephone nodes around the world, socially dysfunctional folks offer an alternative to the corporate Digital Salons—and it's free. The only currency is information; any information. How to build your own atomic bomb, masturbate a killer whale, terrorize chain stores...

For women, the boards are a challenge. If you're a data cowgirl riding the aether, you're gonna run into some SHIT. Strangely, much of the chatter on these boards consists of d00dz discussing how much they *like* women, and what they'd do if they ever found one.

But whatever your gender, the boards can annoy. Each is an effective monarchy, a suzer ruled by sysops so paranoid or controlling that they may never let you sign on. (Tip: if they try to extort your real name, hang up.) Interesting, considering the nattering about "anarchy" and libertarianism that permeates the boards, as if millions believe you can phone-in the Revolution. And maybe you can—but you're gonna have a helluva phone bill.

OK: down to it! It's 3:00 a.m. We're stoked on Jolt and Chicago-style pizza. We've met hard-core sysops whose logon procedure is the digital equivalent of "Soldier, drop and give me twenty!" We've met Nice People in Texas who chat about their pets. We've met kids in Florida whose idea of anarchy is wEirD caPiTaliZatIoN, and lots of people who take themselves WAY too seriously. Fuck 'em all. We're looking for *edgework*.

Suddenly... *paydirt*. We connect with **Lunatic Labs**. Their logon screen promises "cyberpunks, discordians, video jockeys, hostile programmers, alchemists, neuro-logic reprogramming, creative entropy..."—our kinda place! Heavy-duty lysergimancy.

Now you no longer have to go to the edge; the edge comes to you, as BBSs pass their information bucket-brigade-style to a board in [YOUR AREA CODE]. There are hundreds of mini-nets out there, and they're not all (zzzz) CompuSmurf. Stay home... and sooner or later your local board will be infested by giant space weasels—just like the big guys!

Next we hit **The Temple of the Screaming Electron**, the "milk and honey mothership" of NIRVANAnet, a Bay Area BBS network. TOTSE is high weirdness by modem, including Jeff Hunter's BBS Review, a comprehensive listing of international fringe BBSs.

Family obligations out of the way, we cruised the Other Coast and found **Calvary** ("We Put the YOU back in Eucharist!"), a cDc board in Boston. cDc, **Cult of the Dead Cow**, is a nation of psychic signal jammers. We're talking GOOFY. Headquartered at **Demon Roach Underground** (which is continually busy, but try and try), the cDc provides a real service to the BBS community by confusing the hell out of the feds.

If you're busy erecting your Unified Conspiracy Theory, try **Cyberpsychosis** and **Disco Hospital** in Missoula, Montana. They operate on Burroughs' idea that if you're not paranoid, there's something wrong with you. And if you think there's *nothing* wrong with you, they'll tell you what you'd better dread this week.

If you think you have to live on a Coast to be unutterably hip, check out **Private Idaho.** Boise isn't all potato-eating survivalists—they've even got a *2600* meeting now. And from anywhere, it takes no time at all to uplink to the lowdown. Individuality and a sweet f-all for censorship are what make a good BBS. *This* is a good BBS.

Edge of Perception—British Columbia. We couldn't get on more than once, because (a) they were always busy, and (b) the second time we connected, line noise killed our dog, but their logon screen is a blatant endorsement of free speech and freedom of information. Knowing that Canada is more uptight about such things—e.g., many books from the Loompanics catalog can't be imported—this stance bodes well, eh?

Man does not live by breadboards alone—there are a lot of sex-related BBSs out there. (We don't have to call them directly, since our own **Burn This Flag** carries a lot of their echoes.) Hot Tubs. Bestiality. S&M. Water Sports. Foot Fetishes. Nose Fetishes. Creamed Corn and Scuba Gear Fetishes. And there's a board in Texas where you can download a .GIF of a candystriper giving a cottage cheese enema to a goat. Too late, Margaret Mead.

These are by no means the only fun boards out there. Constrained by relative poverty and a real disinterest in phracking (we're being watched), we tried to keep our phone bill under four figures—and probably failed. Consequently, we're sure to be pissing off 10,000 earnest sysops out there whose boards we haven't mentioned. Tough.

Ms. d'Fault and Mr. Rupture preside over ***My Dog Bit Jesus****, a BBS which they scrupulously refrained from reviewing here.* M2

BBSs

TOTSE
Walnut Creek, CA:
(510) 935-5845

Burn This Flag
San Jose, CA:
(408) 363-9766

Calvary
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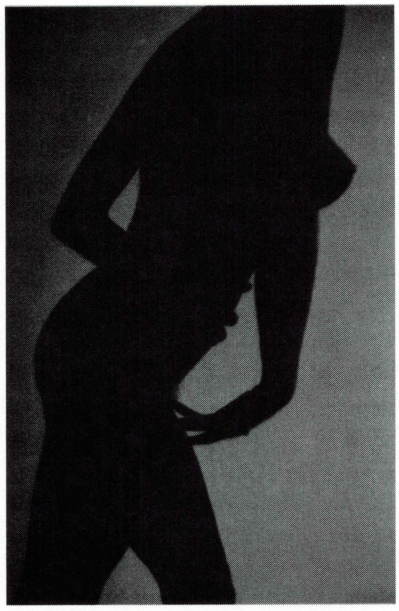
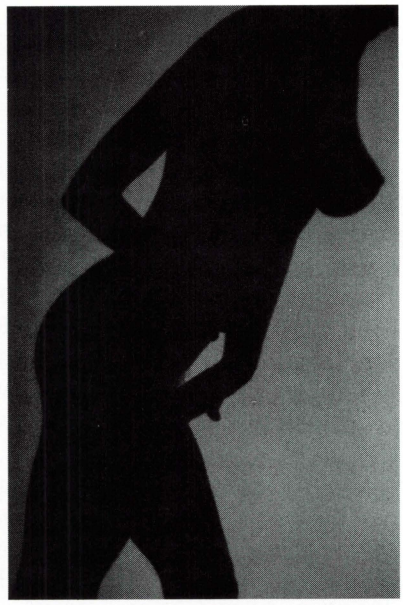

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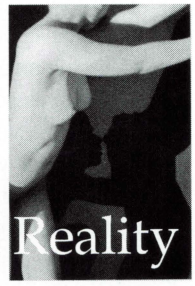

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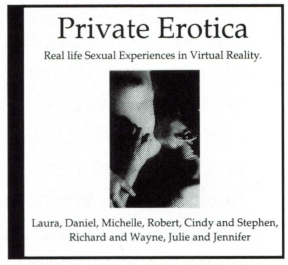
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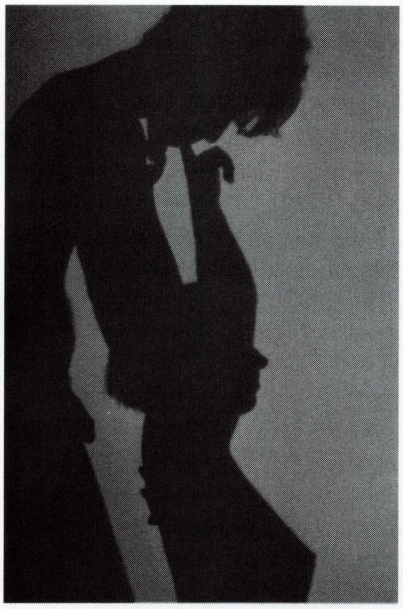

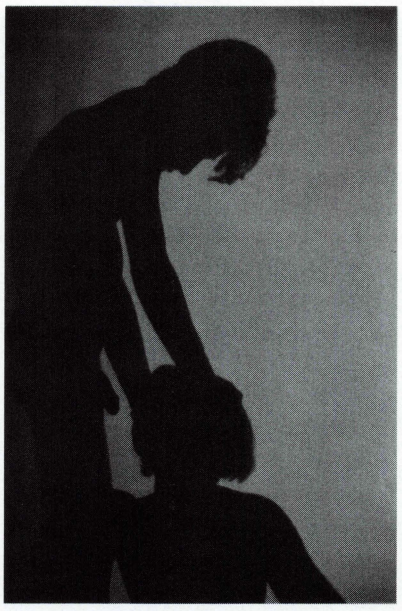

Track List:

74 minutes

Music:

CyberSex! Rave music by Tone Def.

Erotica:

Laura. Hear a woman masturbating while on top of you.

Daniel. Hear a man masturbating to a 3-D virtual climax.

Michelle. Experience a woman bringing herself to multiple climaxes with running water in her bathtub.

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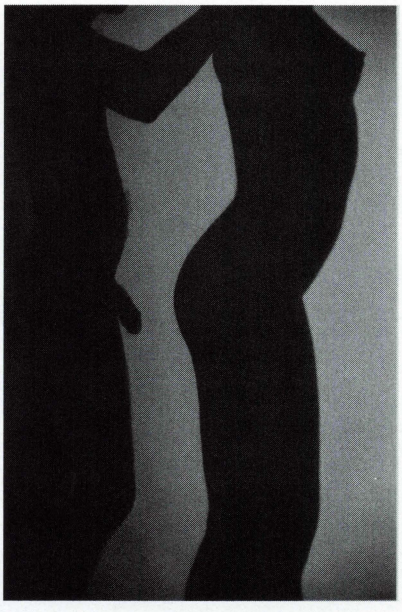
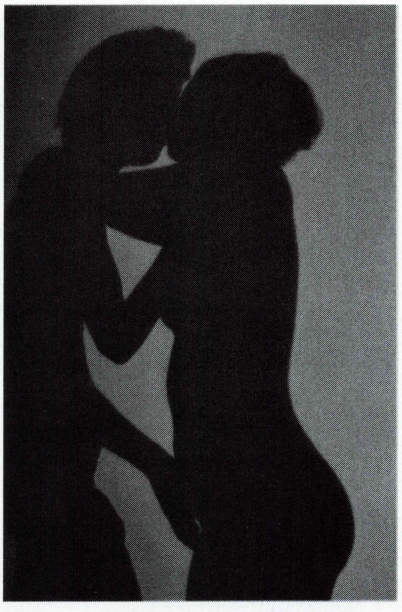


Cindy & Stephen. Experience a couple performing fellatio, cunnilingus, passionate intercourse, and cunnilingus again.

For a Gay Audience:

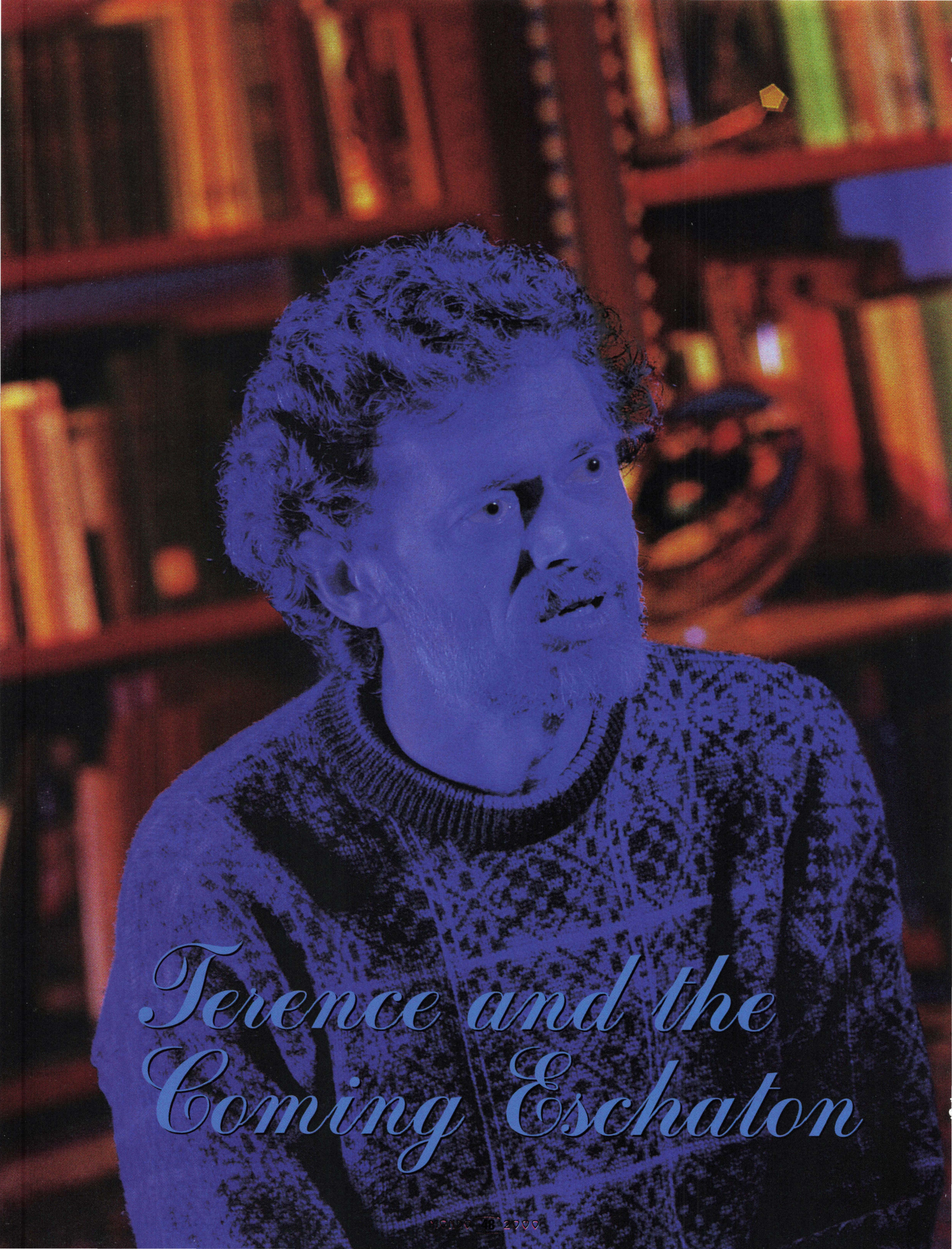
Richard & Wayne. Hear two gay men engaging in oral sex.



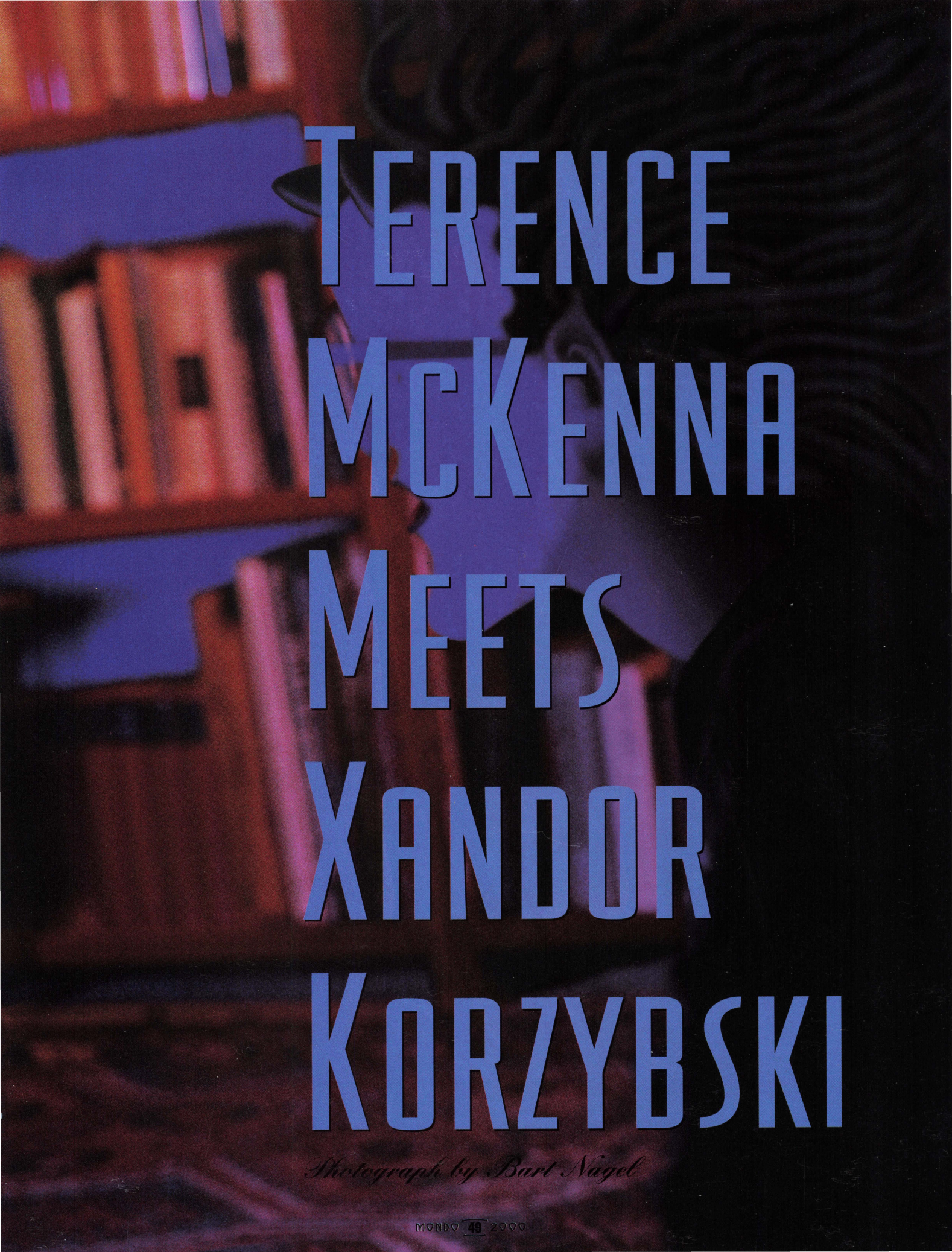
Julie & Jennifer. Experience lesbian women bringing each other to repeated climaxes using a vibrator.

More Music:

CyberSex! ***(Extra Wet Mix)*** Extended mix of rave music by Tone Def.



Terence and the Coming Eschaton

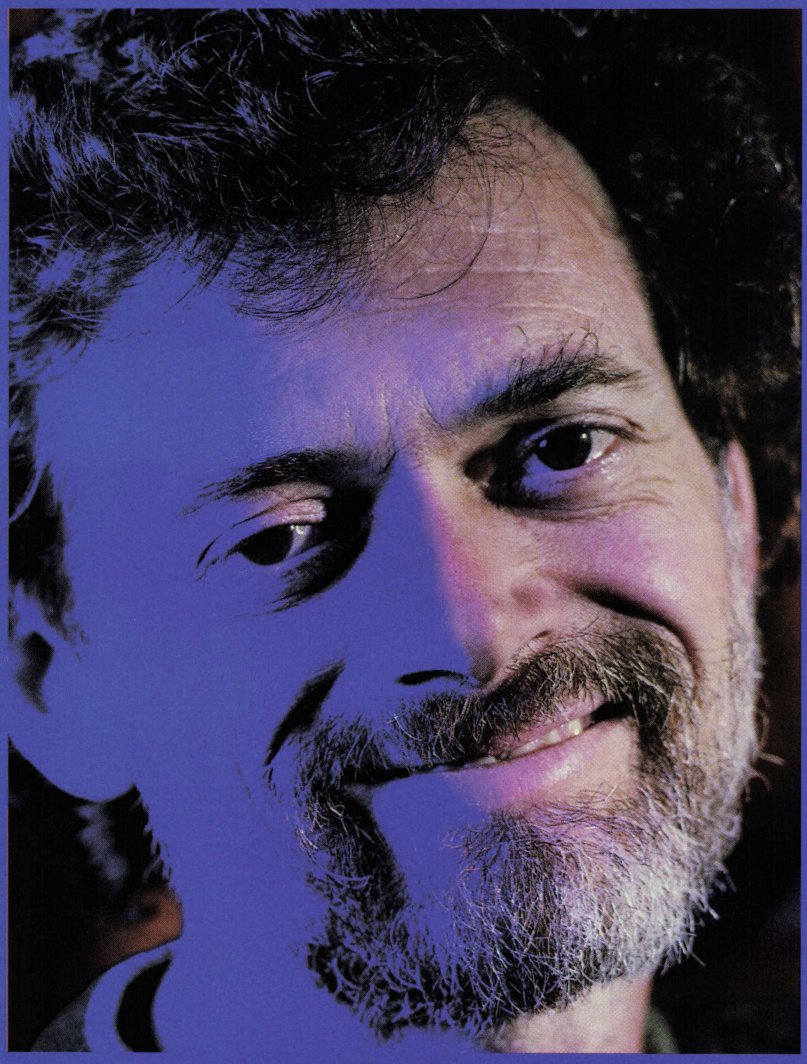


Terence McKenna Meets Xandor Korzybski

Photograph by Bart Nagel

I've just taken the world's most intense psychedelic. DMT. The effect is instantaneous. For five minutes—five minutes that seem more like five centuries—I lay sprawled on the threshold of the Adytum. I saw millions of strobing images in vast vaulted spaces, heard what sounded like an ancient Taoist monk take over my voice and cry out a warning down through the centuries, dizzily groked infinity, and barked like a dog... I can only remember traces.

And now I suspect I'm hopelessly enmeshed in the most insidious mad-scientist/Illuminati/alien/mind-control/mind-fuck experiment ever hatched, masterminded by psychedelic guru/ethnobotanist/shaman/self-described "mouthpiece for the incarnate Logos" Terence McKenna—a UFO contactee who receives messages from a galactic network of stropharia psilocybin plants who want to give us the plans for a star antenna and hyperlight-drive ships that will carry humanity into the galactic mainstream of the higher civilizations of the star swarm in exchange for letting them go along for the ride—sounds fair to me—and who urged me to do DMT and magic mushrooms and talk to the little chattering elves who are actually dead or maybe tiny machine aliens or akashic knowbots or... Hey, why not?



OK, now just who the fuck *is* this guy and what agency does he work for?

Well, for starters, he believes Time (and everything else) is not fixed; it has a spiral fractal structure based on the King Wen sequence of the *I Ching*. Its fractal nature resonates throughout history. Time itself is speeding up in a progressive spiral involution. It's going asymptotic as it approaches the "Singularity"—a point in species' history where we are pitched into a whole new galactic board game. The end of time, the total annihilation of reality-as-we-know-it, is December 22, 2012—a date that neatly dovetails with Jose Arguelles' *Mayan Factor* and other New Age eschatological scenarios.

Terence McKenna first burst on our horizon with the 1975 cult classic *The Invisible Landscape* which he wrote with his brother Dennis. The Katzenjammer Kids of psychedelia, they also authored the *Psilocybin Magic Mushroom Grower's Guide* under the pseudonyms O.T. Oss and O.N. Oeric (otiose and oneiric—nudge, nudge). Dennis went on to collect advanced degrees the way Terence collected mushrooms and butterflies. Dennis more recently founded Shaman, Inc., an ethnopharmaceutical R&D company. Terence has gone from botanical rescue missions in Amazonia to tweedy-if-uncredentialed ethnopharmacologist to Ravemeister philosopher king in the San Francisco House scene.

Flashback: March 4, 1971, La Chorrera, Amazon jungle, Colombia. Terence and brother Dennis are on a deep-jungle search for oo-koo-hé, a DMT-containing hallucinogenic plant used by Witoto tribe shamans to talk to "little men," as recounted in Terence's riveting new book, True Hallucinations *(HarperCollins, 1993).*

Dennis, on psilocybin-containing Stropharia cubensis mushrooms and ayahuasca, perceives a strong electrical-like buzzing sound in his head, amplifies it with his voice, feels himself turning into a giant insect, enters a fourth-dimensional schizoid telepathic warp, takes the keys to galactarian citizenship, unleashes the hyperspatial Zeitgeist, accidentally triggering the outbreak of the millennium—whoopsy daisy—and hangs out in a tree on a messianic/shamanic trip through history, ending in a two-week-long slow zoom back from the galaxy: solar system, third planet, human species, Irish clan, back into his own body...

Bart Nagel

Reality Break, OK? Just a couple of questions. First, why was the last chapter of the *True Hallucinations* audio tape version omitted from the printed book? Significantly, this was the chapter that exposed the CIA's UFO deception operation (cattle mutilations, etc.) and a bizarre hypothetical plan—might one call it a market test?—for converting millions of people to a messianic UFO religion via an epochal mindfuck landing. Did someone get to Terence or to his publisher?

And what about that strange buzzing? In a privately-taped interview by Faustin Bray in Ecuador, Miguelito Lasky ("Dave" in *True Hallucinations* book) says that a huge 15-foot-high insectoid anthropologist taught Dennis to make the buzz—another odd omission from the published version. Does this buzz have anything to do with the hum reported as an undertrack in rock music or to the 120 beats per minute in House music—the same 120 bpm used by Bulgarian superagent Lozanov in his "Superlearning" technique? Or the 120 bpm trance-inducing infantry marching beat? Subliminal audio, designed to promote group mind and hive consciousness? Code for "BZ" (quinuclidin-3-yl benzylate), an incapacitating superdeliriant used in Vietnam that leaves its users gibbering idiots for weeks? Yet another CIA/KGB MK-ULTRA experiment?

Or is it all part of some New World Order galactic cargo cult for the End Times? A massive millennarian apocalyptic media virus designed to convert millions into rabid McKenna disciples for some bizzarro tryptamine-based religiopolitical movement? (Note: McKenna privately admits to his friends that he wants to be President of the U.S. and calls his followers his "constituents.")

Terence has come a long way since his footloose hippie planetary pilgrim days in the early 70's. Suddenly, with the publication of *Food of the Gods*, he has morphed into a tweedy professorial ethnobotanist—the worthy successor to Harvard's Richard Evans Schultes. He reportedly no longer does psychedelics himself (as intelligence operative Alan Watts put it, "When you've got the message, it's time to hang up the phone."), but exhorts the rest of us, in evangelical fashion, to blow our neurocircuitry.

But now let's settle back, gobble down a few shrooms, and let Terence himself take the pulpit...

—Xandor Korzybski

RAVE ABOUT UFOs

XANDOR KORZYBSKI: What's happening with UFOs right now?

TERENCE McKENNA: You mean, why aren't there more? Well, my notion is that UFOs are distorted reflections of the transcendental object at the end of time. There's some kind of leakage into the temporal continuum. I mean now we're *so close* to the end of time, all you have to do is dream, take a psychedelic, take a hit on a joint, and it's *there*. You can see it. And stuff like crop circles and UFOs, these are simply fluctuations in the syntactical machinery of reality. The main thing to understand is that we're imprisoned in some kind of work of art. There *are* no "laws of physics." That's all horseshit. It isn't like that. It's a syntactical structure of some sort. And to the degree that you can deprogram yourself from what you've been taught, you discover that the raw stuff of reality can be put together many many different ways.

XK: The recent crop circle of the gingerbread man...

TM: I just think crop circles are malarkey. I mean, doesn't John Michell think it's a little strange that the telluric message was written within driving distance of his front door? I mean, how far would this have gotten if it was the wheat fields of Siberia? There's something a little curious about how it is strewn directly in the path of those most likely to be its most willing flacks.

My theory on crop circles is quite simple. When you go to these crop circles and actually see what it's like to be there, you see a few ragtag British freaks wandering around scratching their heads, and you see a shitload of Japanese tourists. And when you look at world media, you see the Japanese media pays an incredible amount of attention to these things. So I think they're a covert operation run by MITI (the Ministry of Trade and Industry). Quite obviously, this is an experiment in the semiotics of brand recognition. So all over England, there are roving bands of Japanese tourists who, at the snap of a Nikon, all rush into the fields and, from a tradition of centuries of Ninja stem-snapping, they produce these things. And then—Johnny-quick—they put their Nikons back on... [*laughter*]

XK: I don't understand why MITI would be behind it. What's the benefit of...

TM: They're studying the Western Mind and its relationship to brands and symbols! Symbols... they're a *shit* brain form of communication because they don't *COMMUNICATE!* What kind of communication is it that doesn't communicate?

One theory Rupert [*Sheldrake*] and I came up with we called the Out-on-a-Limb theory. See, the MI-5—British Intelligence—is concerned about the popularity of New Age ideas in England. So the idea is to lure these people out onto a limb with wilder and wilder statements about Gaian messages and the telluric forces of the Earth and so forth. And then, once every nut in England has signed on, you bring on your jumpsuited team of crop circle-scribers and say, "*We* did it, and *you* people should all find honest work because your level of credibility is now *zero*."

But I actually prefer the Japanese theory. I think the cattle mutilations in the States were also a Japanese project. I mean, it had all the elements. You know, the lonely American prairie with its brooding sense of strong men and lurking evil. And then, you know, the Japanese *love* those animal mutilations, shiny blades, midnight rambles... the human mind is incredibly perverse. I know because I have one!

SLICE 'N' DICE PHONY BALONEY

XK: So you're saying it all comes back to projected archetypes or *created* archetypes—that there are no real mysteries...

TM: Real mysteries, you don't have to believe. You don't have to have been initiated. You don't have to have your aura cleared, or your mantras in order. Real mysteries operate and you *get to touch.* My favorite story in the Gospel is the story of Thomas the Doubter because, remember, he wasn't present when Christ came to the upper room the first time, after the Crucifixion. And so Thomas came a couple of days later and the apostles said to him, "the master was here, he was here," and he said, "you guys have been smoking too many of these little brown cigarettes from Lebanon, we saw him crucified!" Well, so then Christ same a second time and Thomas was present and he said, "unless I put my hand into the wound, I will not believe it." So Christ said to Thomas, "come forward, put your hand into the wound," and he did. Now my interpretation for that Gospel story is that ALONE, of all the apostles, it was Thomas the Doubter who touched the resurrection body because he was the only one who had his shit together enough to DOUBT! And so if you doubt, they will actually let you put your hand in the wound; if you don't doubt, they will give you any kind of crap and send you happily on your way. Doubting doesn't get rid of the real stuff, because the real stuff is REAL. You need a crap detector to get you past all the phony baloney because you know people have been working miracles in the marketplace for millennia—that's just part of what goes on in the marketplace—shell games, levitation, rope tricks, regurgitation of objects, it's just ho-hum.

People think this is the end of the world. This is the garden party before the end of the world!

XK: Well, what about military disinformation and UFOs?

TM: Well, I felt years ago that the cattle mutilation thing was probably a military disinformation campaign to make flying saucers seem creepy and whoo-whoo and all that. But the funny thing about all this is that it never comes to a head, nothing ever happens. I mean, Jacques Vallee in one of his books, pointed out that there must be 3000 UFO encounters a month—and this has been going on for 45 years!

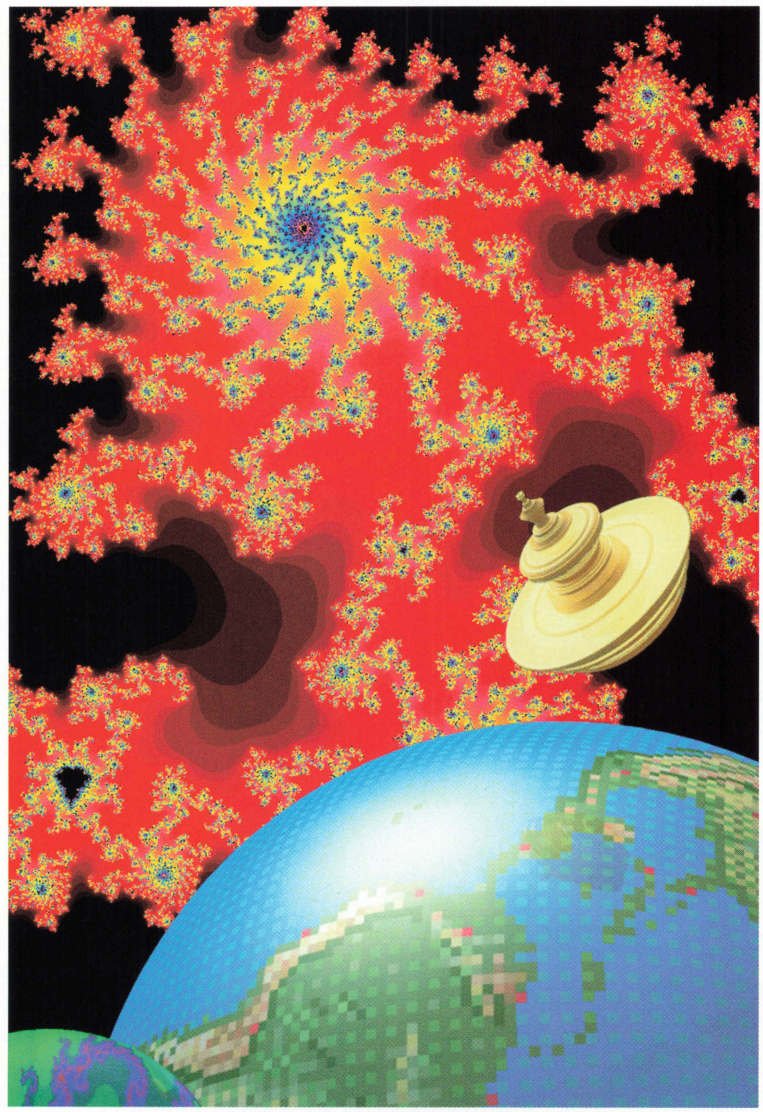
XK: Couldn't it be an advanced conspiracy to take over our world masked as friendly little green men, when in fact they really are taking over and eating into our consciousness?

TM: Well, I suppose it could be but who would *want* to take over our world?

XK: Maybe somebody whose world is being destroyed?

TM: Look, somehow we're asking the wrong question here. I talked to John Mack, you know, the guy at Harvard who's so interested in the New Thing—fetal removal under abduction circumstances—and I interviewed him in Prague and he said, "You know, I have fifteen hundred documented cases of women who believe they had the fetus removed in an abduction situation," and I said, "Fascinating, John, what kind of physical trauma do these women display?" And he said "There's no physical trace whatsoever," and I said "What does that imply to you John?" And he said "Advanced surgical techniques of which we have no knowledge." And then I realized I was dealing with a SCREWBALL. I mean, WHAT? What it implies to me is fifteen hundred severely confused women. I just can't make the leap to any other possibility.

So, what I would say is: there is something which masquerades as an extraterrestrial invasion in order to not alarm us with the real implications of what it is... But in fact, the whole thing—it's becoming clearer and clearer—is made of *magic.*



5D image of Time Wave by Bruce & Aya Baltoe

CORNERING THE ALIEN FUTURES COMMODITIES MARKET

XK: So what *is* this mysterious relationship with "the Other?"

TM: The Other can present itself in any way that it wants. You can have this experience on mushrooms. You take mushrooms and it's whatever it is. But you can stop the action and say, "Show me what you are for *yourself*." And it's just like there's this creepy organ tone, and black crêpe curtains begin to rise, and there in front of you is something outside of human experience. After about 30 seconds of that, you say, "That's *enough*, thank you! Let's go back to the dancing mind and the soothing assurance of the end of the world." Because, ultimately, you're reminded that you're a monkey. You're a monkey, for God's sake! And yet you're asking to understand the nature of reality?

But I do all this basically for the immense thrill in understanding just a *little* bit, the thrill of being in on the joke, just a little bit. The great puzzle of psilocybin is the content of the experience, which seems truly Other. Not an insight into the human condition, that's not what you get when you do it; you get rather, a kind of an alien communication. I thought in the most recent issue of MONDO those visuals, those computer things by what's his name?

XK: Latham

TM: Yeah, those looked to me like real aliens, and of course that's just the product of a computer mind. What would come out of a *real* alien mind?

XK: Probably a DMT-initiated hyperdimensional molecule like the one that produced the buzz. What do you think of putting the buzz on tape?

TM: [*Aghast*] You mean market the hypercarbolation tape?

XK: Yeah, actually create that whole tape and create the whole sound and maybe do a video on it.

TM: Well, what would be the indemnification problem with this? In other words, if people start checking in to mental hospitals all over the land?

XK: [*Pricks up ears*] Would they?

TM: They might.

XK: Why?

TM: Because something about the hypercarbolation thing seems to demand this 21-day-long freak out.

XK: As Dennis exhibited. But do you feel there's any validity in what you call "braving it?"

TM: Oh, I've never backed down on a single point. I think we'll be totally vindicated.

HYPERCARBOLATED SHENANIGANS

XK: Do you still believe in the hypercarbolation theory? [*Dennis McKenna's hypercarbolation theory weaves together electron spin resonance, holographic DNA information retrieval, superconductivity and psychedelic chemistry. Advanced degrees in any of these fields would be helpful in assessing whether this is all a crock of shit. —Eds.*]

TM: I think it's accurate enough that experiments should be done to try to confirm it. I think you could use acoustical driving to interpolate molecules into DNA.

XK: I thought it was interesting that ESR [*electron spin resonance*] is driven by microwave frequencies and thus planetary signals are in effect coupled in some way through ESR to our consciousness so there may be some direct linkage between all these events that are occurring on the planet and our perceptions or...

TM: [*Holding up book*] Did you see in here there's an illustration of these women, the beeheaded dancing goddesses of Minos? I think the hum connects to the idea of Phanes, the cosmic bee and the humming swarm, the beeheaded dancing goddess... And that other illustration is a giant wasp and in the Mandaean religion, the wasp is one of the sacred animals. The hum is the carrier wave for thought and when you take harmaline, you actually hear that hum. Here's this very old African rock painting of a shaman covered with mushrooms and clearly the animal being invoked is the bee, or the wasp, so it associates mushrooms with the humming.

XK: We heard that there's currently a buzz being laid down on soundtracks and records are coming out and that it is almost like a brainwashing thing. Have you heard about this?

TM: I haven't heard the rumor or the buzz. [*laughter*]

XK: You'll never hear the buzz—consciously.

TM: Well, I think you know the CIA and the KGB studied these things. We don't know *what* happened to all that psychedelic research. We just know that MK-ULTRA lasted up to about 1970 and nobody ever asks the question what happened after. The story they put out was that "Oh, it didn't work out and it seemed sort of silly" but knowing what we know now...

XK: Have they ever approached you?

TM: Not so far as I can tell.

XK: What about using rock concerts as living laboratories? Infrasound? Subliminal audio?

TM: I imagine that a lot of this has been done and I imagine it's all classified. It's 1970, '80, '90—20 years of black box work, with billion dollar budgets. *Who knows what they know?* It's interesting that it doesn't show up more—did they learn anything useful? Are they able to control populations, and imagery? They don't seem greatly smarter than they used to be. In other words, Iran-Contra seemed approximately as stupid as Watergate which seemed approximately as stupid as earlier shenanigans.

The hum is the carrier wave for thought and when you take harmaline, you actually hear that hum

RAVE EDITOR FOR THE LOGOS GASTRONOMIQUE

XK: How do you see the rave phenomenon fitting into all this?

TM: Well, the Thatcher-Reagan agenda of completely gutting the school system has created a generation of self-educated youth. So this is the end-of-the-millennium youth culture trying to create its own set of values. And there are essentially only two social realities to relate to: the reality of

consumer fetishism, and the underground bohemian reality that has been building up for one hundred years. And that entirely means drugs—*psychedelic* drugs. I mean, culture has become so repressive and toxic. As I was saying at the rave the other night, everything from body piercing to rave music, psychedelics, non-representational paintings, the goddess thing... it's an endless list. It's all part of an "archaic revival." The future is going to be much more like the extremely distant past. It's not that technology is going to disappear. It's that technology is going to be much less obtrusive. I can imagine a future where the entire culture has been shrunk down and downloaded onto a pair of black contact lenses that you implant behind your eyelids. And you're naked, tatooed, scarified, and wearing your penis sheath [*laughter*] and so on. But when you close your eyes, there are menus dangling in mental space. You go into that and have the complete database of the Western Mind.

XK: Somewhat like your idea that the mushrooms are acting from the past to pass culture on to us?

TM: Yeah, I think that our problem is the failure of imagination—that there are alien traces on this planet and perhaps alien artifacts and maybe psychedelic molecules *are* alien artifacts. One of the things that I've mentioned to people—and they just think "Isn't he a weird guy?" but I keep mentioning it—is psilocybin is 4-phosphoyloxy-N, N-DMT. It's the only 4-substituted indole on this planet! If you were to search for an alien artifact at the molecular level, you would look for a molecule that had no near relatives. Well, this is it! Psilocybin is the only 4-substituted indole on this planet!

XK: What does that mean—"4-substituted"?

TM: That the phosphoroloxy group is attached at the 4 position of the base. There's no other compound on this planet that has that.

XK: Why is that important?

TM: Well, it indicates it's from outside the terrestrial environment. It came from somewhere else. Or it was designed. I mean, we can make 4-substituted indoles in the laboratory, but nature only made one once. If you talk to evolutionary biologists, one of they ways they talk about an organism is to equate evolutionary success with energetic efficiency. Well then, you look at the psilocybin mushrooms—15 to 20% of the metabolic energy is going into the production of psilocybin. And psilocybin is not something mushrooms have to have. So what's it doing there?

XK: Has there ever been evidence of a specific psilocybin receptor site in the brain?

TM: Well, the psilocybin receptor site in the brain is the cerebellum receptor itself which is the major system that we're running on, that all life runs on. You can find serotonin in organisms clear down to the flatworm and the interesting thing about it is that as you ascend the phylogeny, the amount of serotonin increases. Monkeys have more serotonin in them than any other organism and human beings have more serotonin than any other primate species. Clearly, if there were a marker for consciousness, serotonin is it. Now, psilocybin directly competes with serotonin. It seems to me that when we understand what memory storage and recall and all this sort of thing actually is, then psilocybin will be seen to be very obviously the equivalent of a radio, it's a nanotechnological radio built by a nanotech, biotech, sophisticated civilization of some sort. When you turn it on, you don't hear about your own childhood trauma, you hear weather reports from Betelgeuse and all the rest of the stuff that's coming through there.

XK: But you're talking about megadoses of mushrooms...

TM: Five dried grams in silent darkness. It's not a dangerous dose level but it's too much to party on. One of the problems is that people don't take *enough*. You know, I love raves, but on the other hand, if you want to get *rid* of a drug that you've taken, the strategy is vigorous exercise and loud noise. People who take too much acid sometimes will chop a cord of wood and then swim in the river to make it go away. So, the raves are really weird in that it's an environment designed to suppress the content of the psychedelic experience. People are very *very* afraid of a strong psychedelic experience. Look at what happened to LSD. When I was at the height of my acid taking, anything less than 500 mics meant that you were a chickenshit. *Now*, if somebody gives you LSD, it's one of these microdots that's 50 mikes or so.

XK: Disco doses

TM: Yeah. People are being allowed to join the club without paying the full amount of dues. I've met people who say "I'm psychedelic and I know exactly what you're talking about"... blah blah blah. So you say, "Well, what's your drug history?" And they say, "I took MDMA twice." Look, just because you've had a glass of cold water doesn't mean you are ready to be food editor for the *Larousse Gastronomique*. There's more to it than that, my friend!

What our parents told us—stay away from carny people—is also true of the roiling road-show of the DMT circus

PARADOX AT THE CENTER OF THE MATRIX

TM: What I wish, if I could have a wish, would be for an enormous wave of DMT taking. Because you can't escape DMT. It's so powerful and *so* category-dissolving. Why hasn't there ever been a wave of DMT taking? I think it's because this is where you get beyond disco, beyond fashion, beyond arm waving, and you realize—MY GOD—this stuff makes the difference being dead and being alive *academic!* [*laughter*]

M2 STAFFER: [*Tremulously*] How would you recommend... I've never had experiences with DMT. How would you... I mean, I have no concept where one would find it...

TM: Well! *Here's the paradox.* MONDO 2000 asks Terence McKenna where to get DMT! [*laughter all around*]

Nobody has any good answers. If we're all so hip, how come we ain't more loaded? What is it about DMT that we cannot inspire someone to come up with twenty kilos *for Christ's fucking sake*? What's the fucking problem!?

M2: How do you take it?

Allen Angel

TM: To smoke DMT, vaporize it in a little glass pipe and take three *huge* inhalations in rapid succession and lay back. It doesn't have to be done in darkness. All you have to do is close your eyes. And then, once it gets going, you can't tell whether your eyes are open or closed. In fact, you have no concept of open and closed.

XK: You have no concept of eyes!

TM: Yeah. Well, thinking of it as a new sense is an interesting notion. What happens to me is a tumbling into this space, and the feeling comes down and the floor comes up and they touch. And then there's this sucking [*makes violent sucking noise*]. And then you fall through. And it does this several times, this sucking/propelling thing. And then you just realize... "Oh shit! This is unrecognizable territory."

XK: I *have* had DMT... twice.

TM: Right right right! That's what I mean. Isn't it weird? Here we are, we're supposed to be at the center of the Matrix. And everybody's saying "Do you have any? I don't... do you?" But when you look it up, it's an easy synthesis. I think, if you really want my candid opinion, this whole rave thing is in danger of stalling out for lack of DMT!

XK: Have you had any experiences with 5MEO?

TM: I've smoked it. I don't care for it because even though some people say it's the most amazing and staggering thing that's ever happened to them, I find it a complete yawn. It's exactly like DMT except there's no pictures, which is like saying radio is just like TV except slightly different in one way! [*laughter*]

XK: If people were to take DMT at raves, what would be the effect?

TM: They'd lose body consciousness! I think if you had a kilo of DMT, and you checked out of your ordinary life, you could make a *revolution* with a kilo simply by going around to various people and saying, "Try this." Because it's beyond argument and it's so horrifying. It's as close to the alien artifact as *I'd* want to get. It ends the discussion somehow. Anybody who's ever had that stuff knows that they've been to the other side. You're marked for life once you get to that place. And yet, 20 minutes after you do it, you're perfectly all right. You're *PERFECTLY* all right. You can't even tell you've done something.

DMT is as close to the alien artifact as *I'd* want to get. You're marked for life once you get to that place

XK: There's no physical reaction at all?

TM: None. It's not like a drug. I don't think it's a drug. It's a technology from another dimension that *masquerades* as a drug.

In a sense, DMT is sheer fun, pure fun. But it's fun of the Bugs Bunny sort, where it's all explosions and falling anvils. You keep wondering, "Don't explosions hurt people? Aren't falling anvils dangerous?" But meanwhile, they're flying around all over the place. The thing about the DMT elves that's so worrisome is that you can't tell whether they have your best interests in mind. I mean they seem to be having a great deal of fun—perhaps at your expense. Of course, they're always very disappointed when you leave. I've had DMT trips where—as I was pulling away from it—they all started marching in double lines, waved to me and said, "Déjà-vu, déjà-vu." [*laughter*]

XK: So who *are* these elves? Isn't this a bit Celtic twilight?

TM: Well, I started out as a rationalist. I certainly never thought that I would be led to the idea of a soul hive, an ecology of souls, and discarnate entities. But over and over again, I've had this experience on tryptamines. This seems to be what's going on. In Irish mythology, there's this idea of Fairyland, a nearby domain filled with the souls of the dear departed. And it's thought that certain people can actually see into this domain. St. Patrick converted this idea into the notion of purgatory in order to convert the pagan Irish to Christianity. When you ask shamans about this, they say, "Oh yes. The realm of the ancestors. We do all our magic through the ancestors." Well, *ancestors* is a very sanitized word for *dead* people. Reverberate *that* around in your cranium.

I always think of that wonderful old *I Love Lucy* episode where she explains to Ethel how to call the flying saucers. She says, "I just say, 'Come in, little green men. Come in, little green men,' and then they do." So when I'm stoned on psilocybin, I literally do that. They won't appear unless invited. They're very shy.

XK: What if you were to make up a glossolalia that was an invitation? What would it sound like?

TM: You mean an invitation to elfdom? Oh, let's see here... "e dig go mah fuak si ki dic din, e food moi wha dig a mang hood eh do gig amin get, eh if nom wha dig a dic dit e do la horx sime wha f wah ban gke do yo kuan dank chi ka kung, oll dem whil zswat dib ba e itchi mi hung whaat." Like that. Elf chatter. The chirping of the elves' faces. It sounds to me like a paleolithic language spoken around the campfire somewhere in Africa by pygmies.

XK: Is there a persona when you do it?

TM: Well, there's a feeling when you're loaded, it's the most ecstatic thing you can do. Doing it sitting here is sort of forced and artificial but if you're loaded on 5 grams of mushrooms and sitting inside silent darkness, then it has an incredible attraction. It's like an ecstasy and one can do it for hours and become kind of an aesthete of the nuances. Even in English there are words that are more fun to say than others. I like words like "oscillococcinum," that's really a neat word. "Zuvaya" is a very nice word.

FABERGÉ LANGUAGE EGGS VS. BIG NEEDLES UP THE ASS

XK: Does this relate to aliens? None of these stories sound related to the stories you hear from people who are abducted, for example.

TM: No. The abduction stories are about big needles being pushed into your body and up your ass.

XK: What's the connection?

TM: I've never had that experience. For me, it's always been much more lighthearted. I think the DMT elves are probably language elves of some sort. They've been here all the time. They're makers of objects. They offer exquisitely constructed things that they make out of sounds, that are like toys, machines, jewels, Fabergé eggs.

XK: I'm still not clear on the relationship between these visions and aliens—if there is any.

TM: Well, the main relationship is that it *feels* utterly alien. It *feels* so damn weird. It makes anything as mundane as someone with green skin and a shovel-shaped head climbing out of

a flying saucer seem utterly middle class. I mean, these things are much *weirder* than any alien portrayed in any science fiction film or story I'm familiar with. They aren't made of matter. They seem to be waiting just over the threshold in hyperspace for anybody with enough guts or recklessness to smoke DMT. They could be human beings from some unimaginably distant future. They could be friendly extraterrestrials tunneling through from some domain from quantum-mechanical indeterminacy. It's hard to say just exactly what they are. They make things, and they live under hills, and they entrap you with riddles and wish-granting conundrums. It's the classic motif, though I've noticed that this place you break into on DMT, weird as it is, is somebody's idea of a reassuring environment for humans. So it's like this playpen, this nursery, where you can have an interchange with these meme-trading elves.

XK: So then the step beyond that, beyond the nursery, would be what?

TM: Only once did I have a trip which I would describe as the Big People being home, and it was terrifying and there's not much else I can say about it. I get the feeling that these things want to trade ideas, and so they offer their trade goods, these machines that transform themselves and are jeweled and so perfectly work. Those are the equivalent of glass beads passed down to a cannibal tribe, and they're basically saying "so have you got anything interesting to trade?" And I don't know what they're expecting.

XK: What did you give them?

TM: Well, I gave them everything I knew about the *I Ching* and they seemed quite happy with that. Maybe they collect divinatory manuscripts on many worlds out of a love of primitive art.

CARNY COSMOLOGY

XK: How many people have experienced the elves on DMT?

TM: I think a fair number of people. I really think, in Jungian terms, the archetype of DMT is the archetype of circus. And the circus has many different facets as an archetype. First of all, there's the absurdly tiny car that pulls up and the clowns with their enormous noses and huge floppy shoes keep getting out, one after another. It has a sense of the three rings, with the performing animals as the central focus of action and attention. But then beyond the humor and the zaniness, there's the lady in the tiny spangled costume working without nets, up near the top of the tent—elements of Eros and death. And then, away from the center ring, there's the freak show, the hoochy-coochy girl, the two-headed boy, the thing in the bottle... So it's a complex archetype of humor, Eros, death, and of the Weird. Remember what our parents told us—stay away from carny people, they might kidnap you and take you with them—it's also true of the roiling roadshow of the DMT circus. It's all so very beguiling, very erotic and compelling, but also freaky. The *freakiest* thing you can imagine!

XK: What would be interesting to me is to get a way to simulate the DMT visions.

TM: Well, this is exactly why I've attached myself to virtual reality. I see virtual reality as the technology for showing

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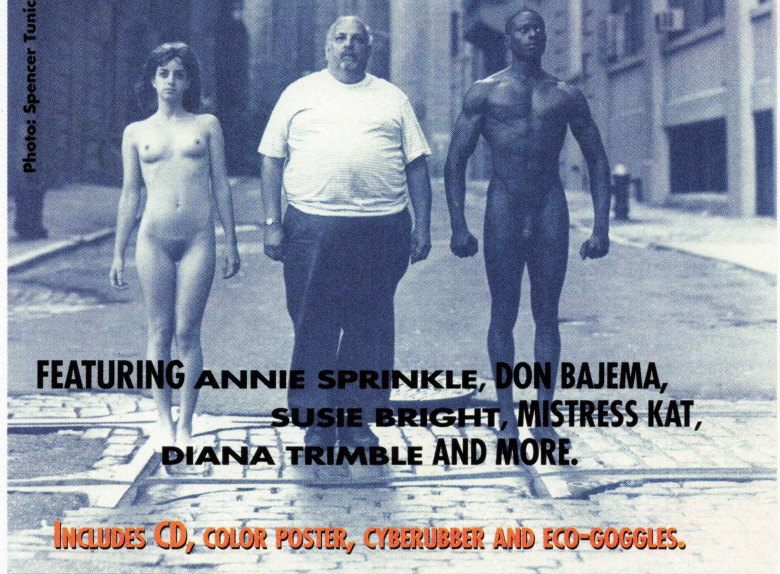

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Dozens of audio and video tapes with the inspired ravings of Terence McKenna are available from Sound Photosynthesis, P.O. Box 2111, Mill Valley, CA 94942-2111; vox (415) 383-6712, fax (415) 381-3127. Check out the 8-hour audio cassette-tape version of *True Hallucinations* (mood-altering spacey music and trippy jungle/UFO sound FX plus the voices of Terence, Dennis, and Kat) and the single-tape *Highlights of True Hallucinations*, a great tripping tape. In progress: *Timewave Zero*, the video tape.

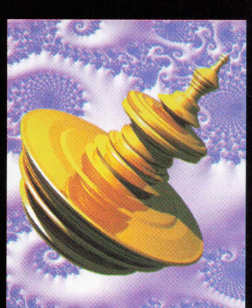
Rose X

Alien DreamTime—a long format ambient video comprised from Mckenna's spoken word, digital imagery by Rose X, and sounds by Space Time Continuum with accompaniment by Stephen Kent on Didgeridoo. Rose X produces computer/video special FX for Terence at technoshaman raves and this video is a remix of source tapes from McKenna's live interactive multimedia San Francisco performances recorded Feb 26-27, 1993. *Available for mail order*. Rose X Media House: 17 Coleridge, San Francisco, CA 94110.

Rose X

Also look for the up-coming Rose X feature length production *Strange Attractor*—an erotic techno-shamanic sci-fi video exploring a computer VR network called the Public Simulation Exchange and featuring Terence McKenna as a neurochemist.

Timewave Zero is a program that displays "novelty" (creativity, chaos) over any period of history. It's based on McKenna's mindboggling theory of the same name. The PC DOS version is $64 from Dolphin Software, 4815 W. Braker Lane, #502, Austin, Texas 78759; Phone: (512) 479-9208; The Mac version is in development.



Bruce & Aya Battoe

Posters of original artwork by Bruce & Aya Battoe depicting three-dimensional sculptures of McKenna's Timewave Zero theory are available from Aya Design & Translation (Japanese). Posters can be obtained by writing to: 163 Tamalpias Ave. Mill Valley, California 94941, or by calling (415) 383-8759. Also specializing in 3D rendering, modeling and graphics designs.

each other the contents of our heads. And I know I could sit down with a design team and build a DMT trip. It would take months and cost money. But when it was over, you'd be able to drop on the helmet and put on the gloves and DO IT.

XK: How would you do it?

TM: Well, let's try for a simple example. Take a basic dodecahedron. It has twelve surfaces. So we'll get twelve programmers of the level of genius of Yoichiro Kawaguchi. Each programmer gets one facet of the dodecahedron and they're told to design a trip, and then we're going to run all twelve programs simultaneously so you have the dodecahedron rotating in space, and as a facet comes by, you'll see that programmer's trip running on that facet—but you get twelve at once...

XK: You have to have a massive parallel processing machine to run this...

TM: Then you *pierce* it. You morph it into something else. Morphing is interesting. Morphing is what DMT objects *do*. There wasn't a word for that until computer software made it happen. But a coffee cup that changes into a telephone that changes into a mouse that becomes a wristwatch that becomes the Hope Diamond.

XK: ...and runs on dream logic...

TM: Right. Well, like Interval—if I could get them by the throat—yeah, you know who I'm talking about, Brenda's people—and say this is what we're going to do—we're going to spend as much money and time as it takes, and we'll produce an unbelievably bizarre world where every surface is a doorway into other surfaces.

You know, I never was comfortable enough with Jaron to see what he did with his stuff. But it seemed to me, it was always based on mere *stage craft*. The VR people don't understand that the idea isn't to produce virtual *realities*, but to produce virtual *hallucinations*. Kawaguchi and William Latham—there are probably half a dozen people in the world that good—should be encouraged to make these things WALK IN.

HIGHER AND FASTER

TM: I don't understand why things aren't happening *much* faster. There's so much inertia. I mean, I always felt that about rock 'n' roll. I always felt, "Yeah, it's good. But God, it could be *so much* better." Same thing with these raves. It could be so much further out. I mean, people think *this* is the end of the world. This is the *garden party* before the end of the world! But the end of the world will come. And as we approach it, the chaos, the number of speedbumps, the number of head-snapping reversals from negative to positive, are going to become so intense that people will literally think the planet is being shaken to pieces.

XK: We need a Manhattan Project for the end of the world as we know it.

TM: Yes! The Manhattan Project to get the mind out of the body, to visibly exteriorize the soul.

XK: Do you have any final words for Mondoids?

TM: Gentlemen and Ladies! Thank you for smart drugs. Thank you for MDMA, speed, LSD, 2CB... thank you, thank you, thank you! Now why don't you do something interesting? Why don't you make DMT?!? Millions of people are waiting to try it. The revolution is in the ditch until you get your chemistry together!

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General Custer's Pinky

and Other Hot Items from the Bone Trade

MONDO DU 2000

What follows is a partial transcript of a conversation between Gregory Whitehead and a leading dealer in corporeal memorabilia, conducted while Whitehead was researching materials for his ongoing Forensic Theatre project. "Walter Skelly" is a pseudonym; due to the illicit nature of the commerce in corporeal memorabilia, strict anonymity was a condition for publication.

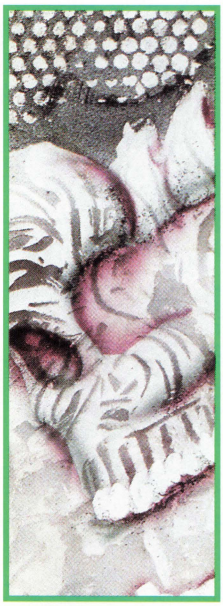
Walter Skelly

interviewed by

Gregory Whitehead

Illustration by

Pierre Fortin



GREGORY WHITEHEAD: Why not begin by describing what's contained in the small case directly in front of us?

WALTER SKELLY: Ah, I see you have a eye for controversy—that's about the hottest item in my inventory. In the fax I sent out to clients, I listed it as "three joints of war booty severed by a vengeful Sioux from the left hand of a defeated legend named Long Hair." I've only had it for two weeks; it's the left pinky of General George Custer. Has a nice ring to it, doesn't it? The kind of item that gets everyone upset and excited and keeps me on my toes. There hasn't been so much behind-the-scenes flap since one of the major auction houses tried to package the diary of Ché Guevara together with the hand that wrote it!

GW: Before pursuing that, can you say a few words about where Custer's pinky fits into the larger picture? How did it end up here, and what do you intend to do with it?

WS: Just another item for sale. I suppose the more formal designation would be something like "the international market for corporeal memorabilia," but dealers usually just say "the bone trade," even though we deal with much more than bones. As for your other questions, the key word is "market": that's where the material comes from, and that's where's it's going.

GW: How do you respond to those who condemn the bone trade's grave robbery, or body snatching, selling human remains for profit?

WS: I field such accusations all the time. What can I say? Such materials exert a powerful fascination. That fascination creates a market. I'm just here to serve the market. I haven't been anywhere near a graveyard in years! Then again, these items take on lives of their own; and when people buy them, they're not just buying a dead object, but also a living history of the item as it's passed from hand to hand through time. Trace the history of what happened to Charlotte Corday's skull, for example, and you'll learn an astonishing amount about the histories of criminology, phrenology, feminism, you name it. Living history from dead remains. That's what I'm selling, and that's what people want—contact with a dead person through a living artifact that happens to have once been part of the dead person. The only thing more democratic than the free market is death, right? So here's a business where the two go hand in hand.

The only thing more democratic than the free market is death, right?

GW: To step back for a moment, can you say a word or two about how the bone trade is organized?

WS: Pretty much along the same lines as most other collectibles, though each dealer may have his own reference system. I organize my offerings first by physical category—fingers, skulls, brain matter, blood samples, eyes, whatever—and then by historical or cultural category, like American presidents, movie stars, Nazis, outlaws, and so on. With time, you learn the interests and inclinations of your various clients, so when an item comes along, completing a transaction is frequently no more difficult than shuffling your data base and punching a button. As in any market, the quality material pretty much sells itself. And the rest, as we say, is best left to the birds.

GW: I wasn't aware that eyes were part of the trade.

WS: Oh yes. Eyes are a very substantial market. In the case over here, for example, I have a number of outstanding eyes bought from the estate of a deceased client. Along the top shelf, up there, you see single eyes from Charlie Chaplin, the famous anarchist Emma Goldman, the American Confederacy's Jefferson Davis, and an unauthenticated but highly possible complete set from Edgar Allan Poe. Worth a fortune and a half, if the tests come back positive.

GW: Tests?

WS: The usual forensic processing—but in our case, we scrutinize not only the item itself, but its "career path"—its provenance, so to speak. For example, the Custer item we were looking at before has an amazing career: traded for a horse, lost in a card game, later sold for its own weight in gold. Anyway, once the medical possibility is established, then we deal with the history. Obviously, absolute authentification is often hard to establish, like the flood of material coming in these days from Russia. I mean, I had a guy in the other day who says he used to be KGB; walks in here with a bagful of bones, big-time Bolsheviks, Czars and whatnot. Now how am I going to check his story? In the end, though, it's the market that makes the final decision of whether the story is good enough... we never try to hide the question marks. We have a saying in the trade. Pardon the bad joke, but it goes: "Never twist an arm to sell a finger."

GW: So how does the trade break down, in terms of proportional sales?

WS: Skulls, then eyes and fingers, then brain matter and blood. The "Big Five" I call them, and they account for the

bulk of my business. Unless it's really something unusual, a famous tumor or something like that, all other materials would fall into the category of miscellany, and would appeal only to very specialized collectors. People often ask "What about the heart, what about genitalia?" What they don't realize is that hearts are almost impossible to authenticate or preserve, and genitals—well, I won't tell you they're not out there, but for my own part, I consider it in bad taste.

GW: But dealing Nazi blood and bones is not in bad taste?

WS: The Nazi trade is a tough one. Of course, there are more than a few diehards buying a skull or two for the sake of nostalgia. Yet, on the other hand, every bone and every drop of blood does convey a rather strict warning about the Thousand Year Reich, don't you think? Also, for some survivors of Nazi terror, to have a finger or two from an officer in the Waffen SS does seem to serve some kind of healing function. Again, though, it's not for me to question why—I can control the material, but not the meaning.

GW: So what, then, would you say drives your market—obviously more than a simple interest in history.

WS: True. If the interest was only historical, they would probably stick with documents, autographs, icons and the like. I don't know, it would certainly be easy to entertain cheap psychoanalysis, and a lot of people say, oh right, it's just necrophilia, or whatnot. I can only tell you the kinds of things my clients say when they contact me. Now, these are very often men—and many women, I might add—of considerable wealth but not a whole lot of cultural visibility, celebrity, not much power and not much glamour. So for the right price they can have a little osteomemento from the body of Marilyn Monroe secreted away in the safe, together, maybe, with a slide of Churchill's blood, or a slice off the presidential polyp. Some form of post facto access to the rich and famous they could never have in real life. I mean, look how excited people get about an autograph, say, an autographed picture of Judy Garland. So imagine the excitement if you buy the hand that wrote the autograph!

GW: You mean to tell me that Judy Garland's hand is for sale?

WS: I can't say that it is or it isn't—it was only an example. There has been a lot of Garland material floating about recently, though.

GW: And what about the so-called "presidential polyp"?

WS: Well, yes, as you can imagine, at the time of Ronald Reagan's intestinal surgery, there were more slivers of polyp floating about than chips off the old Cross. And the prices! I mean, even dirty latex gloves used during the surgery were going for serious dollars. Something I still don't really understand, the Ronald Reagan end of the market. The only American President who competes in price is J.F.K., and you have to remember there was a lot more Reagan material available. Lincoln is a distant third, and that's mostly Civil War buffs. Bush, of course, is a potential bonanza, if he lasts long enough. The whole Skull & Bones club thing at Yale adds a nifty little bonus.

GW: What is there currently available from J.F.K.?

WS: Oh, endless tissue slides, brain matter mostly, most of dubious origin. I never touch the stuff: when clients express interest, I tell them, sure, they can have a brain slide, but if all the brain samples in circulation were put together into a unified organ, you would need a tow truck to transport the damn thing. And there are about a dozen individuals claiming to own the, uh, you know, the [*gestures vaguely*] but my research indicates fairly conclusively that he took that particular bit of his anatomy with him. J.F.K. materials are invariably surrounded by intrigue and innuendo, conspiracy junkies everywhere, cults of assassination, the cult of the dead hero, and so on.

GW: I suppose you come into contact with all kinds of cults.

WS: [*Laughs*] Beyond belief. And more than enough counterfeiters to meet demand. By my last estimate, are were close to a thousand Hitler fingers on the chopping block. And you can imagine the number of people claiming to own the one and only Elvis pelvis. But these aren't really serious collectors. What they are pursuing is something much closer to religion. I tell you, some of the strangest material comes in from Argentina, tiny vials marked *Sangre d'Evita*, cult of Perón stuff I guess, but most of this just gets wholesaled to the specialty medicines market in Japan.

GW: Specialty medicine? You must be joking.

WS: No, I'm not. I'm not one to indulge in Japan bashing, it's a huge market for me, but they do have some pretty unusual ideas about medicine. And there's talk about aphrodisiacs, but that market exists just about everywhere. A lot of interesting items just end up in somebody's digestive tract. To me, that's depressing.

GW: You seem very much at home in the trade, though, despite having to operate more or less underground.

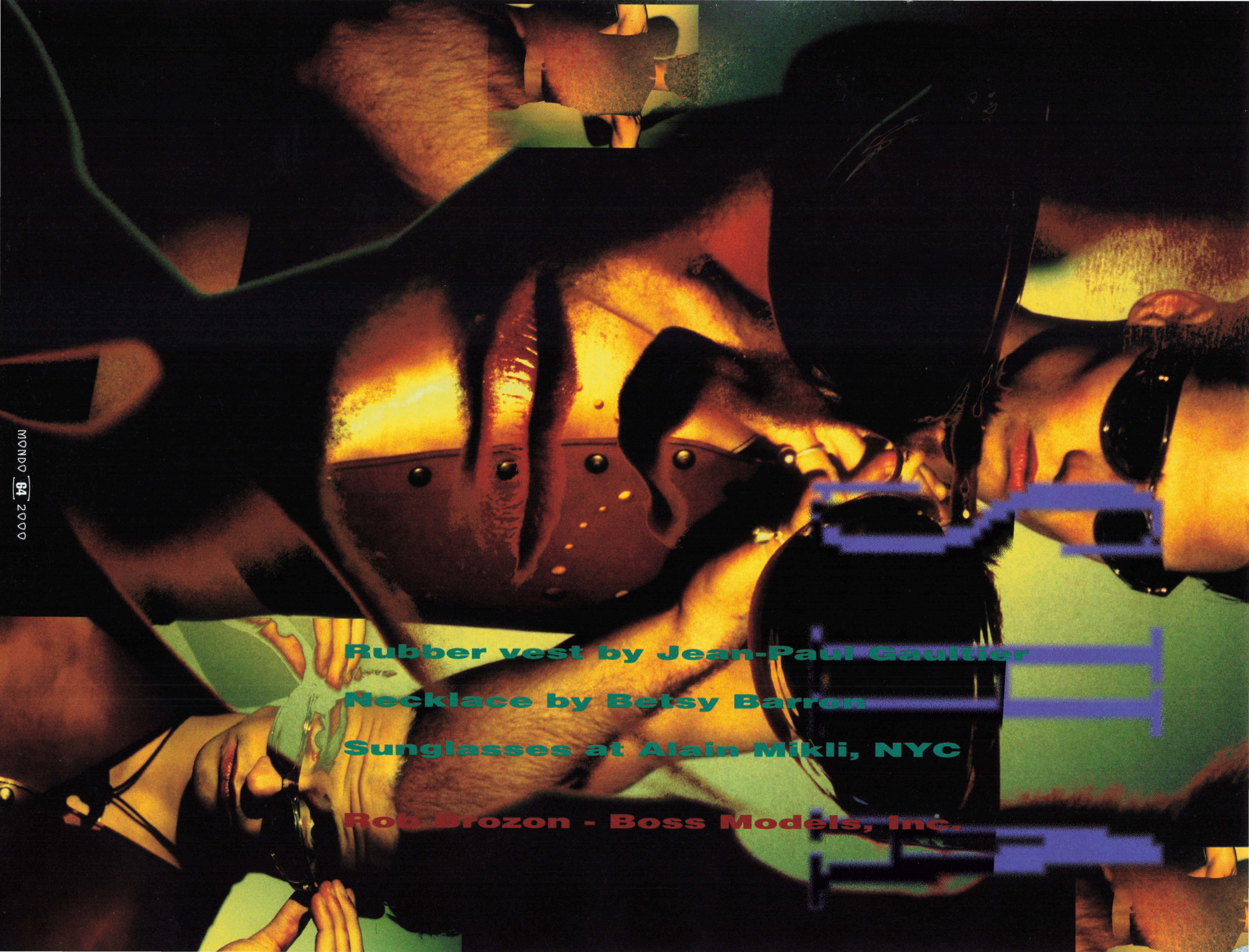
WS: Hah! I'll have to remember that one. Look: bone trade is unavoidably controversial, intrinsically a little bit strange, and political by definition. Bones are loaded, no matter where they've been, or where they're headed, and the stories they tell are full of surprises, not always what people want to hear. Think of the case of Vietnam MIAs. Up until a few years ago, various opportunists were buying up all kinds of bones, no question asked, not by the CIA, not by the Pentagon. The hustlers had a field day. Then the forensic anthropologists would come in and tell some grieving widow, who had just been given a small box full of remains supposed to be from her husband, "Sorry, but these are the bones of a medium-sized quadriped, probably a dog."

GW: I'm not sure I understand what you're getting at.

WS: My point is that what's legal is so often at odds with what people need to fill the holes in their private lives, whatever their motivations. That's where pornography comes in. Now, is what I'm doing pornographic? Who's to say? Look, if people can find more meaning in the skull of a movie star than in their own flesh and bones, who am I to judge?

For some survivors of Nazi terror, to have a finger or two from an officer in the Waffen SS does seem to serve some kind of healing function

Reprinted from Lusitania #4, "The Abject, America." *Forthcoming this year from* Lusitania *will be a theme issue,* "Vulvamorphia," *on representations and displacements of the vulva.* Lusitania, *104/108 Reade Street, New York, N.Y. 10013.*


Rubber vest by Jean-Paul Gaultier
Necklace by Betsy Barron
Sunglasses at Alain Mikli, NYC
Rob Brozon - Boss Models, Inc.

Leather sleeves by Henry Duarte at Gabriel/Kramer ENT
Bondage top by House of Field
Leather pants by Front Homme Tech

JILL GREENBERG

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&
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Fashion Stylist

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Hair
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makeup

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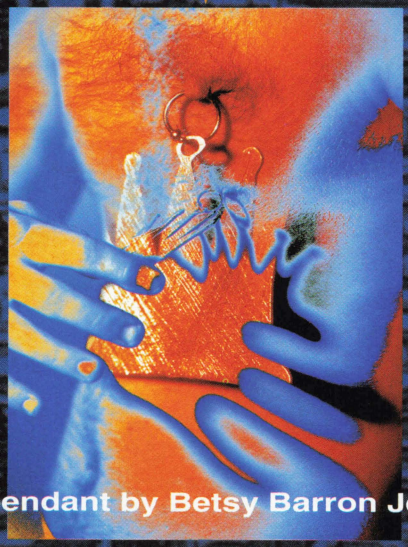
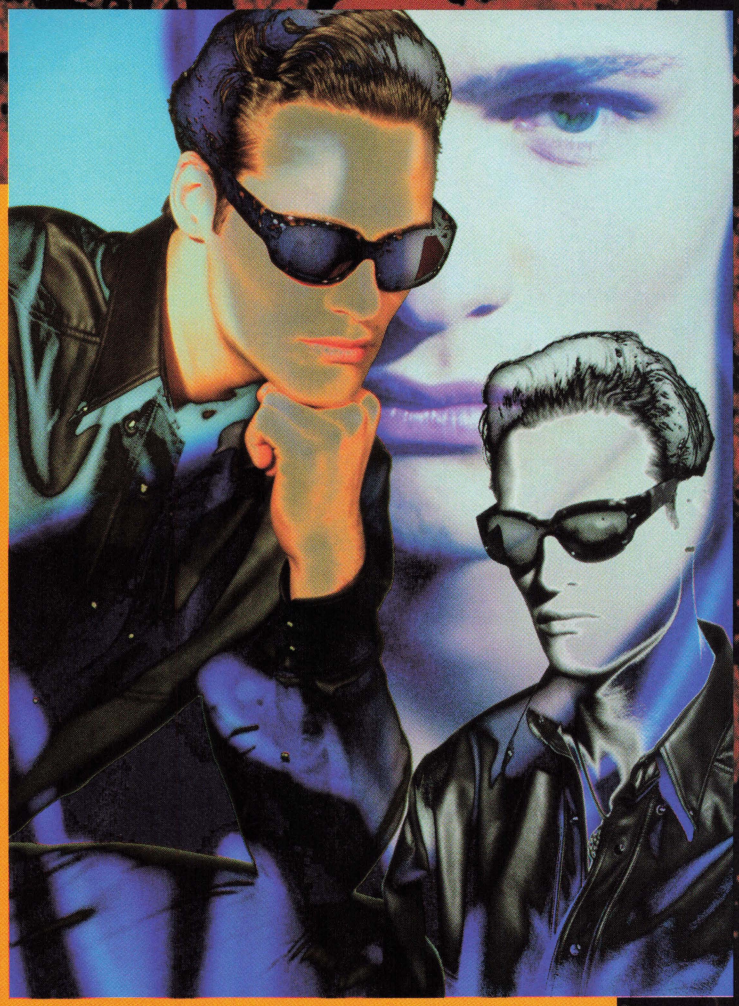


Crown pendant by Betsy Barron Jewelery

Ben Gruenberg - Irene Marie Model Management
Sunglasses at Alain Mikli, NYC
"Microchip" vest by Front Homme Tech, NYC

Ben Gruenberg - Irene Marie Model Management



Brown simulated leather shirt by Thierry Mugler
Glasses at Alain Mikli, NYC

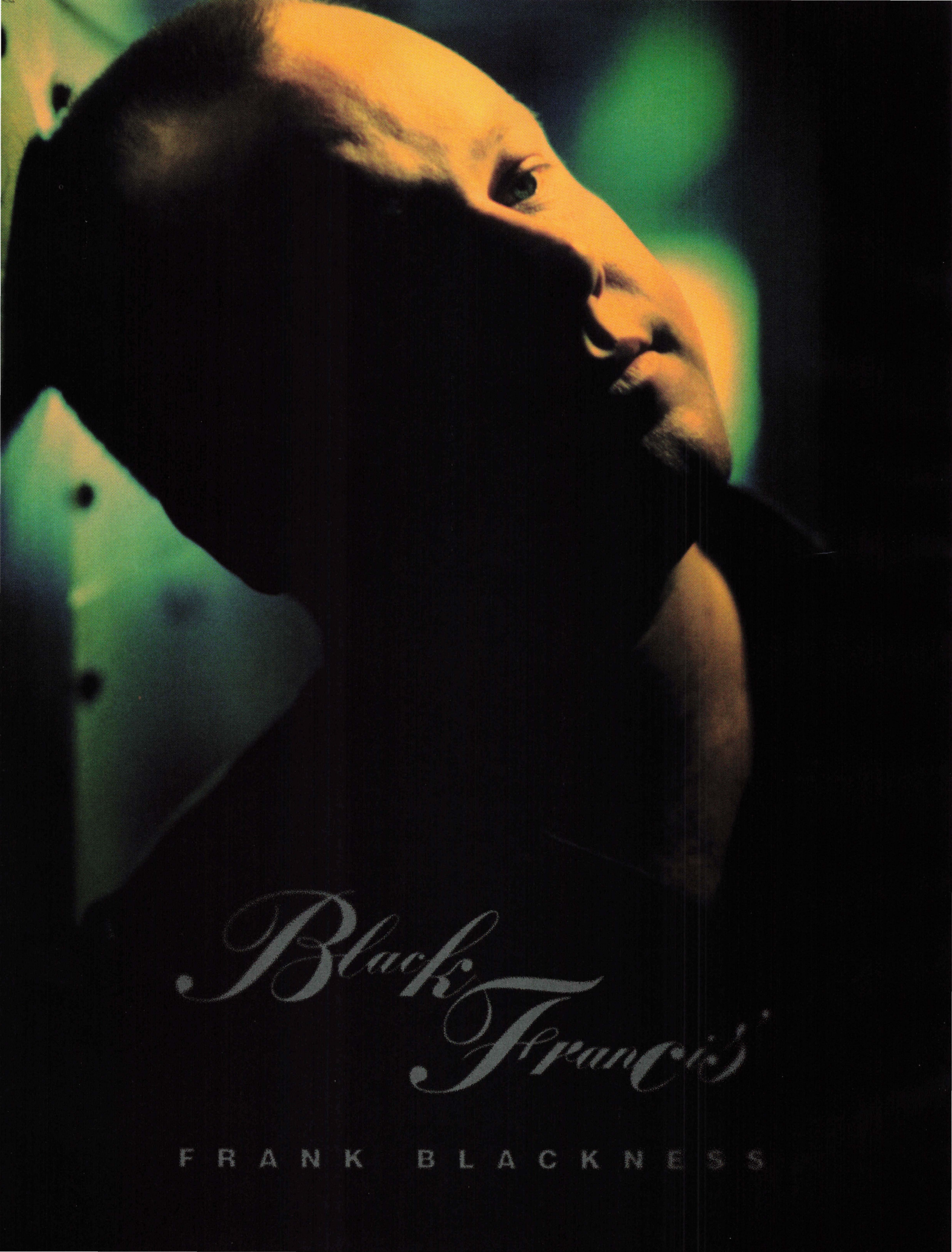
Rob Brozon - Boss Models, Inc.

Shirt by Thierry Mugler

Pants by Jean-Paul Gaultier

Bracelet by Nancy & Rise LTD., NYC

Necklace and RIngs by Betsy Barron, San Francisco


Black Francis
FRANK BLACKNESS

Frankly, we don't care what Charles Thompson calls himself. He used to be Black Francis, lead singer and songwriter for the fiendish postpunk pop group, the Pixies, the most gloriously odd quartet of the pomo era. His stage presence was a cross between a grown-up Spanky and the "Poodle with a Mohawk" poster—"He's back, he's bigger, and HE'S MAD AS HELL!!!"

BY DAVID KUSHNER

Despite listener's attempts to project high weirdness or extraterrestrial origins onto him, Charles Thompson is, by his own admission, merely "a humble guy with healthy desires." His former band was labeled everything from wiggy airheads to the house band for Late Night with David Lynch. **Pigeonholing the Pixies remains a futile endeavor. Though they wore some of their influences on their lapels, they warped them to such a degree that rockcrit intellectuals like Simon Frith went running for their Kristeva texts. The classified ad that Charles placed in a Boston music paper back in '87 in search of a bassist says more about the roots of the Pixies than a library full of rock criticism: "Bassist wanted for rock band. Influences: Hüsker Dü and Peter, Paul & Mary." That an Ohio-born cheerleader with a sweet face and a helium voice would answer that ad says even more.**

Photographs by Jill Greenberg

Emerging in 1987, their albums Come On Pilgrim, Surfer Rosa, Doolittle, *and* Bossanova *plowed through a few of Charlie's favorite things: S & M, Mexican hardcore, serial killers, space travel, surf utopias,* Un Chien Andalou, *incest, deformed and mutilated bodies, animal transubstantiation, vampire women, and the U.S. Government's notorious Area 51. These themes and more were delivered with the tense vocal interplay of Black's hair-raising holler and Kim Deal's airhead harmony, and backed by punkpopmetal lifted from some Martian surf records. Now* that's sassy.

All good monkeys eventually go to heaven. Following 1991's Trompe Le Monde *and an unflattering arena tour with U2 (under the ignominious rubric "Support Act"), the band abruptly went on "vacation." This January, the vacation became officially permanent.*

During the respite, Thompson, with the help of Pere Ubu's Eric Feldman, clicked on to a Macintosh and started writing new tunes. The result was a solo flight into what he considers his first recordings in cyberspace.

Under the guise of Frank Black, this "eponymous debut" bears the mark of a man who's traveled the galaxies. Instead of a Neptune Surf Club t-shirt, Thompson brought back a big sonic valise stuffed with UFOs, SynchroEnergizers, more Mexarcana, and John Denver. Back are the bratty hooks and acid lyrics Pixies' fans adored, tempered by a certain—well—wisdom.

I met him high atop the Time Warner building in Elektra's unnervingly hip corporate meeting room. With his stomach busting out from under his black button-down shirt, and his hair shaved to an enviable fuzz, Thompson fidgeted, rolled back and forth in his chair, and ultimately settled down to earth for an hour's talk about cosmic things. Oh… as he suggests in the press kit he wrote, please call him Frank.

—David Kushner

MONDO 2000: The original idea for this album was cover songs. Who did you want to cover?

FRANK BLACK: Hüsker Dü, Jimi Hendrix, The Kinks, My Dad is Dead, Angst. A combination of mainstream bands and obscure little punk bands. But that didn't happen, so…

M2: So you ended up writing "I Heard Ramona Sing," about the Ramones and "Czar" about John Denver. Were they also on your list?

FB: No, it would have been difficult to do a Ramones song and do it justice. The Ramones deserve to have a song written *about* them and lo and behold, I've written two. I didn't realize it until I was three weeks into my press tour: "Oh yeah, I've got songs about other artists here." In a musical and romantic kind of way, there's a song about the Ramones. There's a song about John Denver for reasons that have nothing to do with music.

MOONSHINE ON MY SHOULDER

M2: Spiritual?

FB: No, his quest for space.

M2: Does this mean we should look for future collaboration with John Denver?

FB: No. [*laughs*] Although, I'd be honored.

M2: What kind of song would you write with him?

FB: A song about space, I suppose. He must obsess over it if he's willing to offer NASA and the then-Soviet Space Agency ten million for a ticket.

M2: To the moon?

FB: To anywhere—just out of the atmosphere, out of gravity's hold. That's what the song "Czar" is about.

RETURN TO THE DARK AGES

M2: You've had outer space imagery in your songs before, but it's quite prevalent on your new album. Does this reflect your life?

FB: Yeah. Actually it reflects what's *not* happening in my life and what's *not* happening to most people on the planet. With the advancement of technology through electricity and artificial light, human culture has lost its connection with the cosmos. It's always been connected religiously, scientifically, through navigation even. Only in the past ninety years or so has that connection been severed.

M2: By technology?

FB: Well, specifically by artificial light. When the sun goes down, an artificial sort of sun rises in people's homes. For this reason alone, people don't look up into the sky anymore. This is not a new idea, but it's an idea that I'm warming up to. Fortunately, through scientific journals and even lighter mags like OMNI, people are becoming familiar with the cosmos, but in an indirect kind of way. I guess I'm trying to get back to it. I don't have a home in the desert and I don't have any telescopes, but I'm thinking about the sky and I'm looking up into it. I read *Sky and Telescope* now. I think the cosmos is important. I don't know why… but it is.

VR DREAM OF OLYMPUS MONS

M2: Do you think that through technology you can create a link to the cosmos?

FB: Absolutely. This is the potential, where everything's headed. If not directly into space, then through this computer simulation thing everybody's seen on their local news. Now we can explore Olympus Mons on Mars, and become familiar with those places.

M2: Virtual space travel?

FB: As detailed as virtual reality gets, I don't think that it can ever replace what once was. In the end, people are just going to have to *put down* whatever it is they're doing—like watching fucking *Nick at Nite* like I do, or sitting at their computer terminal, or reading books, not by candle light, but by artificial light. Eventually people are going to want to have that old

connection. To just walk out there and look up. Hopefully, there won't be so much light pollution that they won't be able to. Of course, you *can't* do this in most urban centers.

I just think the solar system is awesome! As awesome as what your magazine might discuss. To me what's *more* awesome is that something that has been part of human culture for thousands and thousands of years is just gone like that! [*snaps fingers*]

WE'VE GOT NO ATMOSPHERE... FROM LOOKING INTO THE SUN

M2: Your song "Old Black Dawning" is about Biosphere 2 in Arizona. Did you go there?

FB: Yeah, like a typical tourist. I took a drive out with my co-producer Eric Feldman. It's worth the ten bucks to take the little tour. I don't know if Biosphere 2 is a good thing or a bad thing. Obviously, it has very strong critics. Some are Green political thinkers, and some are regular Joe Blows living in Tucson who are like, "What the fuck are those guys doing out there in the middle of the desert with a damn greenhouse?"

M2: I've heard more sinister suggestions. Like maybe a dress rehearsal for some post-apocalyptic internment camp.

FB: It's interesting—whatever—whether it works or not. Even if it's some evil plan for billionaires to be protected from pollution or bombs. That may be only one element, though, as it obviously has connections to space technology.

YOUR BRAIN'S GOT A LITTLE MACHINE

M2: In "Parry the Wind, High, Low," you go to a UFO convention and use some "electric glasses with light."

FB: Yeah, you mean the glasses with the pulsating light and stuff? I tried those at this UFO convention. I always wanted to buy one. This guy was charging ten bucks or something ridiculous for ten minutes, and he had this whole collection of CDs. It was the worst! I don't know if he had the wrong program or was afraid to get sued by someone who went into heart palpitations, but he was a rip-off.

M2: There's a place like that in Soho, where you're listening to waterfalls and whale farts and stuff while the lights are flashing.

FB: Then I went to this other guy who was charging three bucks for five minutes. You just sat down in a chair and he was like, "How hot do you want it?" "Yeah, all the way!" VVVVVRRRRRRMMMMM! I was, like "Oh yeah! Here we go!"

In the song, it gets a little fictional at that point. You know, "the electric glasses with light" become a kind of doorway, a gateway to a kind of cyberspace where he can communicate with things from beyond, from out in the cosmos. Other planets, basically. I didn't experience that, though. The song jumps back and forth between some lonely desert road where some poor fucker in a Buick is getting abducted by aliens, to the real UFO convention where they only *talk* about that stuff. I go back and forth through the electric glasses.

BABY FRANK'S COMMUNION

M2: Have you ever seen a UFO?

FB: No. I've been *exposed* to one. I was told by my family, at a young age. Broad daylight, 1965. Nebraska. Over the house, a big saucer. Everyone in the front yard thought it was the end of the world. Called the state police. Followed it for awhile. Big incident. But I was an infant, so if I do have any memory, it's subconscious.

M2: So what's your answer to the classic stoner question: If you could board a UFO and check out another planet, but there's no way of getting back, would you go?

FB: The catch is I couldn't come back? I'd consider it, if I could bring my girlfriend.

THE NEW ALBUM WAS SCARY AT FIRST, KIND OF LIKE KRAFTWERK OR SOMETHING, BUT I GOT OVER IT

CALL DR. SARFATTI

M2: She'll be happy to read that.

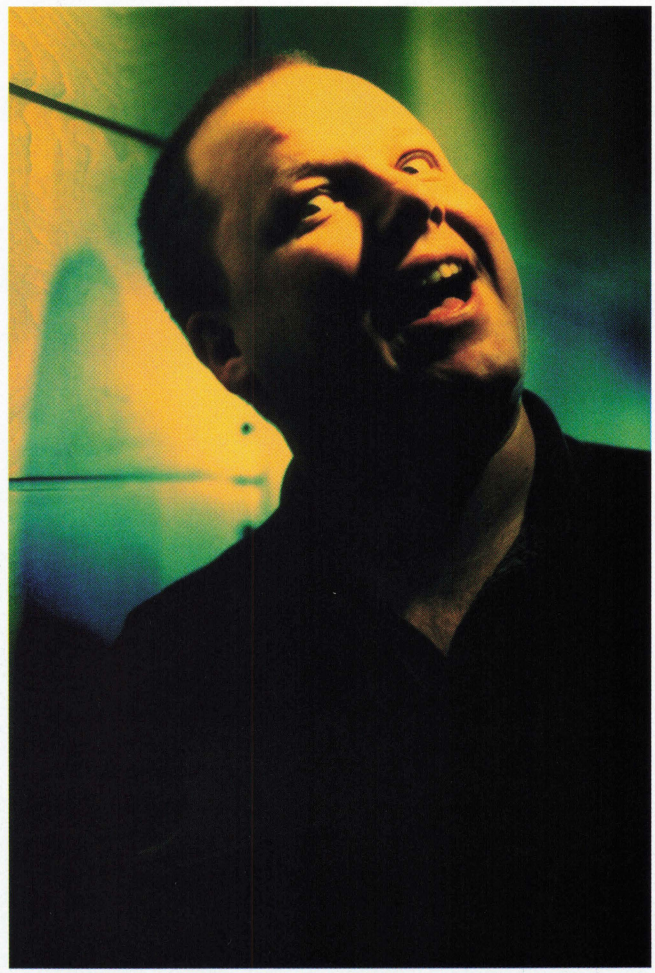
FB: [*Laughs*] Well, a better question to ask is: given the choice of travelling to your typical Martian colony of the future or travelling through the space/time continuum to another time on Earth, which would you pick? Would you pick a celestial body, or move in time on our own planet? That for me is a tough choice, 'cause I'm thinking, "Well, I could definitely get into going to Mars, but I could definitely get into going backward or forward a few years as well."

M2: Would you go backward or forward?

FB: [*Long, ponderous pause*] I think, backward. But, that might be just some paranoid vision of the future. You know, if you go forward too far, you don't want to end up...

M2: Right when the bomb's going off!

FB: [*Laughs*] Yeah.



BLACK AND HIS MAC

M2: How about the sound of the new album? When I first listened to it, it had some similarity to your other work, but there's some new elements—horns, reggae.

FB: Well, I should mention—especially since you're from MONDO 2000—that the music wasn't rehearsed in a rehearsal space with musicians, but in cyberspace, on a Macintosh computer.

M2: You hadn't done that before?

FB: No. In fact, even this time, I wasn't that connected to it. I would show the arrangements to my colleague, Eric Feldman, and he would rehearse the music on a computer, using artificial sounds. That's how we laid out the map for the whole record. We then added a lot of real instruments to it—like real drums, real guitars. And we kept some other things.

M2: Did you like the way the computer affected your work?

FB: Oh, it was wonderful! It was a little scary at first, kind of like Kraftwerk or something, but I got over it. It was just a map, just a guide to where we would eventually end up. I thought it was a wonderful way to work. I'll probably work that way again.

I mean, it's nice to get four musicians together in a room and jam and rock out, but there's something about using computers that gives you a chance to ponder a bit. Not necessarily over-fiddling or crawling up your own ass and taking forever... It was just good to be less emotional, be more cold. [*laughs*] It was just nice working with computers. I loved it.

THE CULT OF THE CLICK TRACK

M2: How do you see computers impacting the evolution of pop music?

FB: Well, the perfect example is the metronome—totally part of pop culture. From little kids to old ladies, people are really [*knocks on the table*] used to hearing things knocking out precisely there on the beat. You start throwing off that time meter and you're in a different world. You're not in the world of radio or even TV advertising.

DIY MTV: CYBERKARAOKE

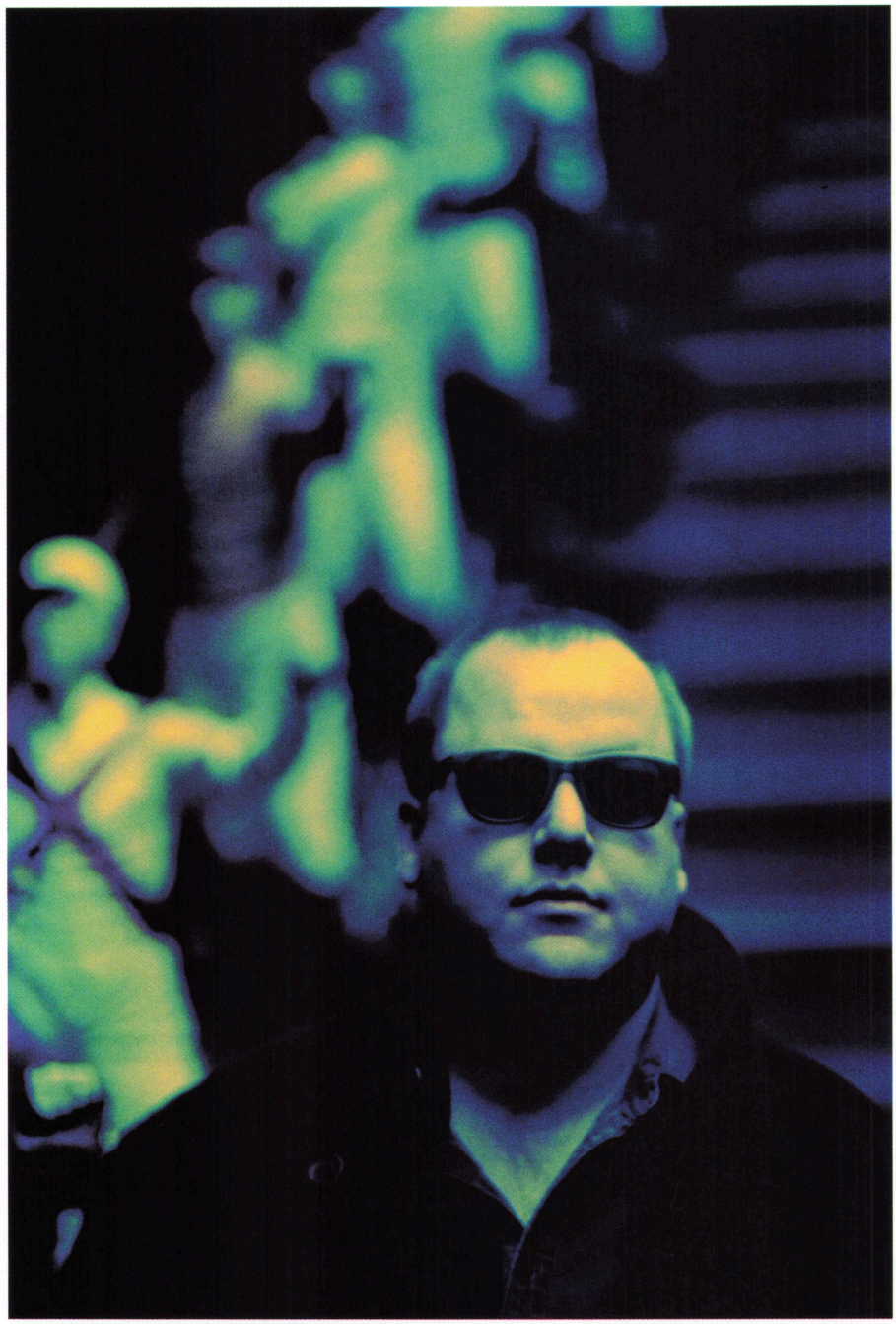
M2: Has MTV affected your songwriting?

FB: It's affected how much money is spent on the record, because record sleeves have sort of disappeared. You've got this *other* thing representing you—if they actually fucking broadcast the thing. And if they don't, it's money down the tubes. So, no—it doesn't affect my songwriting, it just makes me spend more money.

But, I'm interested in videos. It's too bad that it really hasn't become the art it pretends to be. But, this might change with *interactive* video. As soon as they get a combination of interactive video and transmitted music over the phone lines, then Music Television can happen. Right now, it's just a very faint echo of its potential. I mean they've had MTV, technically, since 1958. And people have been lip syncing for years. I look forward to the day when karaoke stars will emerge in 2-dimensional form. They won't give concerts—they might give broadcasts, but they won't appear like you and I in this room—they'll exist only in cyberspace.

M2: Cyberkaraoke!

FB: That's Music Television! But the formats have to change. The interesting thing about visual information from a commercial perspective is that it has to be so great that you want to rewind it and watch it again. But you're not going to get kids to do that. This might change if you can incorporate gaming or interaction with the visual information.



PUBLIC EXCESS TELEVISION

M2: In "Distance Equals Rate Times Time" on *Trompe Le Monde*, you "had a vision/there wasn't any television/ from looking into the sun." Is the vision still there?

FB: [*Pauses*] Yeah—I mean I love TV and I hate it. I love it 'cause I get to watch *Dragnet* every night at ten o' clock. I mean, I like it even when I'm fucking watching early 70's cop shows dubbed into German and I'm sitting in my hotel room going, "There's nothing on except for this shit." I'm addicted to it like anybody else. [*pauses*] But when they finally get fiberoptics going and it becomes like CB radio where everyone can fucking set up a video camera in their house and broadcast... Try driving around in the city and listen to CB radio. Out in the open highway, it's just some truckers giving halfway useful information. But back in the city, it's some crazy guy sitting up his room with masking tape on the CB, going, [*yells*] "RRRRGHHHH RRRRGGGHHHH RRRRGGHHHH!!!" And there I am listening to the guy! He's working. The guy is broadcasting, and I'm fucking tuning in! When the phone's hooked up with TV, you're going to see a lot of bad things too—a lot of exploitation.

M2: Flashers.

FB: Pornography and all that kind of stuff, but there will be good things too. Your *TV Guide* is going to be like the phone book.

M2: Let's flip on the TV and see what Mrs. Smith is up to.
FB: [*Laughs*] Obviously, not everyone's going to be dancing around in front of the video camera. But, there's going to be plenty of people who will spend some of their leisure time broadcasting. Maybe a few people will see broadcast for what it is—power. The power of broadcast is very special.

I WAS WEARING EYELINER, SHE WAS WEARING EYELINER

M2: You wrote a nice bit of social criticism in your song "Subbacultcha." What do you think about MTV's mass marketing of "alternative" culture?
FB: Well, if it sells the shit, more power to them. I don't care, I don't really watch MTV myself. There's nothing really worthwhile. It's *not* some karaoke star existing in cyberspace with a 2-dimensional character creating Music Television. It's just guitar players like me lip syncing and prancing around, and not doing a very good job of it. If I'm going to watch video programming, I watch country music television. I don't relate to it as much, so it's kind of entertaining.
M2: So you're not encouraged by the increased popularity of alternative music?
FB: It might be blowing a little hot air into the scene, but as far as I'm concerned, most scenes are a bunch of hot air, anyway. The only thing that really matters is quality. Between alternative and corporate there's a very thin line.

DEATH TO THE PIXIES

M2: What happened to the Pixies?
FB: What happened? They broke up. What led to the breakup? My boredom. [*laughs*] There you go. There's nothing else to say. I wish... well, I *don't* wish there was anything else to say. It's sort of like, [*lifts up a copy of* MONDO 2000] maybe you're quite happy writing for MONDO. Well, let's say it develops into a full-time thing and they pay you pretty well. That would be nice, wouldn't it? Well, let's say after four or five years, they said "This is what you have to do for the next ten years." I mean, that might *not* be such a good proposition. It's like always making cowboy movies. After a while you might want to get into a detective movie or a comedy. It's like, "Not another cowboy movie, come on!"
M2: So are you freer as a solo artist?
FB: Yeah, there's freedom, in that there's less people to ask for opinions. There's just me and the engineer. But, heck, I've got to go on tour this summer and I've got to pay these guys. I've got to get hired guns!
M2: It's still a job.
FB: I mean, you got your Beatles and you got your Bowies. It's just two different ways to do the same old thing.

WHEN THE PHONE'S HOOKED UP WITH TV, YOUR *TV GUIDE* IS GOING TO BE LIKE THE PHONE BOOK

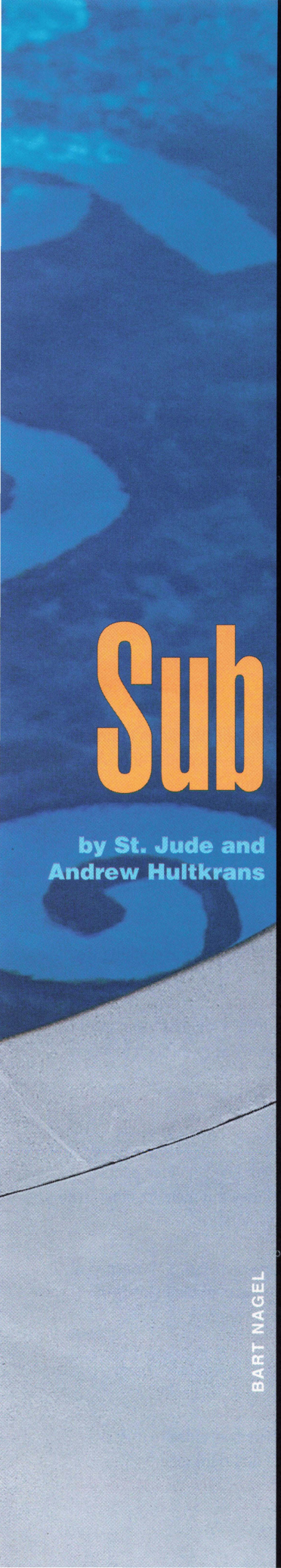
OL' BLUE EYES IS BACK

M2: Now that you can officially look back, what do you think were your best Pixies songs or albums?
FB: Well, I thought that *Bossanova* was probably the best record. I don't really listen to them, though. Once you make 'em, man, you've heard them from every possible angle. I've heard them more than the most ardent fan will ever hear them. I don't have a lot of nostalgia for them, not just yet. They're still practically hot off the press. If someone wants to hear me wax nostalgic about my records, talk to me in ten years. [*laughs*] At the moment, I'm just fucking sick of them.

THE WORDS ARE THE LETTERS OF THE WORDS

M2: What about the range of subjects in all your songs? You've written about Sea Monkeys, about Caribou, about the Eiffel Tower. What makes you think "I've just got to write a song about Sea Monkeys?"
FB: Subjects are just there, like so many memories. Or daydreams, which aren't memories, but a memory of a non-existent future, I guess. I don't need subjects, 'cause they're already there. What I need is a good song for the subject to *occupy*.

I just work on the little space that the word is going to finally occupy, and then I go and try to find some words. There's so many. [*flourishes a* MONDO, *fanning through the pages*] I mean, *look* at all the words in here. Thousands of them! So many words, so many ideas. *You can sing about anything.* M2



Subculture SHOCK

Confusion and Horror with Shonen Knife

by St. Jude and Andrew Hultkrans

BART NAGEL

MY trendiest friends had been moaning about SK for years. Why, they couldn't say: I had to be there. And so I was. The I-Beam was packed with trendoids, both the morticia-black and paisley crews. When SK appeared, everybody started smiling. They KEPT ON smiling, even while moshing each other. The three ever-smiling Japanese woman in Mondrian dresses whacked out song after song dealing with hardcore issues like choco-bars, warm towels, and teddy bears. What?!?

But I was just getting into it, I was starting to smile, when I made out some words: Goose-step Mama? Oh my god: cute Nazis. Is this some sort of cultural short-circuit? What's going on here?

This is not Japan-bashing. What if they can out-America us, out-merchandise us, sell us back to ourselves, perfected: the new slim and perky Bessie Smith. Forget the economics—why do we want Ramones on jellybeans? Why is the most embarrassing emblem of the sixties—the smiley face—suddenly back?

Jesuits—by legend—locked upper-level recruits in a porn library so that their innocence could never be compromised by ignorance. Does this apply? Should we get a lot smarter before we get perkier. EH???

SK bashed into a song about, I swear, ice cream.

And then, like a sugar-shock flashback, the face of Hello Kitty blanked my screen: HK, the Smiley Face of Japan! Oh, her stub whiskers, her dot eyes, her horrible wee pink hairbow!! AAiieeeee!!!

I had some harsh questions for SK. When we entered the Phoenix Motel courtyard they were up against the wall getting photoshot, rather morning-haggard but game. In the coffeeshop they joined us one by one. Even in running suits and hightops, they still looked sweeter than Jesus.

—St. Jude

MONDO 2000: Did you write "Goose Step Mama"? It freaked me out.

ATSUKO YAMANO: No, the Rutles did. You know, Beatles... Rutles.

M2: Ahhh! The Beatles parody. [*So much for that.*] You're the drummer? I know somebody who's in love with you. Do you have many er... [*somehow I could not say "groupie" to this woman*] boy fans who want to make love to you?

AY: Ah? We have lots of friends.

M2: Beautiful boys who want to... er...

AY: [*Confusion, nervous laughter*]

M2: Don't worry—here comes Michie. Hi!

MICHIE NAKATANI: Hi. You know, it's very difficult to make a phone call in this country.

M2: I was just saying, we know American boys who are in love with you, and we wanted to know if, ah, boys come up and ask for dates?

MN: No, not yet... so far.

M2: What did your parents think when you wanted to start a band?

MN: They are very conservative, typical Japanese parents, and they thought rock music was some kind of evil thing!

M2: But you were singing about very nice things, though—you weren't singing about bad things.

MN: It doesn't matter for them. But last summer we made a record with RCA/Victor, in Japanese, in Japan. So after that we've been on TV, radio shows, and they think it must be good when they read an article in major paper, so they are trying to understand us. My mom has a special drawer which has our articles inside.

M2: What do Japanese teenagers think of your music?

MN: We've been playing Shonen Knife for more than ten years in Japan, but we were only a cult band. But now we are on radio a lot and they think we are very cool.

M2: Are you still working in the department store?

MN: We just quit our daytime jobs last Spring.

M2: Did you try to send your records to America early on?

MN: We did nothing. Five or six years ago Calvin Johnson who runs K label in Olympia—he's in the group Beat Happening—he came to Japan and bought lots of Japanese indie records and he somehow liked us a lot. He said "I'd like to put out your cassette tape in the States." That was the beginning. Then Rockville found us and they asked us "How about to release some CDs in the States?" So we sent him our old stuff. So we actually did nothing.

M2: In Japan do people understand your music?

MN: I think our music is pretty simple and easy to understand to anyone.

M2: What American music did you listen to? Some of your music sounds like the Ramones...

MN: I like the Beatles.

AY: XTC.

M2: I hear XTC in your drumming. Who do you like in American music now?

AY: Sonic Youth...

M2: They covered one of your songs.

MN: Nirvana, Mudhoney...

M2: They like *you*. How did you feel when all those bands put out the tribute album? [*Every Band Has a Shonen Knife Who Loves Them*]

MN: Jeff McDonald from Redd Kross, he asked us to translate our lyrics into English. So we were so psyched! We couldn't wait to hear that record. We were very surprised because it was double album. And there were bands that couldn't be on the record or it would have to be *triple* album! We were very honored.

M2: I wanted to ask you... about being *"kawaii."*

MN: Do you speak Japanese?

M2: Only a little bit. Does it get on your nerves to be so *kawaii* all the time?

MN: It is great people think I'm *kawaii*. But I don't think I'm especially *kawaii*. There is a dark side—serious—too. And maybe kawaii means, uh... immature?

M2: Young and cute, to us. What you're wearing now is very different. Onstage you wear bright colors like the American 60's.

MN: We're very poor! We can't buy nice clothes! [*Much laughter*]

M2: Your clothes are wonderful!

MN: Atsuko's a great designer. She makes everything we wear onstage.

M2: Do you have boyfriends in Japan?

MN: We recently have been touring a lot. Last year, most of the time we were not in Japan, so it's very difficult to meet a nice person.

M2: I see. Your new video is all about space travel, and there's a Godzilla creature, but he has Mickey Mouse ears...

MN: It was made in England with English video people. We gave them lots of ideas, and they put them together. The video looks very uh... different colors.

M2: What do you think of Disney?

MN: Disney? We really like amusement parks. We especially like Magic Mountain. They have lots of different kinds of roller coasters, and Astuko likes Revolution.

M2: [*Darkly*] Gojiro has a meaning to the Japanese people, though, right?

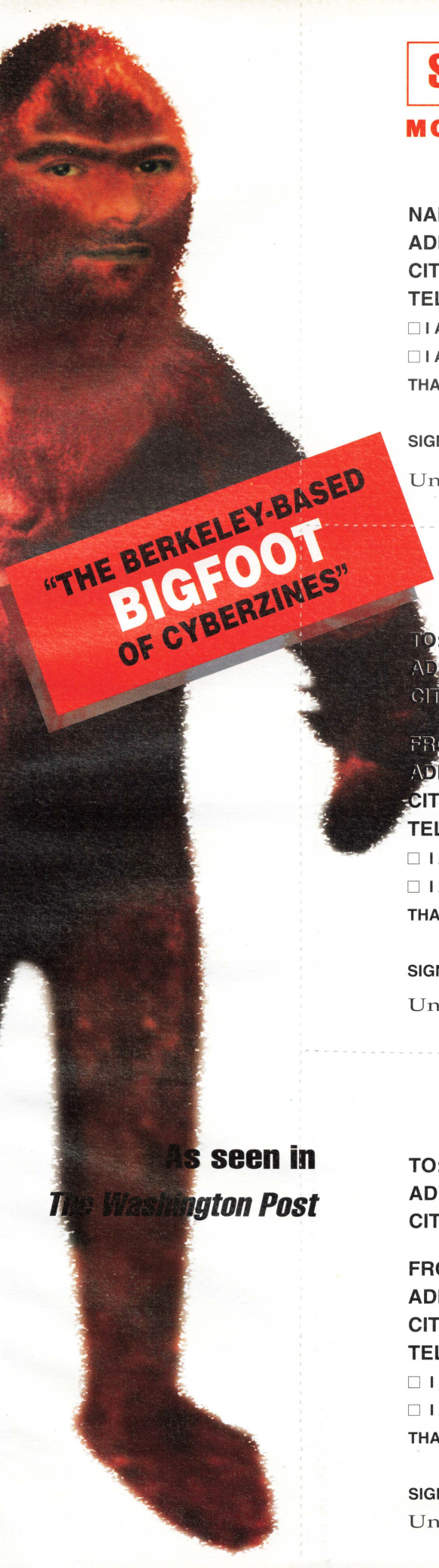
MN: Gojiro?!?

M2: Why did you use him in the video?

MN: Actually it was the British person's idea to use. Because the person had a Godzilla doll right then.

M2: When you mention a dark side, I thought maybe the

Two or three years ago Otaku means very bad people and they wear strange costumes



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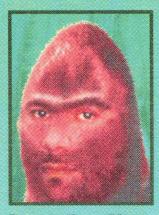

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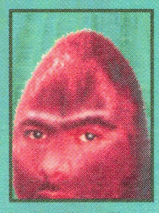

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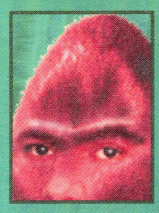

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Godzilla image has meaning for you. When Americans see you, they don't necessarily understand the dark side of what you're doing.

MN: To me, "dark side" isn't the right word to describe Shonen Knife. But we are human beings the same as you, and of course we have our serious thoughts and so the song "Black Bass" from *Let's Knife* is about ecology. Here's Naoko.

NAOKO YAMANO: Hi, nice to meet you.

MN: Also "Bear up Bison" is about extinction of animals. We're not only writing about the cute things, but also in our happy tunes we put lots of ironical message in it. Some people just listen to our songs on the surface and they don't reach inside.

M2: Are you typical of women your age in Japan?

NY: Not so many women would play in rock bands. I don't know. As a person, I think we are pretty normal.

M2: Really?

NY: Well, ordinarily Japanese young women's life is from nine to five office working with very beautiful clothes. The style is [*smoothing gestures down the torso*] very body conscious. High heels and they keep their hair style very neat. They spend so much time on keeping their fashion and they spend lots of money on their costumes and handbags. They are very rich because usually Japanese young women live with their parents so they don't pay rent.

M2: So *you're* really *rebels*, aren't you... you're rebel girls. You make your own fashion, you make your own clothes —you're not following the normal way. So you're role models for girls being freer. Is this true?

MN: I never think of myself so seriously. I'm just doing what I want to do.

M2: But, if a young Japanese girl likes Shonen Knife, might she be...

MN: I usually don't think how other people would think of me.

M2: But isn't that *itself* unusual, because in Japan all these girls are thinking how people will think of them, right? So you're pointing another way, right?

MN: I didn't realize that.

M2: You're breaking the mold. And... don't you ever want to write songs about *sex*?

ALL: O! [*Scrunching down, nervous laughter*]

M2: Er, about Hello Kitty...

MN: We just write songs about which gives us inspiration and right now sex doesn't give me any inspiration. O! [*Claps hand to mouth, blushes magenta*]

ALL: [*Much embarrassed laughter*]

M2: People see Hello Kitty and think "kawaii"—cute and happy and innocent, right? But, when I see Hello Kitty, I see it as dark and very scary...

AY: Hello Kitty has no mouth! [*laughs*] Not like us! Big difference with Hello Kitty and Shonen Knife. [*All laugh*]

M2: I've been in Japan, and I see you as so different for Japanese women, something so new

NY: If you think so, it's fine, but we know traditional Japanese manner or Japanese way of thinking. I don't think we are very different from ordinary, typical, regular Japanese people. But our interests are very different and maybe it makes you to think that we are different.

M2: Your music can be very hard...

NY: We like western rock music. We like to look for new bands and usually we exchange information with other friends. Typical Japanese girls tend to the things which are considered fashionable or "in." They're kind of controlled by the media. But we directly choose what we want to listen to, what we want to wear, what we want to do. Maybe that's very different.

M2: It is *very* different. You *know* it's different.

NY: [*Laughs*] You told *me!*

M2: You say "your friends"... is there a Japanese underground? In Osaka itself? Is it students? Who are they?

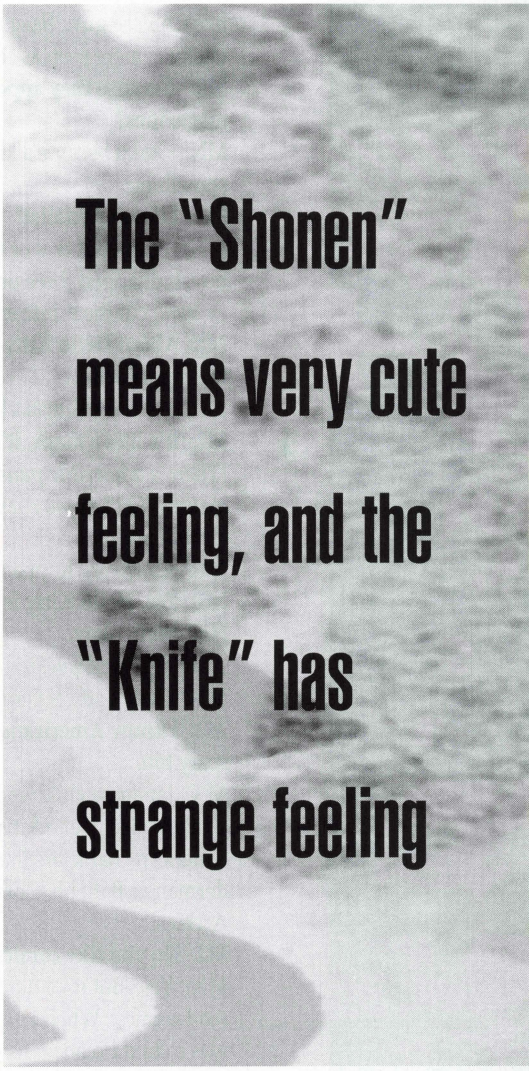
NY: Mostly they are young people... students or young 20's people who have jobs or had jobs. I think really there is a big Noise Music scene in Osaka.

M2: Are there many women who are involved in the underground?

NY: There's girls involved. Noise is music that doesn't use lyrics, so it's very easy to communicate with foreign people through the music. But we need lyrics. We have many messages in our songs. The songs are very interesting not only for the music but for the way we use Japanese lyrics.

M2: Why do you call yourselves Shonen Knife? Why Boy Knife?

MN: Uh, when I went to English examination test, there is a girl in front of me, she had very odd pencil case and there is the name "Shonen Knife" on it. And the "Shonen" means very cute feeling, and the "Knife" has strange feeling, so we were combining...



M2: It's not supposed to show any violent tendencies of the band?

NY: No!!!

M2: I brought my knife. I'll show you. [*Jude snicks switchblade open*] Do you have this kind of knife?

ALL: No! AAHH!!! [*Hands flung up, heads ducking, scared laughing*]

M2: It's OK! I just wanted to show you my knife.

ALL: *Shonen Knife!!!*

M2: You don't have any knives?

MN: I don't have *any* knife. I only have a plastic knife.

M2: What about Otaku in Japan? What do you think of them?

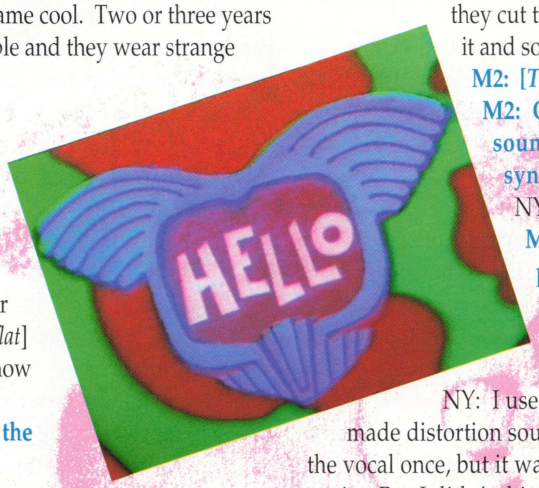
MN: There are many types of Otaku people. They are into comics or into young girls or into pop stars.

M2: Or computers? Or you? Do they like Shonen Knife?

MN: We have some Otaku fans. They like us very much. But in Japan recently Otaku became cool. Two or three years ago Otaku means very bad people and they wear strange costumes.

M2: What kind?

NY: Very... button-down shirts with their sleeves rolled up and very out of the fashion trousers. And having their shirt [*gestures around belt*] out. And they're wearing glasses and their hairstyle is [*holds front hair back flat*] like Chinese guy. [*laughs*] But now Otaku is more seen as cool.



M2: Because they appeared in the magazines?

MN: Otaku became a kind of doctor or something.

M2: Like a specialist?

MN: Yeah. But two or three years ago there was one Otaku boy, kidnapped three or four children and he [*slicing motions on body*] cut them into small pieces.

M2: About Hello Kitty—*don't* you find it scary... I mean this mouthless...

AY: Yeah, *I* do. [*laughter*]

M2: It's like a mask, it's like a *kappa*...

[There's a horrible pause here. Strained looks. Uh oh... mentioning kappa, even in an American coffeeshop, is clearly not on.]

NY: [*Carefully*] Kappa is a very traditional Japanese ghost.

M2: Yes, Hello Kitty is like a kappa Noh mask... maybe? No? Well, okay.

ALL: [*Relieved laughter*]

MN: Hello Kitty *is* very artificial, plastic.

M2: I know Americans who collect Hello Kitty, and that's scary too.

MN: Japanese children like Hello Kitty very much. But if adults collect Hello Kitty it is really strange in Japan. I prefer American characters like Spiderman or Batman... or the Archies.

M2: Do you like comics?

MN: Yes. But no, I don't read comics. When I was a child I read comics.

M2: You write many songs, though, about what you liked when you were a little girl, like "Twist Barbie," so you often think back to your childhood as inspiration.

ALL: Yeah.

M2: What about writing about things that concern you more today, as an adult?

NY: Yes, I do recently. My very new song is called "Brown Mushroom"—it will be on next album.

M2: Oh?!?

NY: When I went to New York last year, I went to Italian restaurant and there was a big plate and many big mushrooms on the plate. And the waiter said "What kind of cooking is your favorite?" and I said mushroom sauté and after they cut the mushrooms into pieces and sauté it and so I thought it was very delicious.

M2: [*Tense pause*]

M2: On "Antonio Baka Guy" the sound is wonderful. Did you use synthesizers?

NY: No!

M2: And the vocals—are you supposed to be yelling at this guy? I mean, it sounds sort of angry, where some of the others sound sweet and happy.

NY: I used a very big Marshall amp. And I made distortion sound with the amplifier. I recorded the vocal once, but it was not so wild and so I tried it again. But I didn't think angry, at that time. I wanted to sing like *wild!*

M2: In America there's been a movement called Feminism. In Japan are young women trying now to become more independent of men or independent of traditional society?

MN: Not so aggressive like here. But more and more are changing in Japan too. And now most women have a part-time job.

M2: Has Shonen Knife thought about the feminist movement?

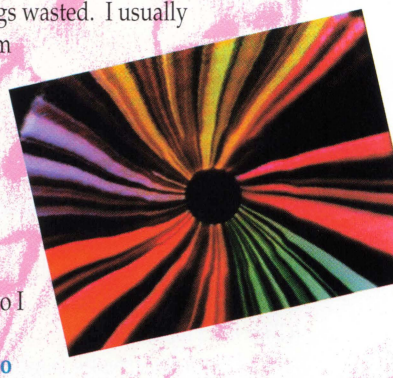
MN: We're not members of the Foxcore trend. We are not feminists like that. We like human beings. Or animals.

M2: So you're not political.

MN: Not political. And of course we have each opinion about politics, but we don't want to get any opinion into our lyrics. We sing only the facts. And we want to make a chance for people to think about the politics through our music, so our lyrics are not directly...

M2: But *indirectly*?

MN: Well... I don't like things wasted. I usually keep the paper and aluminum cans and I recycle them.



M2: Do you see yourself just fitting into conventional Japanese society... getting married, having families?

MN: Maybe, but I can easily change my mind each time, so I can't imagine my future.

M2: Do you ever just want to say "enough of this" and go to America?

NY: No, no. Anywhere is the same to me. And we like Osaka, our home town, and we go not only in America but Europe and other countries. So every place is the same for us.

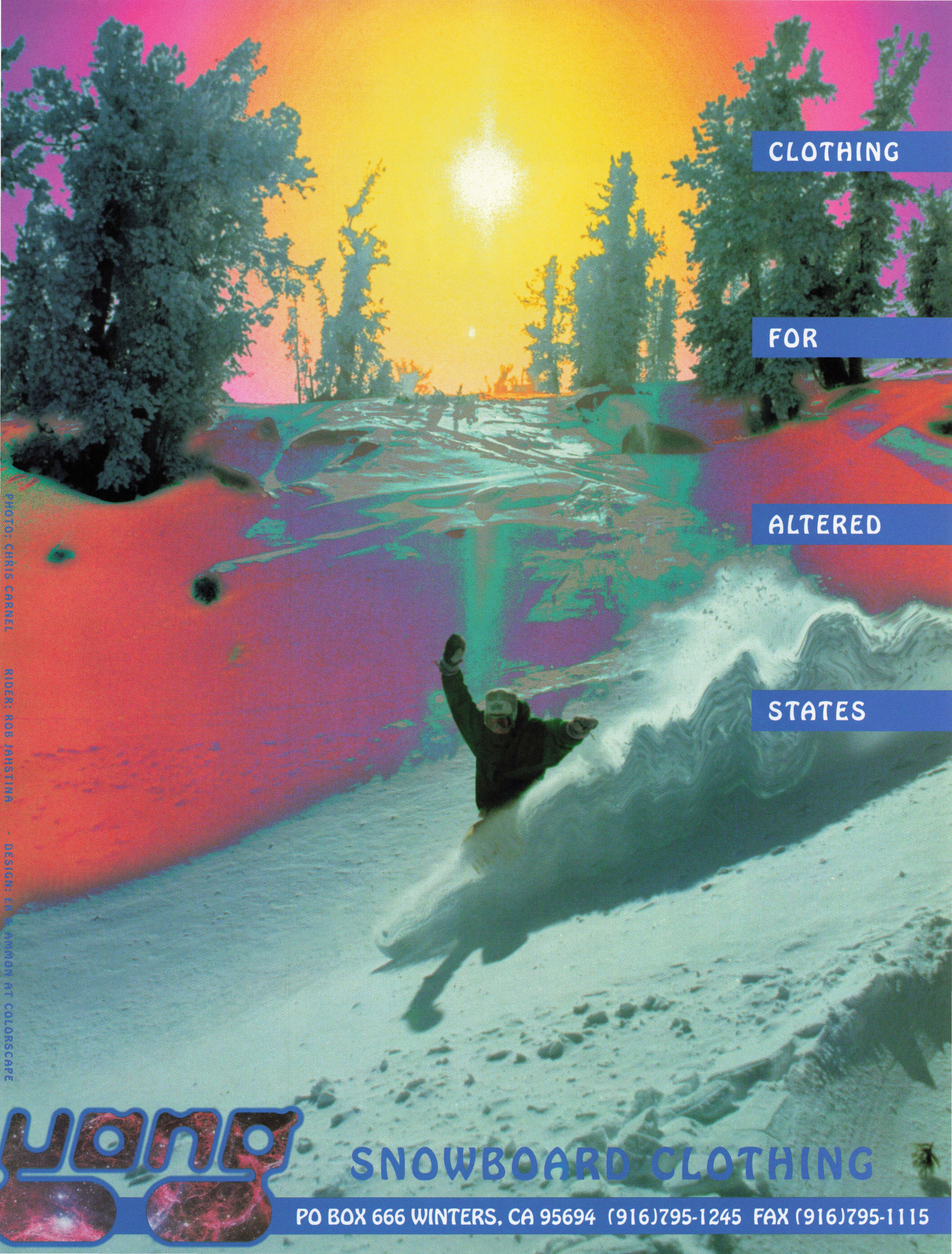
M2: You want to live in the whole world?

ALL: [*Smiles, heads nodding*]

M2: ...and you want to keep on being heroes of the underground.

ALL: [*All laugh heartily*]

NY: I like the feeling of underground scene but I want *many* people to listen our music and have fun. M2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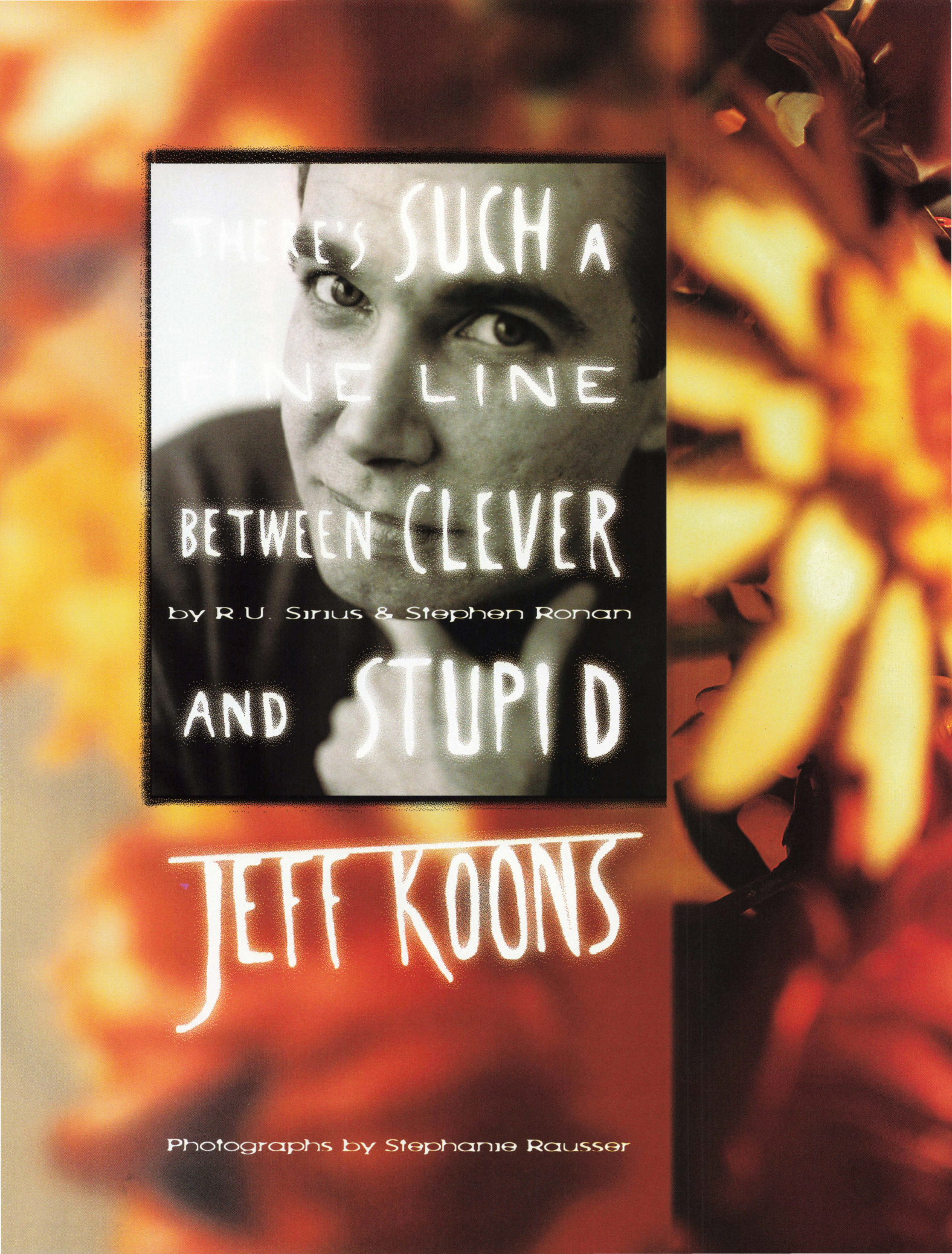
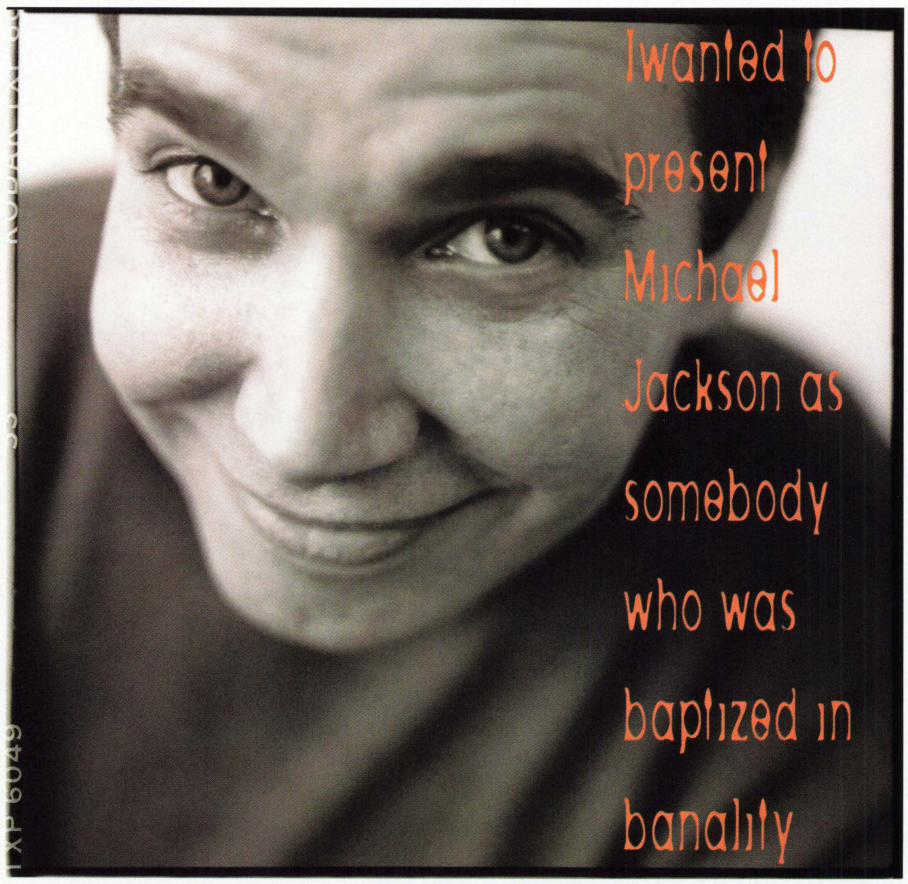

THERE'S SUCH A FINE LINE
BETWEEN CLEVER
by R.U. Sirius & Stephen Ronan
AND STUPID
JEFF KOONS
Photographs by Stephanie Rausser

"Art is dead! There's nothing left to say. Style is exhausted and content is pointless. Art has no purpose. All that's left is commodity trading."

—Calvin & Hobbes, *January 10, 1993*

Jeff Koons is a post-deconstruction futurist with no use for a culture of alienation. After his inauspicious debut, exhibiting inflatable toys in front of mirrors, he began his career in earnest by becoming a Wall Street commodities trader. He accumulated not only the capital and strategy to relaunch himself in junk-bond art world of the mid-80's, but also acquired a philosophy of self-help.

Koons believes that by reconnecting with our history we can perfect our lives and rekindle belief in a greater good. While some of us reach for our revolvers, Koons, with serene equipoise, adds the disclaimer that he is in no way being cynical.



He's more like the latest pallid version of the artist as dandy in a line that would include Duchamp, Cocteau, Dali, and Warhol. Disdaining labor, he farmed out the production of his conceptions and began again with a rush of decontextualization. He positioned large claims for the meaning of his program behind an armorplate of gilded displacements. The most remarkable object from this phase is "Rabbit" (1986), a stainless steel inflatable bunny, seductive and menacing.

Then he hit on a rubric for all this deadly serious frivolity and convened the creepy Toontown of his Banality *show (1988). The word "banality" originally meant "compulsory feudal service" in Old French Law—peasants were only allowed to work with the tools and properties of the lord of the manor. It suggests compulsory conscription to artificial canons of taste—and ultimately the word came to mean commonplace and trite. This underscores the irony of Koons' advocacy of "a new upper class" providing largesse to meet "the needs of the people." Young Koons is seen "Ushering in Banality" by pushing an enormous pig assisted by two Hummel-figure angels. "St. John the Baptist," also clutching a pig and a pink penguin, forgives us our original sin, the desire for an artificial paradise.*

The most sublime work of Banality *is, of course, "Michael Jackson and Bubbles," a vision of two perfected primates all fleshy white porcelain and gold. It is reputed to be the largest porcelain object in the world and the grand inflation of its book value is as assured as Koons' place in the art commodity trading hall of fame.*

But when he attempted to trade in the most fetishized commodity of them all, Koons may have overreached himself. The grandiose movie of the artist and his former wife, Ilona Staller, porn star and Italian Parliamentarian, fucking amid trompe l'oeil butterflies and flowers must have been released directly to the Vatican's secret video vault. All that remains are the tawdry Kama Sutra souvenirs of his Made in Heaven *show (1990) with its cautionary wall labels for the squeamish. Critics were enthusiastic in dubbing it his Waterloo.*

It was a premature post-mortem. Though he did lose the lawsuit brought against him by the photographer whose postcard served as a model for his genetically engineered "String of Puppies" (1988) in 1992, the year also saw his two greatest triumphs. One was his major career retrospective at the San Francisco Museum of Modern Art; the other was the realization of his masterwork, "Puppy." After he was pointedly not "curated" for the purportedly

Stephanie Rauwer

hot exhibition Dokumenta IX in Kassel, Germany, fate intervened in the form of an invitation to create a work at nearby Arolsen to show at the same time. Koons' response was a 40 ft. high topiary terrier fabricated out of flowering vines over a wood and steel structure with an accessible staircase inside. Its scale reduced the palace it fronted to a baroque doghouse and forced everyone who attended Dokumenta IX to drive an extra 30 miles to experience the towering, over-shadowing work.

If art without attitude, banality without the sneer is not for you, chances are the Koonsian vocabulary won't mesh with yours. But don't be surprised if the art at the end of civilization isn't all that grim. It might just be silly. Jeff Koons could be our Liberace for the Endtimes.

—Stephen Ronan

GO AHEAD... FEEL SUPERIOR

JEFFREY KOONS: What I try to do is create works that embrace everyone's past. I try to make art that is non-segregating. I don't make art in an elitist vocabulary. I try to create an art that uses a language where nobody ever feels they're being spoken down to. If *anything*, they feel equal to or above my vocabulary.

BAPTIZED IN BANALITY

JK: I made "St. John the Baptist" for my *Banality* show. And in *Banality*, I was trying to get past the obvious. OK, we know that banality is the undercurrent that motivates the bourgeois to action... to buy jewelry, a car, jeans. Banality is what rallies them. But there's still a lot of guilt and shame that the bourgeois have around that. So "St. John" was there to baptize in banality—to remove the guilt and shame, to be a spiritual, authoritarian figure and do that.

This brings up "Michael Jackson and Bubbles." I wanted to present Michael Jackson as somebody who was baptized in banality, to present him as a new Christ figure, one who's already been blessed. And I've always enjoyed his radicality. And his association with Bubbles is that he will not wait for evolution. He won't wait for biological evolution. He just wants to go and to transform and to become. I believe in the philosophy of becoming. He wants to do it as fast as possible.

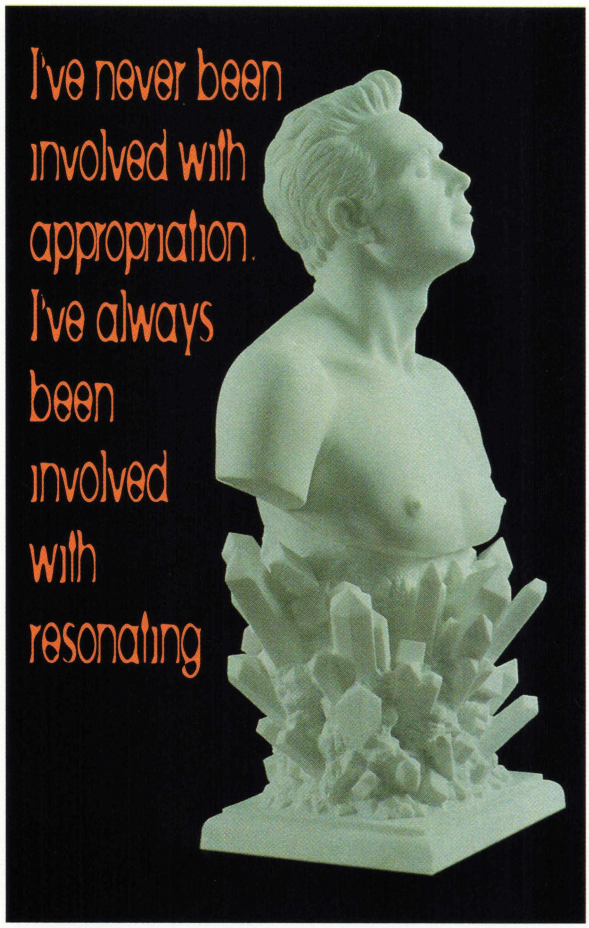
MONDO 2000: The word Kitsch pops up a lot in reference to your art. You've taken Kitsch—religious Kitsch—but rather than that tongue-in-cheek, ironic appropriation of Kitsch so popular with the avant-garde, I see you using the hyper-idealization that exists in Kitsch and religious art to induce a feeling. Is that your aim, to create a feeling of hyper-idealization—of heavenliness?

JK: I think I ended up working in a vocabulary. Some people call it Kitsch. I think of it more as our shared past. But it comes from the introduction of photography. And the idea of the ready-made, I think, is really based on the introduction of photography, and art trying to find its own meaning in the age of photography. And in the process of working with the ready-made, I abandoned it. Now I deal with the *public* as ready-made.

With the computer and video technology, photography has become *less* objective than the emotions of sentimentality and the corresponding artifacts. These over-done black and white emotions are more objective and trustable than the formerly objective realm of photography. That's what brought me to the realm of the ready-made and then to the *abandonment* of the ready-made.

As for appropriation, I think the history of appropriation within art is quite profound. You can look at Leonardo da Vinci and other artists of his time and it's very hard to discern a Leonardo from the others.

Photos provided by Jeff Koons' Studio



See, it's only after the French Revolution that art really fell into this modernist, subjective notion of the creative self. And I think now we're trying to return out of that into a vocabulary that's more objective. And I think I work with recontextualization on the most basic levels, like "You can either love somebody or you can hate them." It's just to show that situations *can* change. And if you want life to be different, you just have to look at it differently and it's different. So to give possibilities to people to let them achieve their desires... that's why I believe I work in that vocabulary.

M2: Warhol eventually had to pay for the photograph that became the silk-screen "Flowers." You eventually had to pay the guy whose photograph served as a model for "String of Puppies."

JK: I *have* lost the case in "String of Puppies." I tried to have it appealed by the United Stated Supreme Court, but they rejected my appeal. But now we're going to trial for damages. I'm fortunate to be in the position to defend the rights of the artist. So I continue to fight these cases.

M2: There's an amazing lack of support for your battle among people who will totally support everybody else's appropriation.

JK: It's because of success. Secondly, it has to do with sex—my *Made in Heaven* show. The decision came down from the judge after my *Made in Heaven* show.

M2: Were the liquor companies happy or miffed by your liquor ads?

JK: You know... this thing about me trying to steal things from the art world... I've *never* been involved with appropriation, literally. I've always been involved with *resonating*. I never have tried to steal anything. Like my liquor ads... I needed to ask permission because I needed to get the actual plates. Or with Jim Beam, I needed that to put the actual liquor in. I never asked Hoover for permission, but Hoover's always been very happy that I used their vacuum cleaner. As far as the Wilson Company's concerned, the president called me up one day and said "Look, I saw my basketballs in one of your artworks. That's fantastic!"

M2: Koons' art is, undeniably—whether we like it or not—the face of the Zeitgeist of the 90's. In the 80's, there was a sort of ersatz optimism fostered by the people who were benefiting from the situation...

JK: I think I'm also 80's in that what I do is reveal systems. Many of the people that were functioning strongly in the 80's were people that revealed systems. Many of them were *also* misinterpreted. I'm associated with greed because I was revealing the system *and* how people can participate. *And* I was revealing what not to fall for. I was saying, "Don't give up your economic power base. Don't be debased." I've always revealed systems. I've tried to show people that it's enough to be clever in life, to let them trust their innate cleverness; not to let the intellectuals segregate them through tricks of language. Continually trying to reveal systems is generosity.

KOONSWORLD

M2: Do you like being compared to Walt Disney?

JK: I named my child Ludwig Maximilian. Disneyland's Magic Castle is based on Ludwig's Schloss Neuschwanstein. There was a television show that dealt with Disney and my work and the Disney company. I mean, I don't know... there *are* similarities. I love Disney. I like the idea of Bambi. Bambi's a very objective character. I like the idea of art being able to encompass and define a total world and environment, where the system functions as a complete world in its own. Disney created a total world. And an artist's vocabulary should work in that manner. If you have a half-constructed vocabulary, it really can't function well.

Photos provided by Jeff Koons' Studio

M2: Should there be a Jeff Koons theme park where people can take their families, and they would buy the little tchotchkes, there would be miniature versions of "Popples"?
JK: I love sales because I love seduction. But I don't believe that you penetrate the mass through distribution. You penetrate the mass through *ideas*. I've tried to live by that. I think Warhol's one shortcoming was that he fell for the idea that you penetrate through distribution. And you just don't.

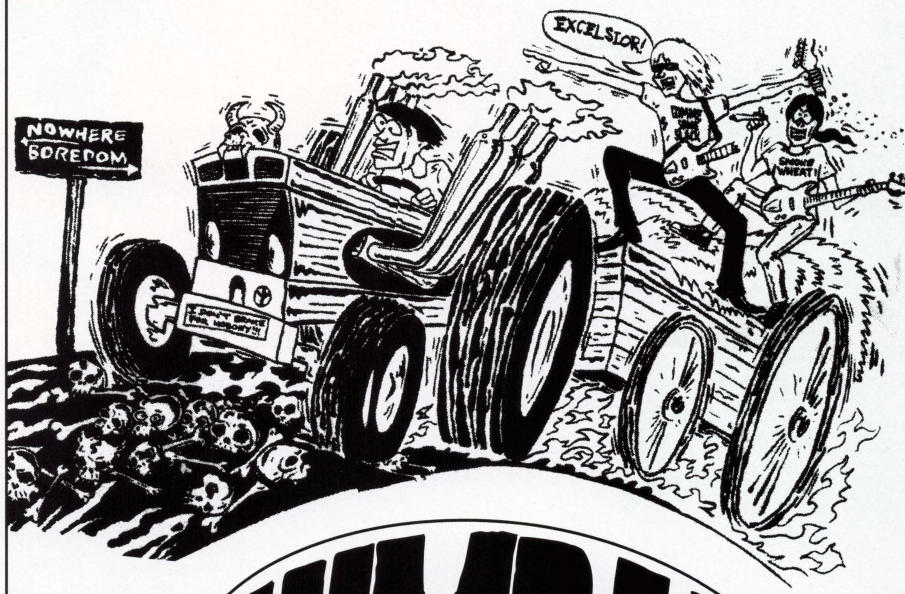
LIFE CAN BE A CLOSE-UP

M2: *Made in Heaven* suggests to me a romanticized Utopian vision that seems to say, "Yes, you can have idealized bodies and make love in ideal situations."
JK: And you can listen to life. You can use your body to listen. Life can be a close-up. You can enjoy. If you want to enter the realm of the eternal, look at the biological. That's the surest way to get there.
M2: I saw Camille Paglia last night on McLaughlin's *One on One*. And she said, "There's no distinction between pornography and art." Does that apply to *Made in Heaven*?
JK: I don't think it's pornography. I think pornography is something motivated by greed and self-interest—without any form of communal interest.
M2: So you're making a *distinction* between pornography and art.
JK: Yes. Pornography involves self-interest without *any* communal interest. It's just alienating.

HE CAN TAP HIS HEAD AND RUB HIS STOMACH AT THE SAME TIME

M2: When you do talk shows like Dennis Miller and Letterman, they do this big set-up that says, "Here's this guy who's getting away with murder!"
JK: I did a radio show just this morning where that happened. But the interviewer was a little surprised and intimidated that I could tap my head and rub my stomach at the same time. He didn't know what to say. But after I left, he started to attack again. Dennis Miller did a similar thing. I think it happens when people feel intimidated by art. M2

START YOUR ENGINES.



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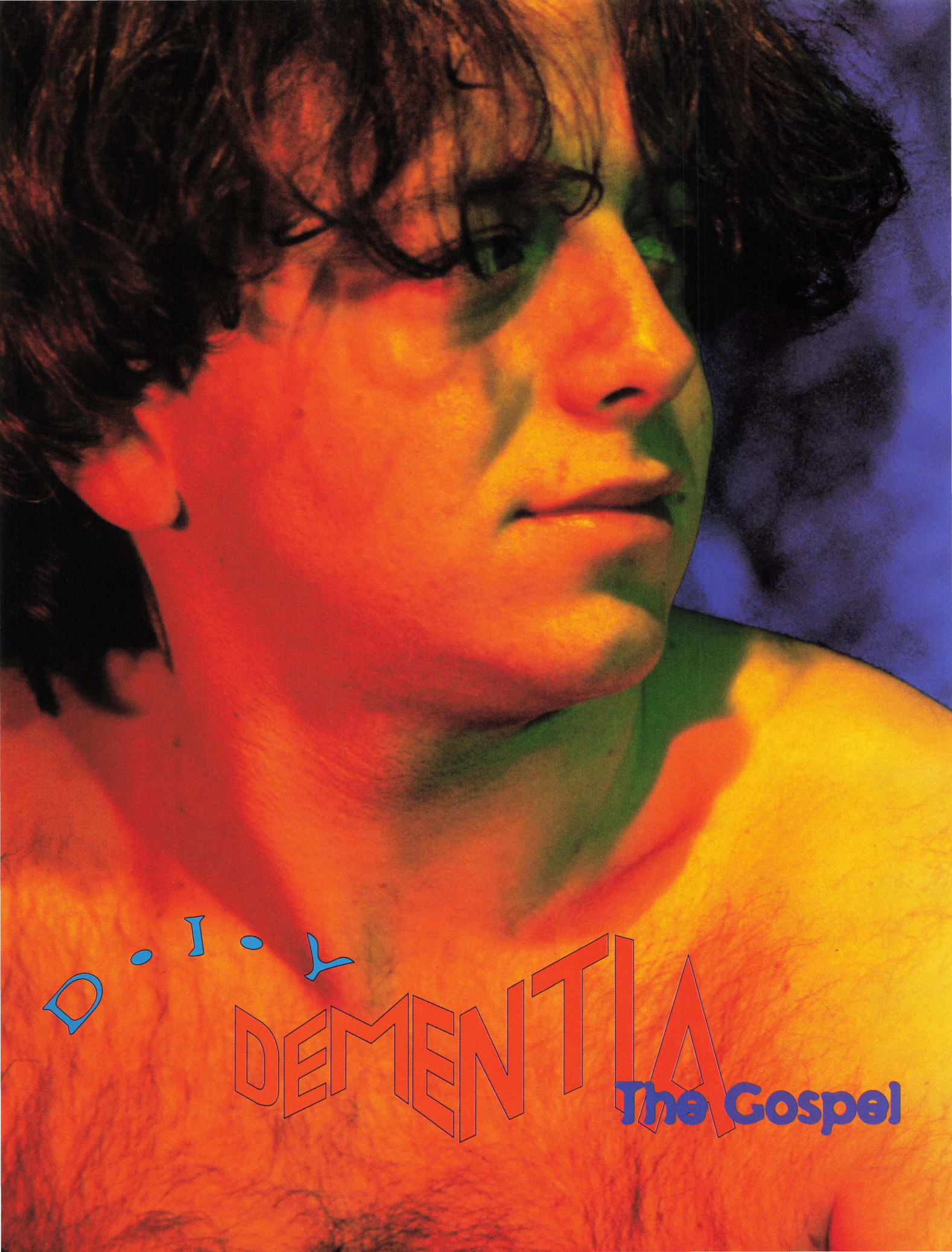
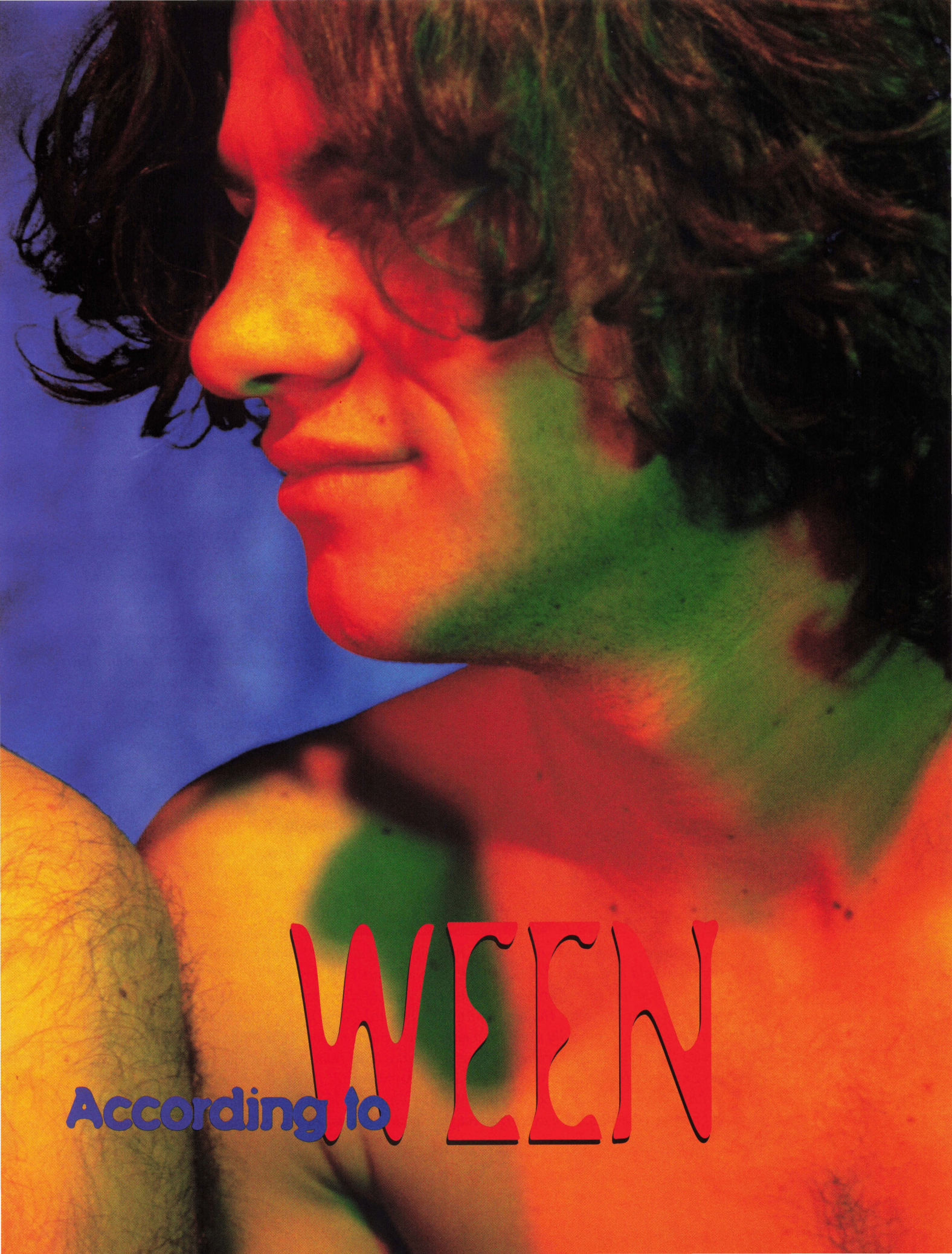
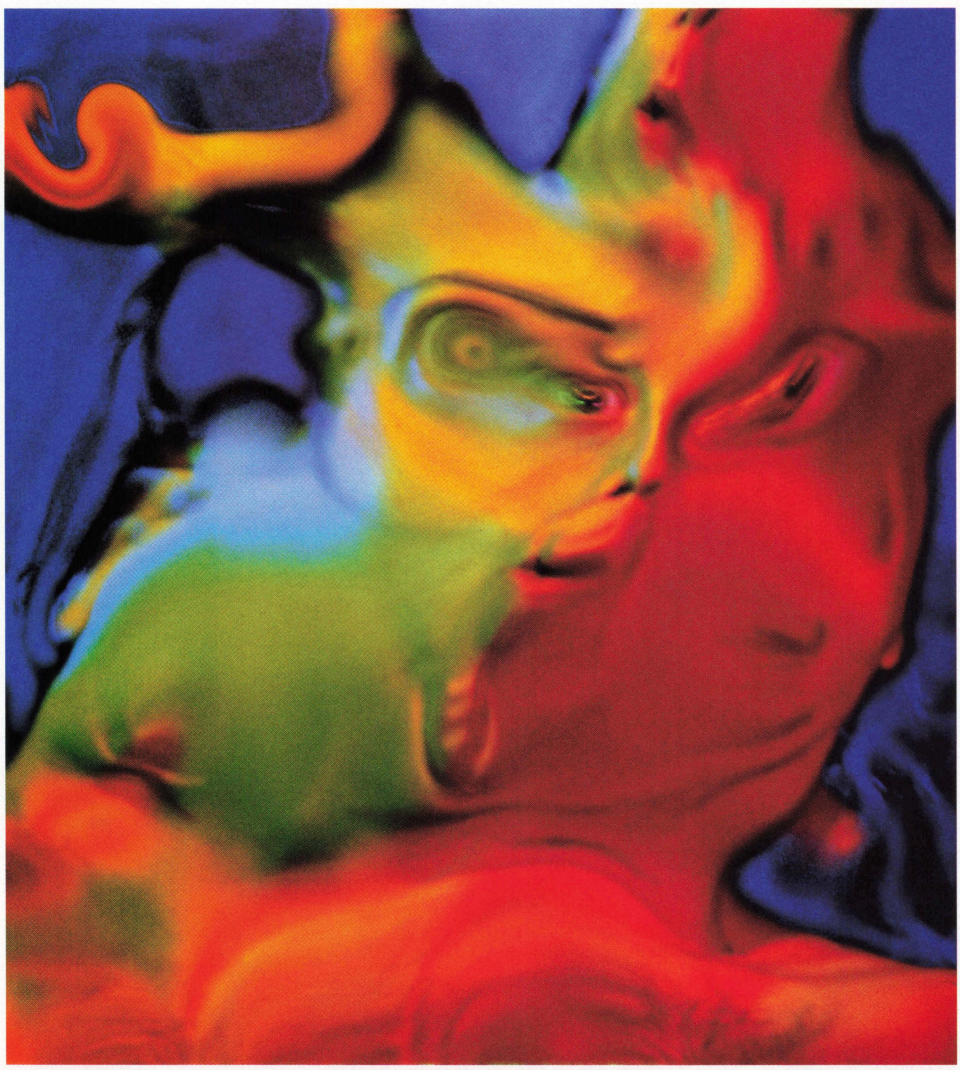

D.I.Y
DEMENTIA
The Gospel


According to
WEEN

by David Kushner



Every dormitory has two guys at the end of the hall who never leave their smoke-filled room, their beer bong, their video game, or their electric guitars.

Ween is them—the best and only band on a strange and twisted floor.

Ween is Dean and Gene, childhood friends and four-track wizards from New Hope, the Woodstock of Pennsylvania and last home of Abbie Hoffman. Like Abbie, they're ministers of irreverence—simultaneously winning converts and fucking up the program.

Their Elektra debut, Pure Guava, *is, for lack of a better word, weird. It's a nineteen song ride on the "Poop Ship Destroyer," blasting through sand, daisies, weasels, and birdbaths, all in search of Ween's demon-god, Boognish. This is* headphone *music. Entering Ween's world is like strapping on a gas mask full of Scotchguard and bad weed.*

You cringe as these two ether-addled youngsters exhume corpse after rotting corpse of 70's rock legends, only to dust them off, dress them up in powder blue tuxedos, and put dadaesque drivel into their mouths. The result is nothing less than pure genius. Only Ween could take a frank lyric about incestuous child molestation and turn it into an arena rock anthem ("Don't Get 2 Close 2 My Fantasy").

In concert, they morph into glam rocking, Spinal Tapping regular dudes. The randy ghost of Robert Plant inhabits vocalist Dean, who prances around the stage waving imaginary scarves. Multi-instrumentalist Gene rocks out on wah-wah while seemingly trying to get a bad taste out of his mouth. Songs are announced as "another party classic, by Ween" repeatedly. And though they joke about all their "number one hits," I've got fifty bucks saying they could write a single Michael Bolton would suck corn for.

I interviewed them over gyros and green beans, the day after their first video shoot. Hot food is extremely important to Ween. Though admittedly exhausted, Gene, the Bud Bundy look-alike, and Dean, the freaky heartthrob, gleefully exploited another chance to "talk about our songs with industry people." I suggested that they release a series of albums with titles lifted from Al Green records: Ween is Love, Ween Explores Your Mind, Ween: Love is the Answer, *etc. With two indie classics,* God Ween Satan: The Oneness *and* The Pod *behind them, Ween and their rabid groupies (Weenies?) are waiting to eat your brain. I'm not kidding. I've seen blood on their teeth.*

—*David Kushner*

Photographs by Jill Greenberg

MONDO 2000: Has moving to a major label come with any major pressures? Anybody pushing you to wear flannel shirts and move to Seattle?
DEAN: That's not the way to make a million dollars. But that's all we're interested in, making a million dollars.
GENE: Yeah. We figure we can make a million dollars and just stay at home. *Multi-millions.*
M2: Every song on *Pure Guava* has a different vocal sound. On one track, it's helium boy, the next is like Barry White. How do you come up with these voices?
DEAN: It's whatever's appropriate as we're going along. If the song's slow, low and sleazy, then the vocals are slow, low and sleazy. Sometimes we'll just do everything and then try it out at different speeds when we're done recording. We don't have any game plan.

ON NOT HAVING DICK

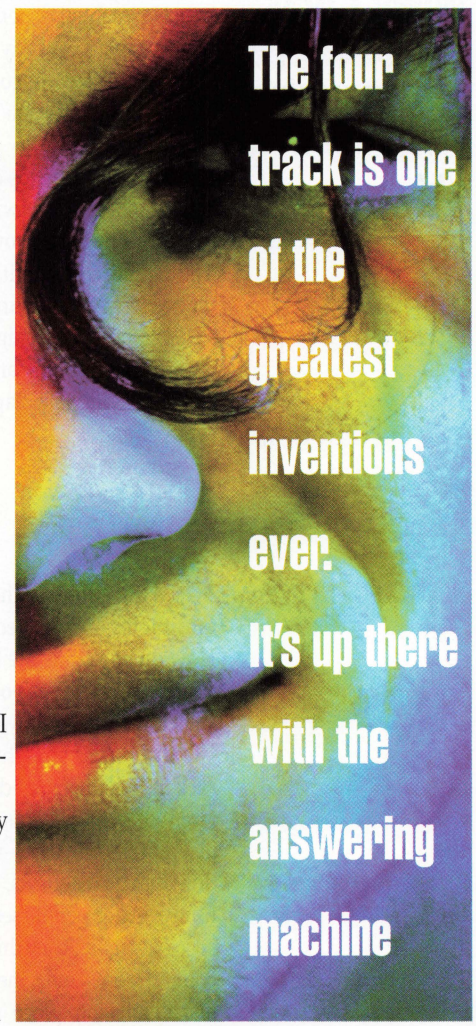
M2: But you're using some kind of studio technology, you're not just sucking down helium.
GENE: On our last records, there's no technology at all. We just make the best of what we have at home. As a matter of fact, we don't have anything, really. We have a bunch of cheap, shitty old effects and a drum machine, guitars, bass, and mikes. We don't have dick.
M2: You always use a four track and yet you get so much atmosphere. Why do you work with a four track?
GENE: That's all we can afford, really. Or that's all we *could* afford.
DEAN: Four tracking is great, once you get into it. We used to not even do four tracks. For the first four years, we had two tape decks and we'd just do countless overdubs. We had a little Radio Shack mixing board, and as we were throwing the drums to the other tape, we'd play the bass over it. So it'd be like eighty-five tape generations before the song was done. I mean, we've only had the four track for three or four years. They're a great thing, man. If you work with it for years, you understand the basic concepts of punching yourself in and out, throwing tracks in here and there. It's the same principle as studio recording, it's just on four tracks. It's more portable and it's cheap. Everyone should have one. I'll always have one no matter what. Even if we have a forty-eight track digital studio, I'm gonna keep my four track plugged into my stereo at all times. It's one of the greatest inventions ever. It's up there with the answering machine.

SIMON SAMPLE

M2: All right, level with me. Is that a Simon solo at the end of "Reggaejunkiejew?"
GENE: That does sound like a Simon. [*laughs*]
DEAN: [*laughs*] It should be.
GENE: No, it's not a Simon, it's a bullhorn.
DEAN: It could be a Simon, but it's not. We shouldn't tell you. We do have the utmost respect for the Simon game, though. I do have one laying around somewhere.
GENE: Didn't think to pull it out for the record, though. Should have.
DEAN: There was a time when I was pretty good at it. Last time I played the Simon, I could only get, like, red, yellow, green and then I lose. [*laughs*]

CALLING DR. LOVE

M2: How about other adolescent influences? What music were you listening to when you were thirteen?
GENE: Thirteen?
DEAN: That's when I started to really, really get into music. Listened to everything, actually, when I was thirteen. I mean, the most embarrassing shit in the world that I wouldn't even say now.
M2: Kiss?
DEAN: No, I have no problem saying I listened to Kiss. Just anything and everything, just freaking out on music at that time. Soaking it all up.



YES, RUSH, WEEN: THE CONTINUUM

M2: I thought there might be a Geddy Lee influence on "The Stallion Pt. 3."
GENE: I don't know who that is.
DEAN: Rush! [*laughs*] No, we're not down with Rush.
M2: That's a shame.
DEAN: [*laughs*] We're into the concept of Rush, though.
M2: What concept?
DEAN: Just the idea of a band that's *so* progressive. We hate their music—I would never even buy or listen to anything like that—except I like the idea of having, like, eight hundred and fifty seven chords in one song that never repeats itself, with no melody. The most over-indulgent, masturbatory...
GENE: Right! [*laughs*]
DEAN: I think that's funny. We're into the concept of, like, Yes and Rush and Rick Wakeman. We have the utmost respect for bands like that.

ON OUTGROWING ZAPPA

M2: How about Zappa?
DEAN: We're not really down with Zappa.
GENE: I used to be down with the Mothers of Invention when I was seven years old. He made one record and that was it. All his solo shit is really down shit, really lame.
M2: How about new bands?
GENE: Bushwick Bill [*of the Geto Boys*].
DEAN: Not too much. We still listen to tons of music everyday, but there's no new breaking band that won't come off the turntable.

I used to be down with the Mothers of Invention when I was seven years old

THAT SHITTY GUITAR RIFF

M2: What's up with a song like "Sarah?" How do you go from something *out there* like "Reggaejunkiejew" to such a mellow love song?

DEAN: We really don't have a plan. We might make a record of nice, quiet, love songs, but we wouldn't set out to do it that way. We could record something really harsh tomorrow [*laughs*] if that's what it feels like.

GENE: We'll be recording one month and everything will have a certain kind of feel to it.

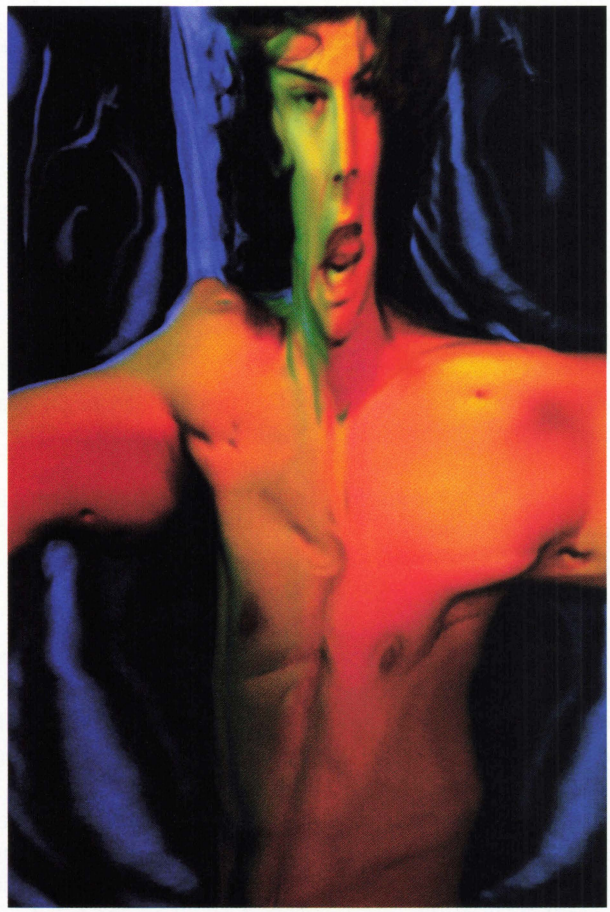
DEAN: We might write a whole album of songs like "Sarah" and then we might make a punk record.

GENE: It's all based on life.

DEAN: Yeah. It depends on what happens that day or…

GENE: Who you're going out with or where you're working.

DEAN: It all depends on the shitty guitar riff you wrote that morning, you know? You might write a guitar riff that goes, like, two hundred miles an hour, or it might be three in the morning and you're playing this crappy, sappy thing.



TWO AMERICAN KIDS DOING THE BEST THEY CAN

M2: What about all the atmospheres on your records? How do you translate the strange soundscapes of your CDs to your live shows?

GENE: It's just straight up rock 'n' roll. It's a lot different than the records. It's just guitar and voice—we don't have any effects. It's funny. After people see us, it gives them an entirely new perspective on us. They think they understand where we're coming from 'cause they have our three albums, and then it just all falls into place. What really comes across is we're not a rock band, as much as we're just, like, two dudes trying the best we can, man. [*laughs*]

DEAN: [*laughs*]

NO RESPECT

M2: When I talk to a Ween fan, they're as devout as Deadheads, except they have no political agenda. Do you have any thoughts on that?

GENE: That's the best, man. That rules. I love that. We have no respect for our true fans, though. [*laughs*]

DEAN: Anyone who is truly into us in a fanatical way… I think it's awesome, but we'll never be friends with them because they're such losers. [*laughs*] They listen to Ween all the time!

M2: Not quite an endorsement for the Ween Fan Club. You should take your address off of your albums.

DEAN: Nah. We just get letters and throw them away and never look at them. [*laughs*]

GENE: I've got like four bags full of letters in my closet.

DEAN: We just read them and throw them away and never call anyone. We just laugh at them, as long as they keep buying up our stuff.

BOOGNISH THE INSCRUTABLE

M2: So, what's up with Boognish?

GENE: We can't talk about that.

DEAN: We skip that one every time.

M2: But what about those Weenheads wandering around outside, muttering His name?

DEAN: That's what touches people, that's what makes those loser kids listen to nothing but Ween. [*laughs*] Boognish!

RELAXING WITH WEEN

M2: What are you doing when you're not making music?

GENE: Drinking.

DEAN: We don't have any good recreation beyond Sega. We used to play tons of ping pong, then we got Sega Genesis.

M2: I got Nintendo as a present, and then four months later, Super Nintendo came out. Now I feel really inadequate.

GENE: Aw no, man.

DEAN: Just trade it in and buy Sega Genesis. But you know, even that's starting to wear off for us. We need some new recreation. We need a pool table.

GENE: I think I'm gonna join the YMCA and start swimming. Or maybe I'll join the Knights of Columbus so I can have a place to drink and just be with the guys.

M2: What are you going to do when you make a million dollars?

GENE: I'd like to go somewhere really rednecky and shitty where it's cheap to live. As soon as I have twenty thousand dollars saved up, I think I'm gonna retire to Louisiana for two years, until the money runs out.

M2: What's next for Ween in the meantime?

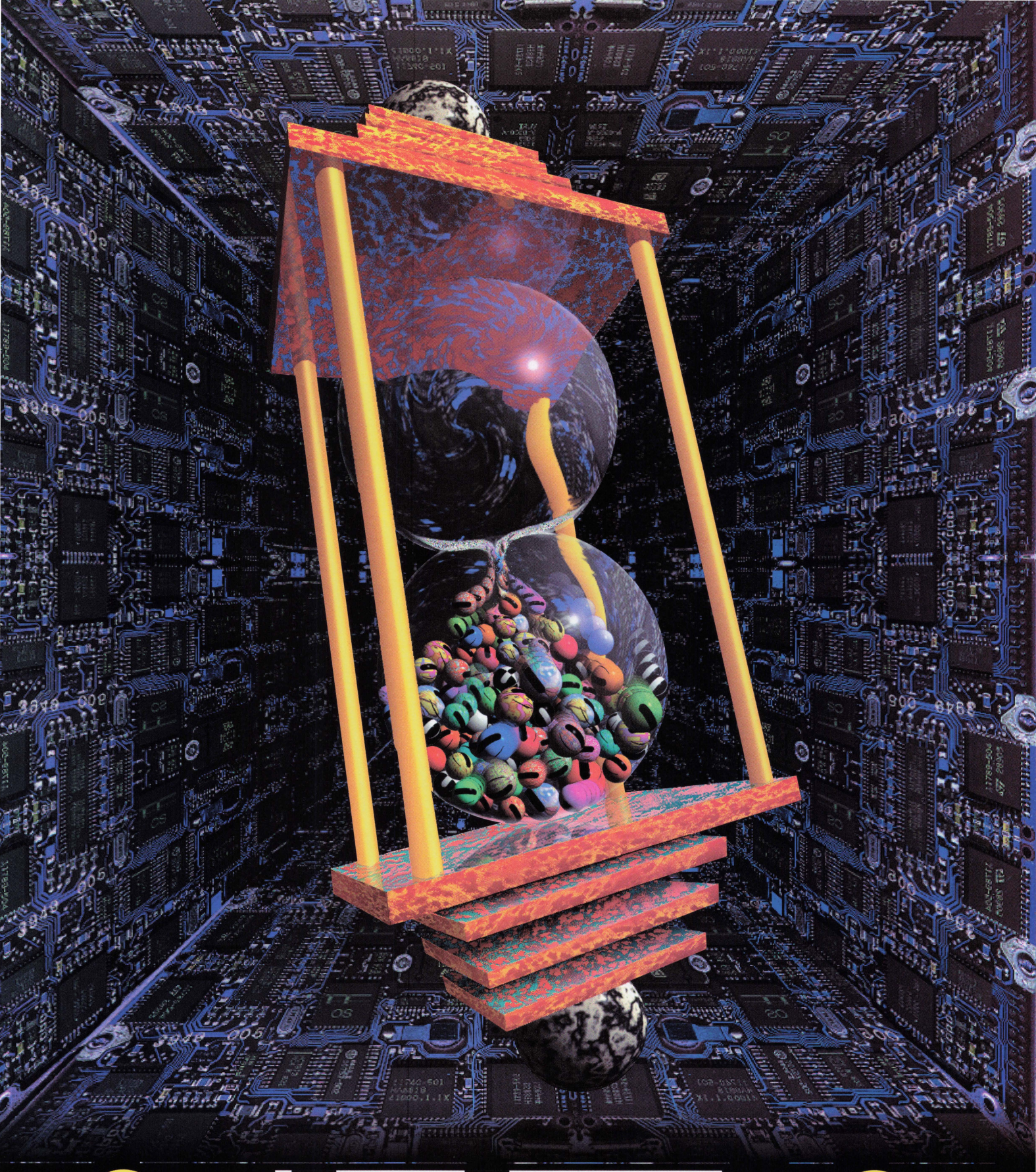
DEAN: Tour and make records, probably forever, until we go completely insane.

GENE: Until we have a breakdown in New York City.

DEAN: Totally.

M2: Anything to say to the people who haven't already listened to the album?

DEAN: Yeah. Fuck you! M2



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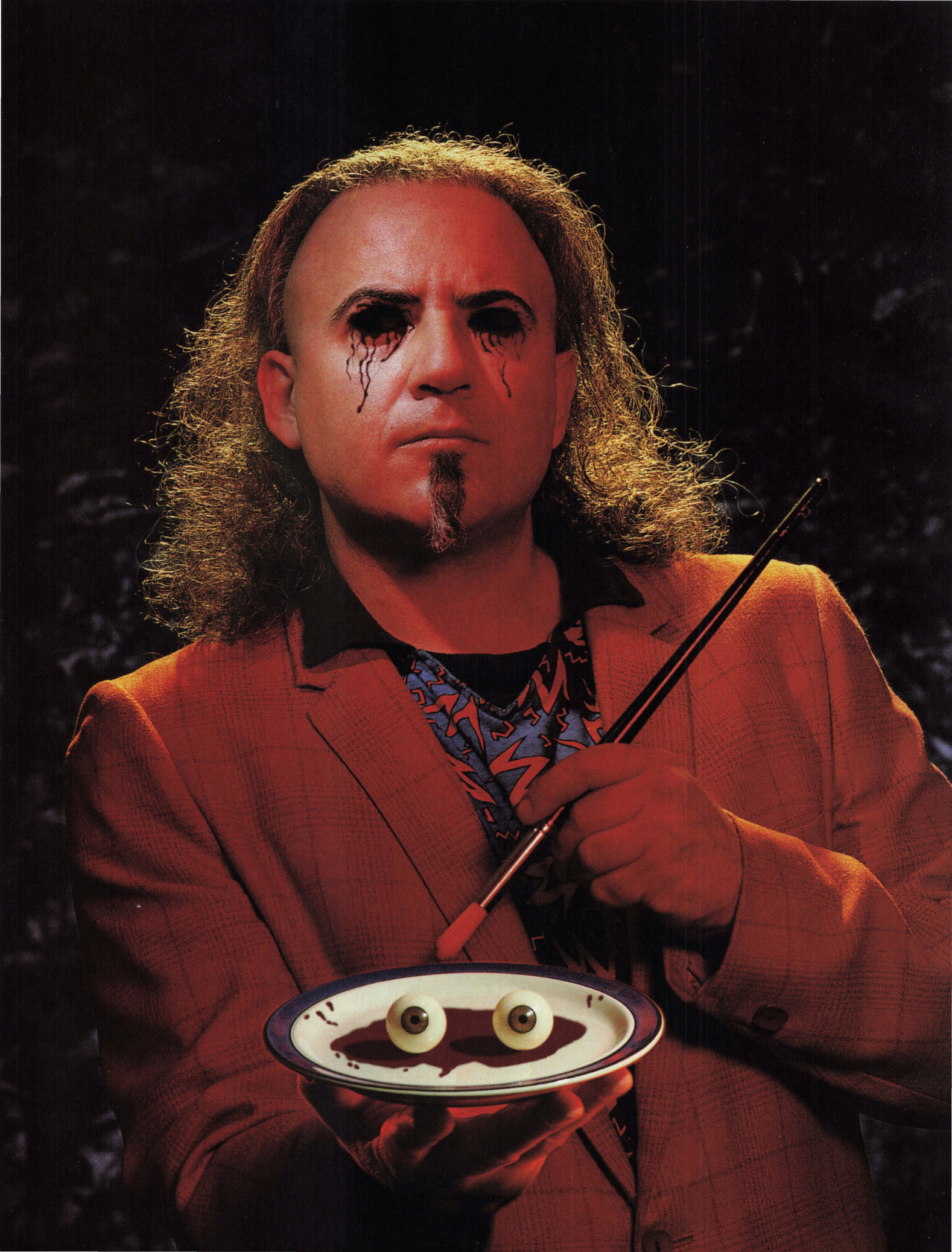
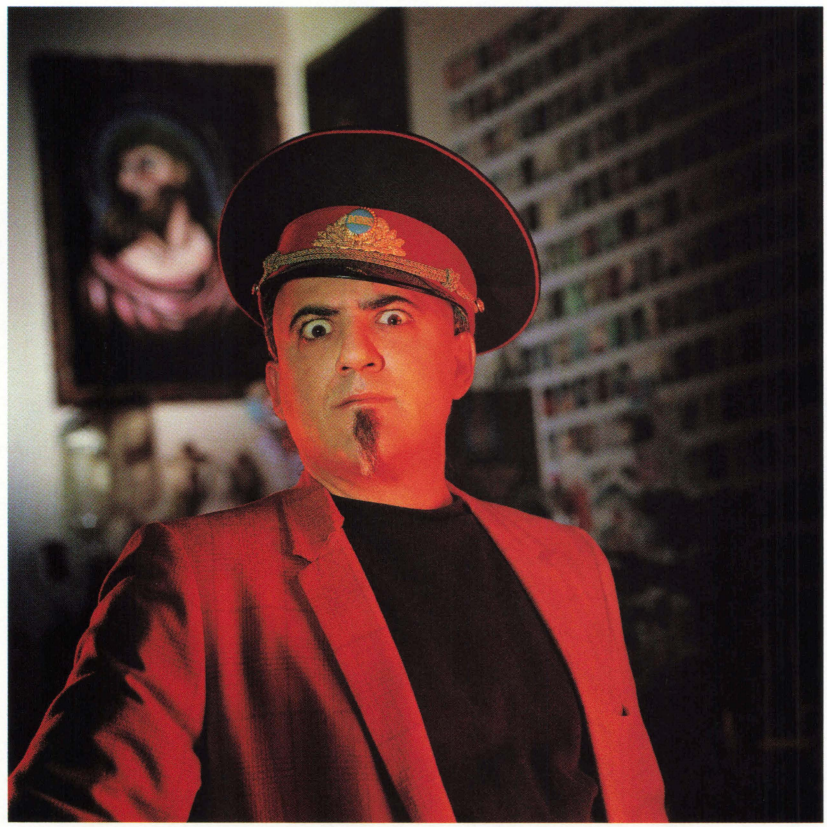


You Can't See Your Own Eyes

Paul Mavrides

Interviewed by Rudy Rucker
Photographed by Bart Nagel
with Heide Foley
and Georgia Rucker

Paul Mavrides *is a beatnik artist who lives in the bleeding heart of San Francisco's Mission district. Mavrides is into appropriation in novel ways: his biggest fine-art shockers to date are his velvet paintings of the Kennedy assassination ("'63 Election"), the AIDS virus ("A Virus Knows No Morals"), lung cancer ("Lung Cancer"), the Challenger disaster ("To Boldly Go Where No Man Has Gone Before"), a glass pipe with crack ("Still Life"), Jonestown ("Dejeuner sur L'herbe"), etc., all beautifully painted on*



black velvet, all based on canonical media images. Mavrides is also known for his work with Gilbert Shelton on The Fabulous Furry Freak Brothers, *and for his output under the name "Lies" for the Church of the SubGenius. He's presently working on* 1963 1/2, *a multi-book comic series about the Kennedy assassination. Culturally, the black velvet stuff is perhaps the hottest, and was the reason that the Los Angeles branch of ABC News recently spent seven days filming him for* Primetime Sunday.

—Rudy Rucker

RUDY RUCKER: Black velvet is traditionally considered a very low-class art form. What are some of the cultural resonances that you are trying to hit by putting familiar images into this format?

PAUL MAVRIDES: I choose subjects for my velvets to trigger personal and political responses in viewers; reactions that force an internal confrontation with uncomfortable emotions and repressed knowledge. I cut to the chase by reproducing thoroughly digested and recognizable images, visuals that have already been burned into political or cultural mythology by massive media overexposure. No room is left for misinterpretation at the initial level of perception. What you see is what you get.

Success of these pieces depends on a viewer trying to resolve the intellectual contradiction of deadly serious motifs vs. the popular perception of the velvet art-form as decorative Kitsch. I'm trying to take advantage of the cultural echo from all those wonderful Tijuana tourist velvets—Elvis, Wilma and Fred Flintstone, Jesus, Red Devils, bullfights, Naked Aztec Virgins! What could be a more popular *and* lurid "low art" than velvet paintings? What could be more distressing than the religious epiphany of Jim Jones' White Night?

RR: Are there any technical pluses in working on black velvet?

PM: The lush, glowing quality of color against the bottomless black background first involves a viewer in the sensual texture of the physical object itself. But as the viewer is attracted, drawn in by the visually tactile nature of the paint, the actual subject matter pops into intellectual focus and they are then confronted by *what the painting is actually a picture of*. Disasters, murders, diseases... Velvet magnifies that mental push-pull effect. Bright, pretty... but horrific. The power from this juxtaposition of image and reality, painting as object *and* event, is the force incorporated in this work. Or anyway, that's my theory. One thing's for sure; they don't fade into the decor.

Just state, "Kennedy assassination on black velvet, Jackie's pink dress, brain bits on the limousine trunk..." and you can see it without even actualizing the art. I've noticed that the terminally hip appreciate them because the paintings reinforce their trendy nihilism—the same kind of enjoyment one experiences by picking at a scab.

RR: Your velvet painting based on frames of the Zapruder film of Kennedy's assassination—I've heard that some people have reacted to this as being "deeply shocking." Others have been quite outraged by your beautiful, luminous rendering of "A Thousand Points of Light—Baghdad by Night," with its dark sky filled with the lines of tracer bullets. How do you react to those who feel your work is beyond the pale of decency?

PM: On the odd rare occasion, I *am* accused of producing "tasteless" artwork—but hey, I'm only reproducing an *image* of something that actually *happened*. My intent *is* to shock people, make them *think*. Why isn't there outrage over *the reality behind the symbol*, are people so caught up in *abstracts* that they can only challenge a pictorial representation that is, essentially, a mere reminder, an interpretation, of real life, real death? Folks, it's just paint on cloth.

If looking at a mere *painting* of Kennedy's murder is upsetting, why doesn't this ire translate to social action rather than art criticism? Use that anger and energy to bring the *all-too-real* assassins of an elected *President* to justice. Is it easier to forget, be lazy, protest an uncomfortable *artwork* and *not* the incident? "Oh, we killed all those (fill in the blank) *last* year, old news."

It's not the potential advances of VR that I find exciting. It's the unintentional screwups, malfs and jerry-rigged equipment disasters

It's so much more pleasant to sleep, believe in lies, evade responsibility. Too much trouble to actually *do something*, more balming to spend one's time being uplifted by safe, orthodox art. People like that will *always* be sick-at-heart unless they can just manage to forget *the bad things*... aesthetically escaping through fine art in the same manner a drug addict chemically attains nirvana.

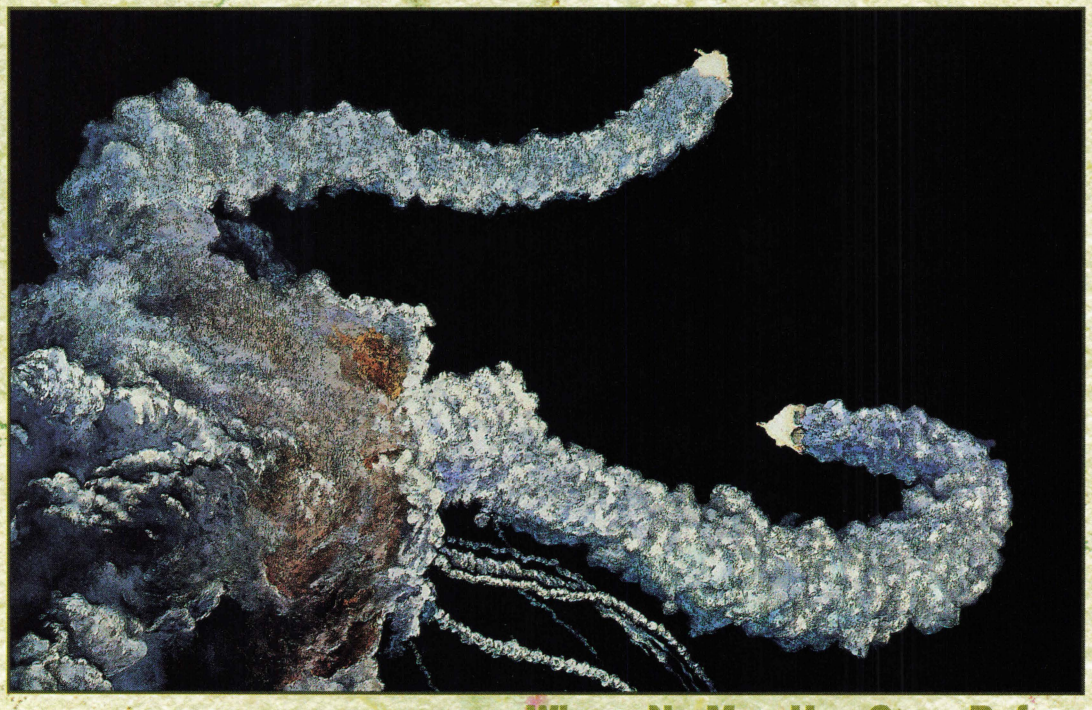
However, I must add that, to my point of view, a toaster oven or Polaroid camera can be just as disturbing and horrifying as a space shuttle blowing up. Go figure...

RR: You recently completed a large canvas with images of virtually all the famous comic-book characters. This is a different kind of image appropriation. Where is this work being shown?

text continues on page 104

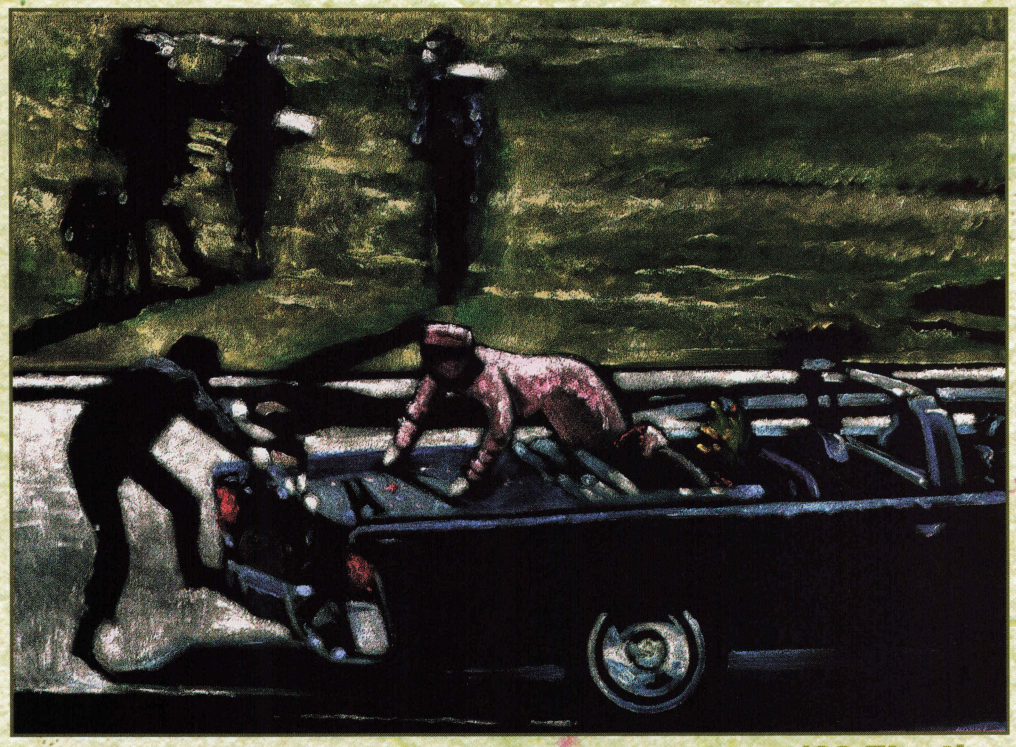
A small, and barely representative selection of the work of Paul Mavrides

A Virus Knows No Morals
alkyd/oil on velvet 30" x 30"



Where No Man Has Gone Before
alkyd/oil on velvet 50" x 32"

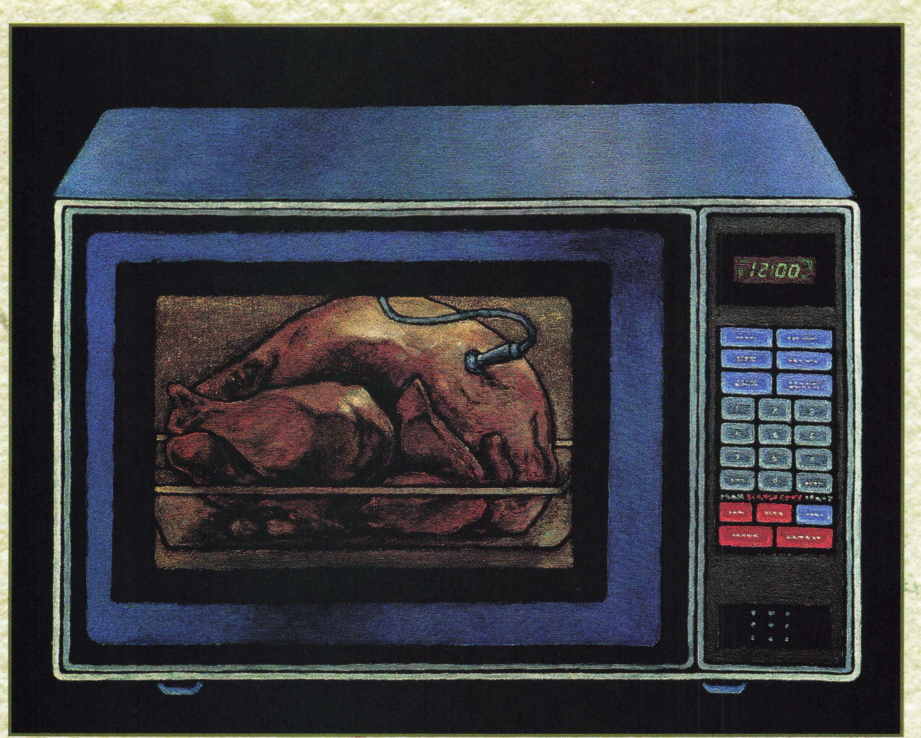
Lee, We Hardly Knew Ye
alkyd/oil on velvet 30" x 24"



'63 Election
alkyd/oil on velvet 30" x 22"

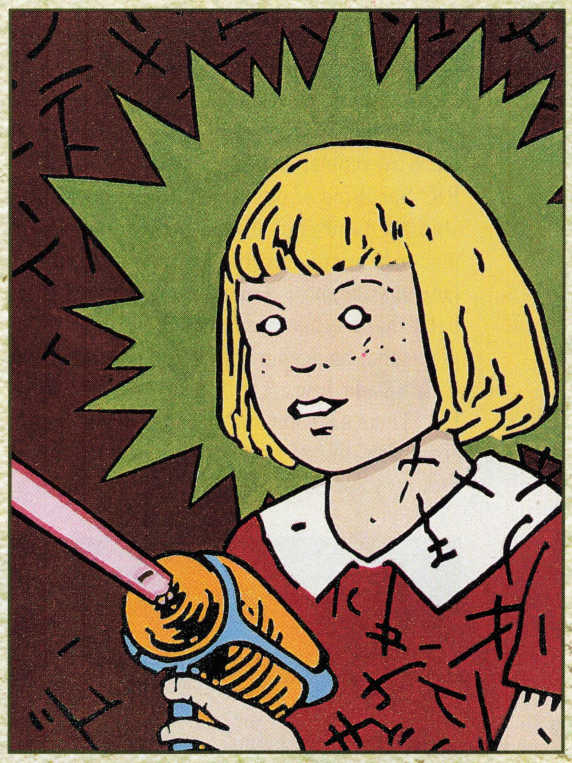
ALL ART IS LIES,

Peace Dividend
acrylic on canvas 30" x 40"



State of the Art
alkyd/oil on velvet 30" x 24"

ALL OF IT.
What else did you suppose it to be? Reality?!?



Blind Date
acrylic on canvas 12" x 16"

You Can't See Your Own Eyes
mixed media 24" x 38"

If we can work on a strip for six months, stare at it for hundreds of hours and still chuckle at it when it's done, then we let it out of its cage

PM: Words & Pictures is a comic art museum in Northampton, Massachusetts, founded by Kevin B. Eastman (of *Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtles* fame). They commissioned a large canvas, titled "And So..." of sixty-six different comic book characters in essentially a dog-pile composition, for permanent display. Since this piece has been acknowledged as "quotation" rather than "swiping," I can get away with calling it a "homage" and retain my reputation as a mimic.

RR: Speaking of popular culture, I notice around your studio a number of altered "snow domes"—those little plastic hemispheres filled with water and floating snow. One of your snow domes shows Santa with a see-through belly that reveals his viscera. Your walls are covered with plates that have your colored images laminated onto them. Is this Dada, low art, or fine art?

PM: There's an unnameable quality that impregnates certain "ordinary" things with meaning, no matter how valueless they may appear to The Others. It's found in such icons as skateboard decals, low-budget exploitation movies, lunch boxes, lurid comic books, all-nite cable TV, toy robots, plastic dinosaurs, sleazy paperbacks, bubble gum cards and so on—stuff that a museum director might say is to fine art what the *Weekly World News* is to the *New York Times*. It's this hidden significance I try to bring forth by using Melmac plastic dishes, snow domes, bubblegum cards, comic books as a medium.

Victors
alkyd/oil on velvet
30" x 24"

RR: Orwell dug that sort of thing—boy's weeklies, seaside postcards...

PM: Look, we're drowning in an imagery ocean. The best defense is to tear off huge hunks of it and recycle at top speed.

All you have to do is step back and take an unbiased look at Art. What kind of Art makes the lasting cultural impression, after all? Take any average United States junior high school kid and show them the 100 most famous paintings and sculptures of all time, excluding contemporary packaging graphics and music videos. Our Hope For The Future will likely stare blankly at these triumphs of the human spirit, unable to identify a single one by title, period, or artist. Leonardo da Vinci will only be recognized for the similarity of his name to one of the *Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtles*. For that matter, most of them think the sun revolves around the Earth and that Death is something that can be avoided. You gotta love these kids!

RR: The same issue of *TIME* that had Cyberpunk and MONDO on the cover had a scathing review of Jeff Koons' recent show here in S.F. I really liked that show, it made me think that Pop is alive again. Andy would be so happy. And I love that Koons is married to the Honorable Ilona Staller. Paul, what's your take on the media manipulation and image appropriation techniques of Jeff Koons?

PM: Koons is an interesting case. He manages to simultaneously embody what I most love *and* hate about modern contemporary art. On one hand, he transforms the perception of common (and often ridiculous) objects by the simple act of altering context and texture and he does this while earning absurd amounts of money for little or no actual labor on his part. On the negative side he panders to a venal, commercial gallery scene, cynically adding to the vapidity and general inconsequentiality of contemporary art and he does this while earning absurd amounts of money for little or no actual labor on his part.

Only a couple of years back, greedhead financiers came up with the perverse conjecture that, since the act of making money was an "art," it followed that they were "artists." In the end, what can one say about Koons, a stockbroker-turned-artist, that isn't already painfully obvious, except possibly the maxim, "You'll *pay* to view what you really *see*!"

It's almost enough to make me nostalgic for the good old days of the two-fisted, square-jawed, testosterone-juiced, cut-and-dried Art Scene, where, off in isolated playpens and coffeehouse asylums, self-inflated painters and pompous sculptors would literally come to blows (and sometimes even *murder*—a form of expression whereby they commendably transcended their mundane work) over quaint, microscopic trivia like color theory and abstract expressionism. Hard to believe, isn't it? I guess if you're really wistful for that kind of dead-end nonsense, hang out with contemporary poets.

RR: In a coconutshell, what is the Church of the SubGenius, and what is it that they teach?

PM: The Church's unique offer is one of total control over your life and morality. Eternal Salvation through Slack or triple your money back. All the Slack anyone could desire and then some. All the other competitor conspiracy religions try to match our guarantee but down there in the fine

print they keep *all* of your mind, letting you lease back a mere 5% as a "rebate" and that at an outrageous interest rate. We *want* you to keep your soul. We don't even need that pathetic 5% chunk of grey matter. All you have to do is grab your brain, run off with it and don't look back—good riddance to you. If you must have a religion, it might as well be the Church of the SubGenius because it does the least harm.

Many immature intellects cherish the tedious notion that the Church of the SubGenius is itself some kind of "art statement." This heresy must be dispelled here and now. "Bob" Dobbs' ministry reaches far beyond any manner of "statement" of any kind, even philosophical; it is exactly what it says it is—a religion. The art and styles associated with it serve solely to buttress it. Just as the Catholic Church sponsored both the monstrous Inquisition *and* the magnificent Sistine Chapel ceiling, this faith has promoted both frenzied Head Launchings and the heavenly Hex DEF6 computer virus (which irrevocably infects both the computer *and* user).

RR: According to at least one highly placed SubGenius source, the canonical image of "Bob" Dobbs was appropriated from a Bell Telephone book of clip-art for yellow pages advertisers by High Scribe Stang and Rubber Philo Drummond. How does this jibe with the Church doctrine that "Bob" is real?

PM: "Bob" *posed* for the 1947 yellow pages portrait. He went to some effort to make this known among his friends. In the post-Hiroshima 40's "Bob" was a drifter earning his way by such day-wage means as modeling.

I bought the handgun used to assassinate him in 1984—the less said about *that*, the better. J.R. "Bob" Dobbs is a mystery enfolded by an enigma bound by a puzzle wrapped in a strip of bacon surrounded by creamy nougat and a rich, milk chocolate coating held together with a toothpick, served on a greasy paper napkin.

RR: Where did you first hear of the Church of the SubGenius?

PM: During a particularly dull and uneventful day at Rip Off Press back in 1979, I fished SubGenius pamphlet #1 out of a wastebasket (where it had been discarded by Fred Todd, the president of R.O.P.) and my life changed forever. Now I owe a lot more money than I used to and have to work harder than ever. Well, what else did I expect from religion, anyway?

RR: What has it been like working with Gilbert Shelton on the *Freak Brothers*? Why does this comic have such longevity?

PM: It'd be easy to roll off high-minded phrases about how the *Freak Brothers* are outlaw archetypes that embody the Dionysian viewpoint, taking great pleasure in lawbreaking while tweaking the noses of evil authority figures, but basically I think the *Freaks* have remained popular because Gilbert's a master satirist and a fiendishly brilliant cartoonist—in other words, he's *funny*. We try to amuse ourselves. If we can work on a strip for six months, stare at it for hundreds of hours and still chuckle at when it's done, then we let it out of its cage.

RR: Can you tell us a little about your work in progress, *1963 1/2*?

PM: Co-written with Alex Cox and Dick Rude, our full-color comic story is a rather twisted six issue take on the Kennedy assassination, filtered through greasy sci-fi. The first chapter's release by Tundra Publishing will coincide with the 30th anniversary of the hit. I wish someone would solve that crime so I could stop making JFK snuff satire and move on to something else.

RR: I notice you have a new Mac IIci. What are some of the directions that interest you regarding computer art?

PM: It's not the potential advances of VR or computer art in general that I find exciting. Rather, it's the unintentional screwups, malfs and jerry-rigged equipment disasters awaiting us that fascinate me. Flash effects—so what? Every innovative trick or tweak that programmers come up is instantly subverted, slaved to advertising the same old useless crap, politics and social roles as soon as it hits the art director circuit.

VR is all very well and good but who wants to spend the equivalent of the annual budget of a small Third World nation just to put on a foul smelling helmet to "experience" the digital gusto of being inside a Super Mario Brothers game?

My real interest is in the computer's potential for dissolving the barriers holding apart art and artifice, counterfeit and original. As an appropriationist's tool computers are beyond comparison—and a nightmarish disaster for the hoarders of intellectual property (myself included)—although smoothing out the legal speed bumps is going to make fortunes for office blocks of copyright attorneys. By translating knowledge, experience and reality to digital information, originality, truth and even lies become relative concepts (which they always were).

Comforting and stable consensus reality is currently fragmenting beyond recall and the humble silicon chip is speeding the process along. Absurd juxtapositions are the background white noise of a self-absorbed humanity tripping barely ahead of civilization's exploding core. M2

"Declare the Pennies on your Eyes"

Since April 1991, Paul Mavrides has been fighting the lone fight against the California State Tax Board—a fight that may have grave implications for the comic book industry as a whole. A bizarre ambiguity in Tax Law has literally forced Mavrides to assume the mantle of the rebel artist. When a data entry screwup led the California State Board of Equalization to scrutinize his royalty income, he was accused of not paying collected sales taxes on his past comic artwork. The Board based their claim on the grounds that comic book creation is merely the production of commercial artwork—therefore subject to sales tax as a direct sale to the publisher—rather than the work of an author.

Mavrides then researched the California Sales Tax Graphic Arts Regulations and found that there was a gray area with regards to comic book authorship. Nevertheless, the Board was determined to brand comic book work as no different than a T-shirt design, separating it from the "sequential literature" category to which it obviously belongs.

Several individual appeals were made by Mavrides and successively rejected. He quickly realized that this ambiguity not only threatened his own livelihood, but had profound First Amendment implications for the national comic industry. Feeling like the proverbial "finger in the cracked dike," he hired two accountants and an attorney to help him battle the Board. In August of 1992, he convinced local tax authorities to rescind their sales tax claim. A settlement was initially offered by the Board—in the form of a request for a letter from Mavrides defining himself as an author, to be kept on file for future cases—but recently retracted. Mavrides is back to square one with the Board, and now the future of the comic book literary artform hangs in the balance.

—Andrew Hultkrans

The Comic Book Legal Defense Fund—a 501 (c) (3) tax exempt not-for-profit organization—is aiding Mavrides with his legal expenses. Tax deductible donations can be made to: Comic Book Legal Defense Fund, 2 Swamp Road, Princeton, WI 54968.

EBN

Thumb Surfing with EBN

Carle VP Groome

Hiss CLICK! ... *(CNBC report)*

From the Rhode Island School of Design, spawning ground for the Talking Heads, comes Emergency Broadcast Network. Who can forget George Bush intoning Queen's immortal stadium chant "We Will Rock You"? It was an historic moment. If you were a U2 fan, you may have thought they were video stylists for U2, but hardcore adepts know them as a cult in their own right.

EBN's self-titled video release on TVT Records combines video and audio samples of Bush, Clinton, Dan and Marilyn Quayle, Dan Rather, Mariah Carey, Harrison Ford, and other simulacra, and over an acid beat, gets them shouting out in rhythms that would do James Brown proud. This is soundbite soul, video cacophony that you can dance to.

The power of this slice & dice bite-o'-life comes from three RISD grads—Joshua Pearson, Gardner Post and Ron O'Donnell—armed with hour-upon-hour of VHS VCR tapes, a Roland W-30 sampler/sequencer and their primary addiction: shooting the curl...

Danny Clinch

JOSHUA PEARSON: Absolutely!

GARDNER POST: It's great! Channel surfing is one of our primary inspirations... as well as one of our main methods of procurement.

JP: It really came about for us with the advent of cable television itself, in the early 80's. We were among the first to subscribe and have been happy customers ever since.

GP: I don't think it would have been as easy to do if it weren't for the infra-red remote, as well. I've been told that there are statistics that men channel surf more, and quicker, than women.

Hiss CLICK! ... (public access vanity show of self-absorbed monologist)

Most of the time it's no more than an itchy trigger finger to scratch the irritation of your limited ability to access the information flow in the ether of waves about you. Ask almost every girlfriend of every guy-with-remote-to-cable and her frustrated sigh will surely be something to the effect "Why can't we watch just one show?"

How do you answer her? How can you explain that it's not just one channel that interests you? That each station represents a parallel universe and if you could only see them all at once, you might, just might, be able to see The Pattern. If you could somehow jack into the flow... And, of course, she will give you that pained look that says: "So why don't you check into a nice rehab for a while?"

Nevertheless, you persist. Time compression and jump cuts give the perspective of Marcel Duchamp and the Dada-o's randomizing art through the "exquisite corpse," kicking off the cut-up craze before handing the ball off to Brion Gysin & Bill Burroughs for recontexturalization and on to Nam June Paik to pump the images into computer memories and find the finger on the pulse of history as the thumb on the select button.

Soundbite electroculture blurs the chain of talking heads streams a sentence as an infinite number of monkeys on an infinite number of typewriters screams out a Burmese *ketchack* when their script of *Hamlet* falls out of the void.

Hiss CLICK! ... (Mind Extension University, "Postmodern Criticism as Theoretical Physics")

The comparison between Chaos Theory and television is that there are logical principles behind the idea of the spontaneous generation of order out of turbulence and finding order in a random sampling of news items. Energy whorls spin out of the non-regular stream and the self-similarity replicates this event down to microcosmic detail, as in the Mandelbrot series.

Consider the concept of cable TV, then, as a tube of rushing optical/audio data under pressure. To increase the flow is to stress the images one against another until the critical threshold is passed and it breaks up into whorls called turbulence. To follow this to its conclusion, if channel surfing is the steady-state of the medium, then turbulence comes when you stop on one show and spiral into its system.

JP: Let me get this straight: the program itself is turbulence? Hmmm... As in Chaos Theory, perhaps, our method for coming up with these compositions is not one specific method. It can also be a random succession of events that leads us to certain conclusions that make us produce one composition this way and another totally differently.

Hiss CLICK! ... (PBS affiliate, *Bill Moyers' Journal:* "The Science of the Mind")

Every time I play with the set, I try to line up as many words and phrases together as possible, just for the bizarre fun of it.

JP: That was one of the early experiments we performed. We actually would be recording, instead of flipping channels we would pause and record as fast as you possibly could. That way you would get a similar effect to surfing as fast as you could.

Moments where everything all comes together without prior planning?

GP: Oh yeah! All the time! I mean, the whole story behind the "Lawrence Welk Is Dead/Elvis Presley" thing was kind of strange where the sequence of events—Lawrence Welk died after we produced the piece—and then other politicians started mentioning Welk and Elvis as well, like Perot and Al Gore.

And Johnny Carson? Did I hear Carson's voice coming out of George Bush's mouth?

JP: No. That was George Bush.

Are aural hallucinations a common complaint from EBN overexposure?

GP: Yes. [*heh heh*] We're studying these effects carefully.

Is that why "Lawrence Welk is Dead" is the only video to have "The End" at the end? Is that because this is the end of Lawrence Welk?

JP: We can't be sure.

Not as long as the signal doesn't degenerate too much in continued reproduction, right?

JP: Oh, we're always recycling bits from other tapes and recycling things we've already finished.

GP: It's an ongoing operation and all the results aren't in yet so we can't come to any conclusions.

More and more you guys are sounding like scientists regarding a petri dish of coagulating cultures. Do you see yourselves like that?

JP: Well, in the way that we like to make an unusual product and test it on our audience.

GP: The most surprising result is that people have been thanking us. As if people have felt manipulated by television for so long that they're just thanking us for, perhaps, reprocessing it and taking control of it ourselves. People are just so grateful for what we do and, for us, it just seemed to us to be a normal thing to do—sort of a natural thing to manipulate this barrage of media that comes in and overwhelms us everyday.

JP: But we also recommend regular exercise and a balanced diet as well.

Danny Clinch

Hiss CLICK! ... (CNBC continued)

"Emergency Broadcast Network—or EBN—is an alternative video, music and performance production company which specializes in the development of advanced audio/visual display systems which are used for the live performance of EBN material. These performances create a high-impact barrage of fully-integrated video/music created from network television sound bites and presented with the aid of specially-designed delivery systems..."
—*excerpt from EBN's "Operational Report"*

"The inspiration behind EBN was the marketing techniques of major corporations. We decided to get with the corporate audio-visual display style; we just increased the volume as much as we could." —*Joshua Pearson.* [*footage of the Parallax Corporation psychological evaluation test film from the 1974 film* The Parallax View]

Hiss CLICK! ... (PBS Special, *Law & the Arts*)

However, what one man calls collage, another calls copyright infringement. The case of rap music is well-known for the measures of old records ending up as the mainstay behind new ones. But what of the case of Image Piracy?

JP: We honestly don't see what we do as theft and robbery. We pay for cable service; we pay for the VCR; we pay for the tape we record on. The airwaves should be free; they're just particles traveling through space. We have the capability to drag them in—why not use them? We're also not repackaging MTV and selling it. We're making something genuinely new.

GP: A valid critique. This is our form of artwork.

Hiss CLICK! ... (MTV, *The Week In Rock*)

Encountering an EBN performance is something like seeing Max Headroom's world from his side of the box. Their first gig was at the New Music Seminar in '92, sandwiched between industrial bands, at the Palladium—a club whose video monitors come in blocks of twin 16-squares of TVs capable of zooming down and rotating independently. To call this the perfect debut venue for such a demonstration of media skills is to undercut what they accomplish with one screen and one video tape, their TVT Records release entitled *Commercial Entertainment Product.*

But the show itself was as about as dazzling a use of the 20th century's major addiction source as any you've ever seen. From the opening cut of "Psychoactive Drugs" (wherein Marilyn Quayle urges their use—spliced in with *Poltergeist*, a Balinese costume folktale/ballet, right-wing goad Pat Buchanan starting the phrase "Blown away..." which George Bush finishes with "...on drugs," through the finale of Bush doing his aforementioned-best to I-raq you, the smart bombs worked as well as smart drugs to get us normally ennui-laden music reporters, marketers, product managers and publicists utterly enraptured to this different drummer.

Which brings up their music: Hard Techno. Aside from the hip-hop of the scissored language, the sturdy 4/4 boxed beat and the goose-step march (underscored by the overscore of Steppenwolf's repeated riff intro from "The Pusher") enhance the almost totalitarian atmosphere of the military doublespeak you get from the Pentagon "unreleased file footage" of weapons' systems demonstration and G.I. Joe cartoons, broken only by Dan Quayle chopping in from a ceremony at Mayport Naval Station saying "Television sets are getting the job done," coming out of the roof-ratcheting eyerippers. Certainly, the rhythms programmed by Josh, Gard and Ron (who also does the live DJing) match any Nine Inches or Front Lines, but the way they are not only keyed *to* but

inspired and even triggered *by* the pictures changes the whole routine of "generate-the-sound-then-come-up-with-visuals" which is at the core of every other adMinistry. Snare rattles are inseparable from Mac-10s; howitzers perforce kick drums; high-buzz squirts of acid guitar come with the images of The Ex-Prez jamming with the late GOP national chairman Lee Atwater during an inaugural ball. Which says nothing of Yakety-Yak reedman Clinton.

At one show, in Boston, Josh became, perhaps, the first frontman to phone-in an appearance, having the screen stand-in and stand up for him (carrying the whole argument over lip-syncing into another realm entirely). When he is live—as at the performance space in NYC, The Kitchen—amid smoke billows and churning lasers alternating with rolling video monitors on either side of his central podium, Josh becomes the Politician From Hell when he charges out into the tiered seats with his bullhorn/radio-mike, intimidating the audience with bureaucratese and cryptospeak before syncing up with Harrison Ford (crosscut with Mariah Carey caught in one of her most shrieking klaxon screams and Dan Rather on some CNN conference footage snarling in syncopation "Sons of bitches... Keep your mouth shut") looped with his alarm from *Patriot Games*, "GET DOWN! GET DOWN!"

GP: That was from an idea we had about doing a piece that was intense...

JP: ...which conveyed the general state of emergency.

GP: We wanted to use pop icons as well and at the time, the trailers for the movie were on TV. We thought "This is perfect; this is where we can begin."

Hiss CLICK! ... (CNBC continued)

JP: ...an entirely natural evolution.

GP: We definitely made a progression from it, from a passive to an active role, at some point. I would say art school was an inspiring time, for a number of reasons. I remember early experiments that we did, turning the TV upside-down and turning the color—the darkness—way down and throwing the horizontal hold over and getting abstract patterns and hooking up a sample pedal to the cable box and grabbing little snippets and letting them go. Just sort of playing with television. But we all grew up fighting with siblings over who got to watch what and flipping around and I think that's where it all begins. Things like that—kids getting used to the whole format of TV.

So how did you share the controls when you were all living together?

GP: Well, seeing as how we had only one cable box and remote, it was whoever had it in hand. Sort of passing the baton. The TV's always on, and there's a blank tape in the deck. It would be great if they had a channel scanner for cable boxes, like they have for CBs.

But now that the communal life of dorms and a shared residence are behind you, it must be a lot more like going to a job.

JP: Yep! Grab a coffee...

GP: Puts in long hours too. Repetitive stress and thumb calluses. Hopefully, in the future, there'll be a cable channel where you'll get the abridged television of the day. Sort of condensed scanning where you'll be able to flip it on and get today's highlights at high speed. We hope there'll be an EBN channel someday. That will be the reprocessing channel.

What did you think of the Waco sound bombardment? It reminded me of one of your acts.

JP: It was curious—we performed a piece with Tibetan monks just before the Waco event. We want to defuse the weapon! We plan to experiment in a few clubs with sounds from Waco, like dentist drills, locomotives, rabbits being slaughtered, Tibetan monks, Nancy Sinatra, and Christmas carols.

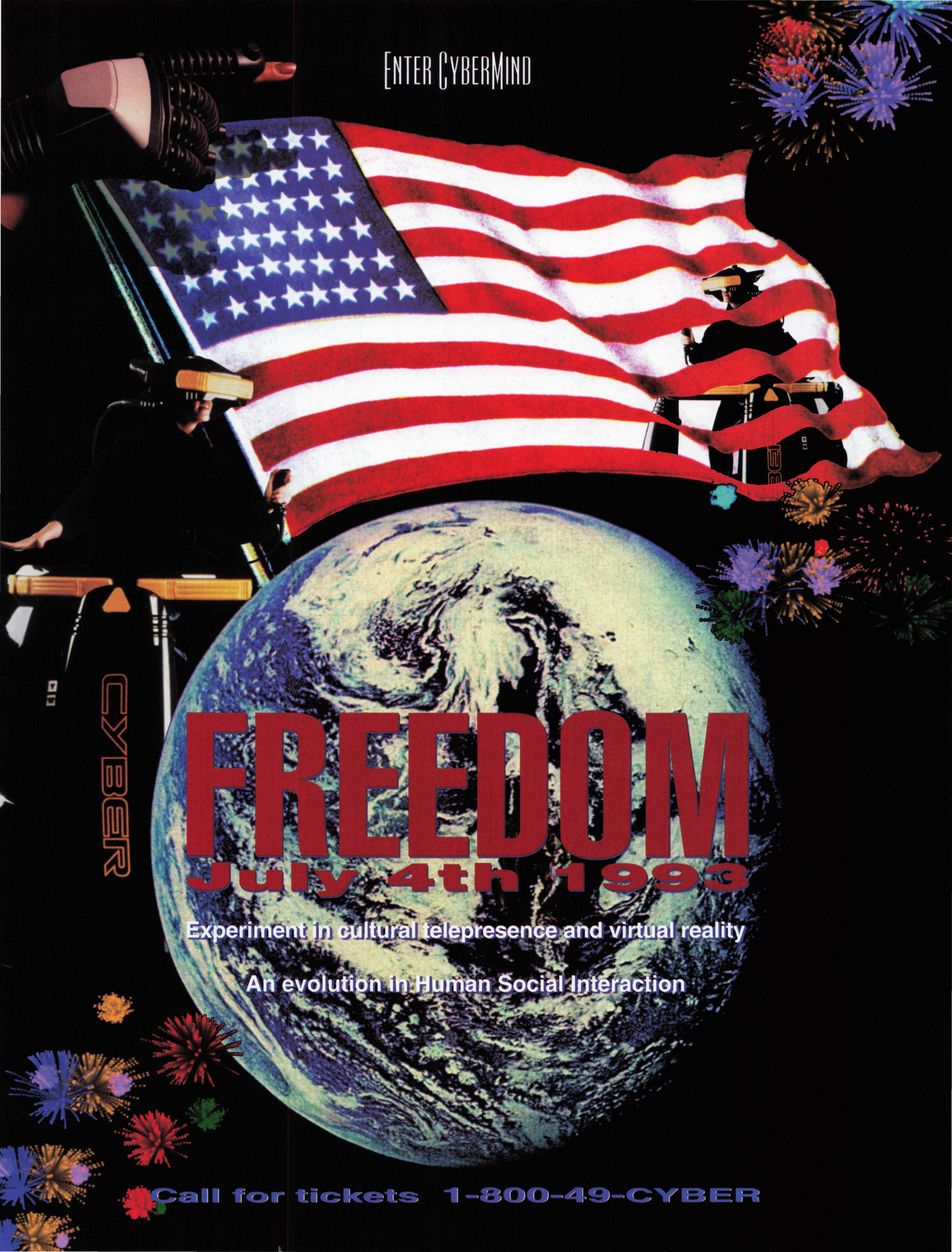
Hiss CLICK! ... (EBN STATION SIGN-OFF)

As EBN looks towards the future, a place where they know their substance will be welcome, there are plans for an Interactive CD-ROM in development; thoughts on possible inclusion of 3D effects; and, somewhere down the road, perhaps even an EBN theme park.

GP: Oh, the project began with a contest about what to do with surplus military hardware at these abandoned missile silos and we thought it was a perfect location, a perfect solution to the problem of converting the post-Cold War military-industrial complex to more of an entertainment-based complex. Basically to turn war technology into amusement rides, seeing as how they're already so awesome... Things like flight simulators morph perfectly into virtual reality rides...

As we end our broadcast day... CLICK!

Danny Clinch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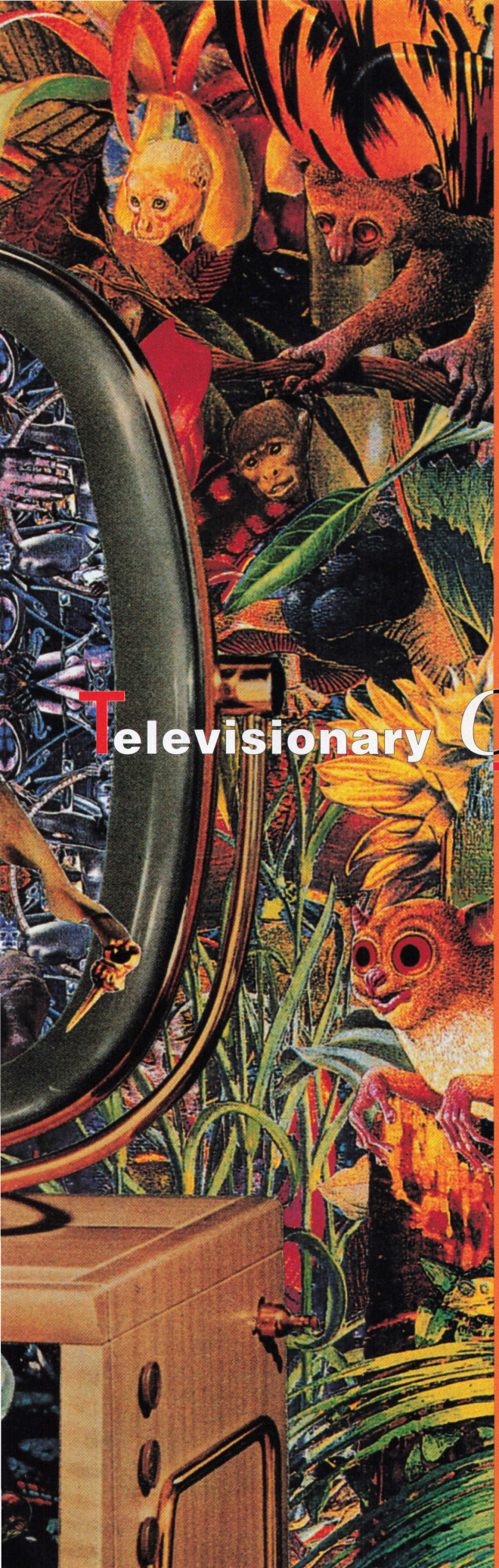


Televisionary Oracle

We're proud and excited to introduce you to the most ecstatically ascetic new toy of the post-Mediapocalypse era. You're about to commune with the world broadcast debut of the Televisionary Oracle. The Televisionary Oracle: It's not virtual reality. It's better. It's *virtuoso reality*. A sacred billion dollar commercial based on the story of your life—and designed to prevent the genocide of your imagination.

Beauty and truth fans, prepare to undo the black magic you've practiced on yourself. We guarantee you've never tasted or heard or seen or smelled or hallucinated anything like the Televisionary Oracle. Our telegenetically engineered, hormone-saturated airwaves will cook eleven-dimensional viral holograms directly into your pineal glands, inciting you to find your power spot in the Drivetime, that realm midway between the Dreamtime and the Waketime. Who says you can't have it all? The Televisionary Oracle will change your life forever with revolutionary new crimes of love that don't break any laws.

One thing before we start. As the Televisionary Oracle begins to tattoo your medulla oblongata, fight it a little. Resist. Flex your willpower once or twice. As much as we'd like you to become one with our gorgeous and healing propaganda, it's just not healthy, frankly, for you to surrender to the infomania of celebrities like us, who have, after all, billions of dollars of fabulous occult technology at our disposal to influence you to think like us. Ready? Here we go...

BY ROB BREZSNY

You are becoming very relaxed. All tension is flowing out of you into the good earth. Deep breaths fill your magic lungs with shocking blue oxygen. Every cell in your perfect animal body purrs with luminous gratitude. It's as if your chromosomes are having lucid dreams about superconductors. It's as if your mitochondria are turning into psychedelic mushroom clouds and radiating waves of erect relaxation through every strand of your DNA. Your eyes are growing very relaxed but you're not falling asleep. Nor are you falling into a trance. In fact, you've never felt better or more alert in your entire life.

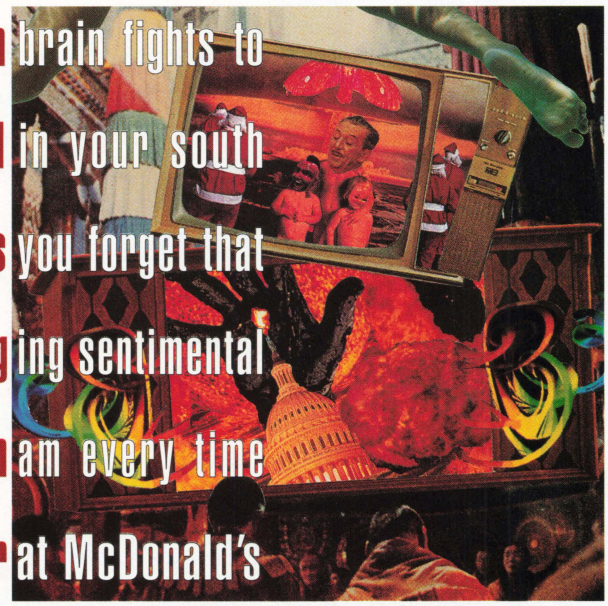
Continue to inhale deep breaths saturated with indigo bomb-clouds of love. As you exhale, slowly explode your head into an ever-more palpitating red buzz of relaxation. Become aware that your heart's beating is fueled by thermonuclear chain reactions that originate on the sun. Imagine that you were born without a soul so now you must create one. Pretend that God is a television camera in your pineal gland both watching and broadcasting you throughout all eternity. And remember that you always become what you pretend to be. *illustrations by James Koehnline*

OK. Pretend that you're dreaming, but you're also wide awake. You're both and neither. It's not exactly like an out-of-body experience and it's not exactly like virtual reality, yet it feels like both. You're now in the Drivetime, that fuzzy, slippery wormhole that connects the Dreamtime and Cyberspace.

You find yourself wandering in a sacred shopping mall that goes on forever. A voluptuous maze of living, breathing stores crowds your imagination with visions of your life being worthwhile after all. You go in and out and in and out of these consumer temples, each filled with magic carpets or vials of holistic crack or the Picasso-esque drawings of homosexual children or refrigerator magnets cast in the likeness of the Dalai Lama and containing his scent or the musical thigh-bones of nonjealous lovers greeting you with sweet death songs after you die.

Only one mistake. In you go to the screaming money-sweet lights of the store called Invisible Government of Bloody Disneyland. And suddenly the musical thigh bones of your nonjealous lovers are playing sour death songs about Vietnam, Iraq, Jonestown, Panama and Waco, Texas. Swastika'd United States Marines and Hell's Angels arrive out of nowhere. They gently seize you and escort you where—who cares, you're alive—on a roller coaster whose cars are golden Chevrolets. The Marines shout "Thou shalt make no graven images but ours" and they shoot their automatic weapons full of acid rain at Haitian versions of Mickey Mouse and Goofy and anyone else who they think looks funny. You cry so hard you laugh. At the end of the ride you find a coupon in a bloody, blown-off hand. It saves you 50 bucks, which you use to buy some prime Nicaraguan real estate.

The BBC in your north brain fights to out-entertain the CNN in your south brain, though neither lets you forget that Bruce Springsteen is singing sentimental love songs about Vietnam every time there's a mass murder at McDonald's



In the tunnel to Managua you have sex by accident with a handsome CIA tease. Is it David Koresh or an actor portraying David Koresh? He tortures you. He tickles you. He kidnaps you from the sacred shopping mall and steals you away to the Kentucky Fried Chicken Fort he's built over an old Mayan temple in Guatemala. He wants you to stay forever. He introduces you to his good friend, Davy Crockett, with whom he's making implements of torture in factories that are exact replicas of the Alamo. They sell their eye-gougers and scrotum-crushers and tapes of bunnies being slaughtered and Nancy Sinatra records to anyone who'll buy them, but especially the Guatemalan death squads that have built their empire on the burnt offerings of the Branch Davidian compound.

You've got to get away. You're becoming Koresh's mate. Every night he asks you to sleep with the freshest breath of any slave who's ever lived. Every morning he hands you over to his best friend, who tries to give you AIDS through the beautiful pictures of Mt. Rushmore you see reflected in his eyes. By day, when the men are away, you pray and pray to the most beautiful anchorslut in all the world. You beg her to ravish your television. You sing for her to float you away on a maternal sea of milk and blood and fire. Finally she responds, and the ancient Mayan videos start to flow, without language, without money, directly from her tongue to yours—videos of Teenage Mutant Ninja Barbies coming to your rescue, videos of 38,000 Diet Coke commercials drowning Koresh and Crockett while they sleep. On a salty day when the moon eclipses your shadow, you escape to the suburban streets of northern Mexico, which by this time is already American territory thanks to the new North American Free Trade Agreement.

You're dangerously safe. You have no food, no television, no job. You try to get a job but can't find one. You don't have the right cheekbones. Your ass is the wrong shape. You know too much about America's gift to El Salvador's generals, the bombers that can detect an infant's body heat from 40,000 feet up. At your job interviews you're humiliated, sometimes beaten. As you stumble in bloody abandon from yet another rejection, an African madonna steps out of a burning Pinto station wagon, hands you a note, and disappears. "Get rich quick. Welfare mothers rule the world. Call (415) 995-2670."

You call. The voice at the other end of the line tells you how to get rich quick as a single welfare mother. How to get a baby. How to find a man. Any man will do, but preferably a man who'll run away the moment you give birth. "When you're surrounded by ass-souls, sometimes you've gotta act like an asshole." You hang up, empowered. You buy a pink beret and launch your life as an asshole.

You find your man watching reruns of My Lai at the intersection of the Cherokee Trail of Tears and the Iraqi Highway of Death. He's nibbling the maggots that crawl from the videofax. He's a white heterosexual who's received affirmative action all his life. The seduction is simple: You show him a homemade porn video of Teddy Roosevelt slapping around Corazon Aquino. He's automatically yours.

Your fuck is instantaneous, and you get pregnant immediately. Nine months or maybe nine minutes later your labor begins. Your man goes into shock. Your animal trance petrifies him. The mask peeling away from your face makes his umbilical scar burn. Even before your baby girl's head bursts clear of your cunt, your man runs away.

The government subsidies start rolling in fast. It's a tidal wave of free money, a cash flow that never ends. You're rich, beyond your horniest dreams, you're swimming in money. Disposable diapers versus cloth diapers? Who the fuck cares? You're rich enough to buy silk diapers you use once and throw away. You're rich enough to buy 22 TVs, which the most beautiful anchorslut in the world ravishes daily. Bite by bite, her videos begin to devour the history of American terrorism in your dreams.

Uh-oh. Red-blooded American terrorists get wind of what you're up to. One morning you wake up to find a gang of drunken celebrity anchormen snooping around your bathroom window. They're saying you're the scourge, you're the sin, you're the catastrophe that's wrecking America's financial health. Tough love, they all say. And their audience starts chanting it too. Tough love. Tough love.

Steal something that's already
yours. Brainwash yourself before
somebody nasty beats you to it.
Feel global warming in your pants

The celebrity anchormen conspire. How can they punish you for being so greedy, for single-handedly bringing the free market system to the brink of a collapse as ignominious as Marxism's? Top evil advertising geniuses join the cabal. The CEO of Rosicrucian Coca-Cola signs on, and the Executive Marketing Director of the Invisible Government of Bloody Disneyland. In the end they're joined by the Chairman of the Board of Sick Magic from the new megaconglomerate Time-Warner-IBM-*New York Times*.

After midnight in the basement of the White House, the conspirators gather for occult rites, their naked white asses gleaming in the candlelight. A goat is dressed up like a Salvadoran midwife and forced to dance for their pleasure. They cut out the heart of a Guatemalan medicine woman and drink her blood. Their voices spiraling together in a chant, the "Star-Spangled Banner" sung backwards, they cast a totalitarian love spell on you and all your wealth. They conjure up a slew of new laws that say you've got to pay reparations to the *Fortune 500* companies or else get the hell out of the free market system.

You can't afford to wait for them to assault the mass audience with their propaganda. You have to take action. With your daughter in tow, you smuggle a double-headed matriarchal ax from ancient Crete aboard a 747. At the perfect moment, you announce "This is a skyjacking!" and you demand to be flown to the feminist paradise on the other side of the Bermuda Triangle. You're on your way! No more trickle-down genocide, starring Ollie North and Roberto D'Aubisson and Jeffrey Dahmer! No more thousand-dollar-a-plate spotted owl-and-dolphin dinners to raise funds for needy Bill of Rights molesters, starring Rush Limbaugh and the King of the Wild Frontier! No more reruns of the space shuttle blowing up again, dropping Agent Orange on all the abortion clinics while born-again Christians from the Pentagon molest Hopi children!

Let your daughter hold the ax for now. Are you truly ready to escape America? Take your right thumb and index finger and press lightly against your closed eyes until an eagle flies out of a black and blue fire in your brain. Place your left hand lovingly around your throat, call yourself playfully by name, and lie down. Kick your feet in the air like a child having an ecstatic temper tantrum, sneeze into an orgasm, and visualize your last moments in the womb. Pretend you were born without a soul so now you must create one. You're not in America any more! Are you?

I'm afraid it's not that easy. There's that one necrophiliac journalist at the back of the plane, that one not-quite-famous-enough image-looter whose life-long lust is to sell the ultimate story about mass death. This lust to be famous for describing a disaster overwhelms even his own desire to stay alive. He makes the call. On his cellular phone, surreptitiously, while you're distracted, the necrophiliac journalist reaches CNN and squeals on you, how you're about to escape trickle-down genocide forever.

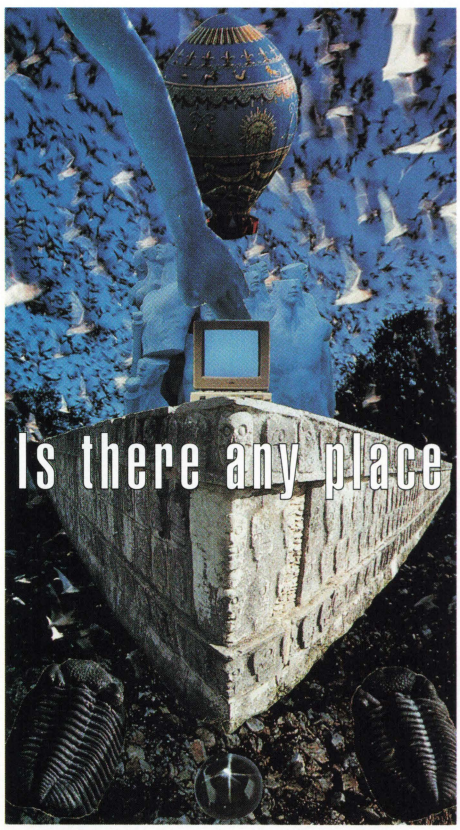
And within minutes, CNN has notified the Chairman of the Board of Sick Magic, who instantly sends a million tons of telegenetic smart bombs to knock you out of the sky. White geyser of videotaped explosion. Or is it real? Thunder of the videotape of a thousand waterfalls. Or is it real? A tunnel of blue light opens in front of you, and beckoning from the other side are your grandmother and Jim Morrison and JFK and Madonna and Mickey Mouse.

But praise Isis, your will-to-survive flowers, and you turn away from that tunnel of blue light. Your mushroom cloud-shaped parachute opens, and you and your daughter spiral down, landing finally at the new Disneyland in Baghdad—accursedly, just in time for the first Super Bowl ever to be played on foreign soil.

You're dismayed to find your brain still feels like a radio. The BBC in your north brain fights to out-entertain the CNN in your south brain, though neither lets you forget that Bruce Springsteen is singing sentimental love songs about Vietnam every time there's a mass murder at McDonald's, which often happens twice an hour, though it's never mentioned in the newspapers you read by the light of the napalm fires that burn steadily on the bodies of Kurdish refugees who've fled here in search of Obsession perfume and illicit frozen waffles.

Is there any place that's not America? Yes. But your nightmare had to be complete before you could find where that place is.

Take yourself back to the moment when you turned away from the tunnel of blue light. And now re-pretend. Pretend that you feel you and your daughter sky-diving again, but this time you're hurtling through a warm thick mist that tastes like mother's milk. Remember that deliciousness? Your psychedelic mushroom cloud-shaped parachute opens right on time and the two of you land softly on a warm, snowy hill. Feel yourself sliding down the hill with lucid exhilaration. At the bottom you come upon your lost love, who introduces you to the Buddha and the Virgin Mary. Together they remove your clothes and bathe you tenderly in a pool of their warm tears.



that's not America?

As you lie there perfectly nurtured with your eyes closed, you watch holographic cartoons starring you. You're Joan of Arc playing hopscotch with David Koresh; you're Einstein dancing on the grave of Dan Rather; you're the love child of Thomas Jefferson and his slave, Sally Hemmings, and you've hijacked the CNN telecommunications satellite; you're with your lost love, who's not lost any more. Your lost love whispers *relax and go deeper. Don't kill your ego. Multiply it by a hundred. Your personality is a performance. Invent whole new sets of memories. Always pretend you mean the opposite of what you're saying as well as what you're saying. Brag about what you can't do and don't have. Exaggerate your faults until they become virtues. Heal yourself by giving yourself more of the same germs that made you sick.*

Your lost love takes you by the hand and leads you away from the pool of warm tears to an ancient sacred temple overflowing with hilarious kundalini. Picture yourself there now, praying to a God that keeps changing Her name you pray, *Oh Dumb Fast Streamlined River of Electricity, All the things I believe in are wrong and yet I still have as much power as people who hate. Oh Smart Slow Smoldering Lump of Angel Fat Left Over from the Big Bang, make me disciplined enough to go crazy in the name of creation not destruction. Oh Psychedelic Mushroom Cloud at the Center of My Brain, brainwash me with Your freedom so that I never love my own pain more than anyone else's pain. Oh Ripe God, You Sly Universal Virus with No Fucking Opinion, I want to believe You're a Wealthy Anarchist Burning Heaven to the Ground.*

As long as you were afraid merely of your own physical death, your supernatural powers remained unavailable to you. But now that you're also scared shitless of the genocide of the collective imagination, you're free to do many things that were impossible for you before today.

Why wait any longer? Start breaking laws no one remembers. Take off your clothes to those you oppose. Build illusions that make people feel so beautiful they can't stand to be near you. Change your name every day for a thousand days. Cultivate a healthy erotic desire for a grotesque old person. Steal something that's already yours. Brainwash yourself before somebody nasty beats you to it. Use your nightmares to become rich and famous. Prove that God is queer one day a week. Burn down the dreamhouse where your childhood keeps repeating itself. Sing in the acid rain. Feel global warming in your pants. Stick out your tongue and cross your eyes and put on your funniest face and kick your own ass and UNDO THE BLACK MAGIC YOU'VE PRACTICED ON YOURSELF.

The request lines are wide open, televisionaries —more open than you think. The world is fresh, your soul is aching to be born, and a naked celebrity is dying to talk to you live. Just kidding. In actuality, the world is fresh, your soul is aching to be born, and a naked truth is dying to fuck your brains out if you'll only agree to barge into a state of televisionary ecstasy. And we do mean televisionary ecstasy; not just simpering pleasure, not just politically inept happiness, but a savvy delirium that propels you free of America forever.

You can have anything you want if you'll only ask for it in an unselfish tone of voice! Pretend to be crazy so you can get away with doing what's right! You will succeed where the paranoids have failed! Gravity sucks! Mutation of the fittest! Make something beautiful out of something ugly! Sing anarchist lullabyes to homosexual children! Buy your own pyramid! Learn the zen of temper tantrums! Visualize Mother Teresa at the moment of orgasm! No one believes you so you must be right! Stare at yourself in the mirror for hours! Eat money! This Bud's not for you! Use the word "asshole" as a term of endearment rather than of abuse! One hundred trillion neutrinos, cosmic rays, primordial gossip-songs and lascivious feminist vibrations are shooting through your body at this very second! Prepare for the most miraculous event of your life!

Now you can relax as deeply as you ever have in your life. Your subconscious mind is impregnated with your own personal version of the Televisionary Oracle. All blockages to your divine charisma have been removed. An abundant flow of creative ideas is moving through you easily and effortlessly. Your unique genius is about to be unleashed, allowing you to express your true potential.

And congratulations: You are now telepathically linked to millions of televisionary revolutionaries. You are one of the most creative persons who has ever lived. M2

Televisionary Oracle has been brought to you by **Rob Brezsny** of the **Televisionary Terroryst Netweb**. Also known as **Pope Artaud**, he's the seminal genius behind the savagely satirical performance band **World Entertainment War**, interviewed in MONDO issue **2**.

Come to Rotor Country.

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Big Business? If the Brain Implant has so much as one circuit in it made by General Electric or any other Huge Multinational Big Money Corporation—I want nothing to do with it. (Ponder the G.E. light bulb.)

Furthermore, you point to William Gibson's book *Neuromancer* and the idea of utilizing the implants for pleasure. The problems that that poses are endless. Sex and drug addiction notwithstanding, all one has to do is refer to Mr. Neil Postman's *Amusing Ourselves to Death* for more information on totalitarianism through indulgence in the pleasures of the flesh (mind?).

Brain Implants bring up the paradox discussed in David Cronenberg's film *Videodrome*. "Did the tumor cause the delusions or did the delusions cause the tumor?" How will Brain Implants be utilized to exact a purely evil form of "Psychic Capitalism" that will enslave and destroy from within?

Of course, the idea of Brain Implants is one of the most SciFi concepts discussed in the book so I doubt that you or I will see them in our lifetimes. Even though I am pretty young I will probably never have the opportunity to "Plug In" to the ultimate Nintendo Game System. (Although I am sure millions of ten year old white kids from the suburbs will all be into the next generation of Interactive Video Systems.) My Social Studies teacher can foresee a time in which the implants will be utilized for very totalitarian purposes. Picture a penal system in which the prisoners are locked in cells small enough to fatten veal in with a prisoner hooked up to an I.V. food source and an electronic system that allows him to lead a "normal" life within the realm of his own brain while his body (or as Mr. Gibson would say, "The Meat") atrophies and eventually dies. Can you say dystopia, boys and girls?

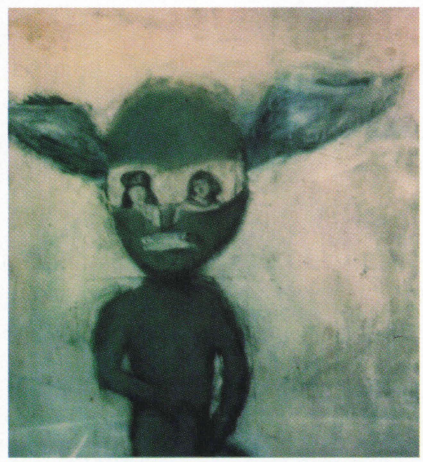
Some see the cyberpunk revolution as a liberator through technology ("Better Living through Chemistry"), but one can also foresee a future in which all of these advances are used to oppress people. It's all right to be excited about the prospects that technology holds but be wary of its potential for totalitarianism. Don't let your excitement about advances in technology blind you to its definite potential for danger.

Respectfully,
Matt Haber
Great Neck, N.Y.

P.S. Does this qualify as a rant?

Mondoids,

With considerable dread I admit that not only can I not specifically recall what the hell Epiphany is exactly (Three Wise Men? Resurrection? Birth of the Spanish Infanta?), but I'm not even going to bother looking it up. However, after some passable sex with one of the many current Mrs. Morettis, I lolled abed to peruse me first MONDO and discovered at least the Niña and the Pinta sailing round the truly hideous, relative-made afghan on top of the sheet.



Brains out there.

I'd cruised the net, early CB days on CServe, intermediate triremes chopping on what now are bland voyages to Poughkeepsie Strip Center in the Dodge SW. Even fingered thoughts of progressive VR but squeezed by familiar entropic laze, I slackéd.

But I read. Just moments before, geologically, I had been observing to another of the multitudinous Mrs. Morettis the reprehensibility of tying awunnerful awunnerful apparti (*chic ou non*) to such a crushed cerebellum cultural metaphor as the imperfectly conceived ideology of punque (may it never come to term, domina, domine). And indeed scanning personal forebrain space for methodologies to appropriately present coherent alternative sophical frameworks, I must admit to being taken entirely flat-neuroned unawares by the prodigious conflagration exhibited by what either were your readers or a truly Brobdignagian display of editorial verve and panache (perhaps Mr. Korzybski [the Younger, I presume] should consider this latter possibility, maybe as an orchestrated ploy to provide for the submission —and therefore denigration [being in that that which is said is devalued, as opposed to that which is left unsaid]—of his remarkable perspective.)

And I might say Mr. Koestler (does anyone out there remember Mr. Koestler?—not the Commie Koestler, Bo-Ring—but then that is the problem with commie stuff anyway, so bo-ring... Herr Marx hobbled by Victorian stylistics which curlicued away into antimacassar heaven and, most evil of all, ultimately gray-brown shifted the PR of the state of the masses which is gray-brown by nature by God, but had, say, Fred Astaire told us about Hegelian cultural progressions while attempting to maneuver the befreckled Ms. Rogers, we'd all have a very different view of economic iniquity—but the Ghostly Koestler, the epinephrinous Koestler) could well serve as a b(e)acon for some; put a candle in his forehead and he'd shine quite crisply, lots of meat there.

Vastnesses that could swallow Epictetus whole, we must... and I say again, we MUST collect the garbage (recycling is not necessary). Blake, the Houdinis and the hoodoos don't Know everything. Experience is experience, nothing more. And a good cigar is a smoke.

Until the passage of time and the coming of something else I remain

Very Trudy Yours,
F. Bonzo Moretti

P.S. (or any other DDL) Cash sent to me in care of the Editors should include a carbon (12) receipt... Don't Trust Anyone!

Goddess Mu, Giant Blue Butterfly Lady. Mu Olokukurtilisop of the Cuna people of Panama:

Mu is the name of the goddess who partheno-genetically produced the sun, then took him as a lover. From their union came the moon, whom she also mated with, producing the sky full of stars. Not satisfied, she took all the stars to her bed as well, giving birth to all living things on the planet. Japanese mu of the no-thing, no answer, non-dualism. Mu, the outsider in the world of logic. Mu is the answer when the question is wrong.

Have you any space for a resident mythologist?

Writhing in anticipation,
Willow Jesse James Biwer
Denver, CO

P.S. I'm sincere and that is my real name.

J. Hadley Hopper

WAKE UP MONDOIDS!

It's already too late and most of your sorry asses have missed the neon floating bus bound for the Big Revolution and it ain't coming back for you lost stragglers! The Revolution has been coöpted by the AUTHORITIES. The insectoid filth that calls itself the Law Enforcement Community has become computer literate and already logs on to half the subversive BBSs in the country. In these instances they confiscate the hardware within months, taking the users' names from the logs and enter that information in their pirated Inslaw software to keep tabs on your every move until the Fascist New World Order brainwashes the general public enough so that no one will care when they come looking for the subversive few (THIS MEANS YOU!!!) The rest of the seemingly subversive and/or "pornographic" BBSs are actually run by the Feds themselves, and they are just waiting for you to expose yourselves! This same ploy, using simpler technology was used twice by the Red Chinese; once in the 60's (Democracy Wall) and again in 1989 (remember how Tiananmen Square started?). Both times the ploy was successful there. Think it can't happen here? WAKE UP YOU SHITHEAD MONDO POST TOASTIE NEO-PSYCHEDELIC OPTIMIST FOOLS, IT'S ALREADY HAPPENING ON OTHER FRONTS!!!

It doesn't matter whether those fools in Waco, Texas who think this David Koresh is the Messiah are right or not. What matters is that the ATF (read Religious Cult Witch Patrol—remember, they're the same ones who went after the Jeffrey Lundgren Cult in Kirtland, Ohio) and the pansy puppet mainstream masturbating media have determined that anything outside Mom and Apple Pie cannot fit within this neo-communist country we call America. Since when is it necessary for an army to launch a surprise attack just to serve a warrant? And does anyone in the media ask these questions? How many among the general population have asked them? Why doesn't Clinton order the new Red Guard to go home? Bill the Cat Clinton has been brainwashed—just study the reversals in his policies ever since he first met with Bush in the White House to discuss the transition. TRUTH: The White House is controlled by the Gray Aliens who have been brainwashing all who set foot within.

Meanwhile the Network Media (ABC) has reported more cattle mutilations, showing the carcasses and the surgical precision with which the mutilations were rendered. They report the presence of helicopters in the area, and joke about UFOs having been sighted in the area. Was this story planted or did it slip through? And will New World Order Phase II follow shortly thereafter?

WAKE UP! The Eschaton has been Immanentized! The Prophet Marx was not wrong, he was just way ahead of his time. The Soviet Union's so-called Communist Revolution was a classic Bullshit Ploy developed by Lenin as an excuse to take control when he did. It was doomed to collapse, just as the sociopathic, neo-capitalist, military-industrial, shadow government/Ollie North/FEMA conspiracy now running this country is doomed! Recall (those of you who studied something other than technology in college) that Marx said the contradictions within the capitalist system would give rise to the revolution, and that the contradictions are that (1) labor is the source of all value and (2) that capitalism is defined by the trend

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toward capitalization of labor (ROBOTIZATION). Just as the revolution from Feudalism to Capitalism was linked with the technological transition from Agrarian economy to Industrial economy, so to will the next revolution be linked to knowledge of the Alien Technology.

Alien Technology means more than simply an end to the traditional distribution of wealth: it means the end to traditional notions of wealth altogether! Drop some Hydergine and suck on this for a while: If Labor is the source of all value, and if all labor is (someday) replaced by intelligent machines, including robotics and desktop manufacturing, and if free energy can be derived from the earth's magnetic fields or stable elements in the 115 atomic weight range, and if the solar system and the rest of the Universe offer an infinite supply of raw materials, and if the near vacuum of space means it COSTS NO ENERGY TO REMAIN IN MOTION then money will cease to have value! The initial capital investment will be distributed across an infinite range of products and services. THE ESTABLISHMENT KNOWS THIS and is attempting to maintain tight control over knowledge of the Alien Technology and eliminate all freedom in the Net. It is also suppressing all information about the Space Elevator, proposed by Arthur Clark and Soviet scientists back in the 60's. So WATCH OUT. The Police State is HERE and it will be necessary to keep those who know this (which now includes YOU) IN LINE.

It is essential to the ESTABLISHMENT PLAN to maintain low enough standards of living in the Third World to perpetuate cheap labor and low government regulation so as to put off the INEVITABLE ROBOTIZATION as long as possible. High unemployment in America is acceptable to them even if it means a massive social welfare program so long as the concept of money and limited wealth is perpetuated. Even governmental bankruptcy is tolerable so long as the fiction of the necessity of money is perpetuated! Therefore, these Third World populations must be kept educated enough and healthy enough to provide a reliable labor pool, but remain poor enough and stupid enough and culturally isolated enough to be insulated from the subversive free flow of information which will inevitably cause their liberation. This is an impossible task. If you read this then that will be proof that MONDO has not yet been coöpted by the corrupt, alien-controlled media machine. The truth is that once everyone is plugged into the Net and desktop manufacturing is also plugged into the Net, the revolution will be unstoppable and infinite wealth will be at hand. Workers' control of the means of production means democratic and free access to the robot-linked Net PLUS democratic access to spacefaring technology. You must do your part: demand access to information about the alien technology; disseminate this information as holographically as possible throughout the Net. Keep hidden backups of all such information. Demand to see the ALL the ORIGINAL MJ-12 documents. Remember: the revolution need not be violent, but judging by the way the ATF operates, the Government will make it violent. You know what to do.

Conspiratorially,
Eva Lou Shown

Dear MONDO,

On March 17, I was in Washington D.C. drinking champagne among palm trees by candlelight in perhaps the most friendly and eclectic gathering ever held in a Senate hearing room. The event was held to celebrate the tenth anniversary of the Institute for Security and Cooperation in Outer Space (ISCOS), which also happened to be the tenth anniversary of the Strategic Defense Initiative (SDI) or Star Wars program. It was vaguely surreal. Senators and Congress staffers, UN, international embassy and aero-space-defense industry representatives, environmental, global education and technology experts. Mixing with them were spiritual masters, economists, defense consultants, executives, and scientists, Russians, peace activists, astronaut Dr. Edgar Mitchell, Senator Tom Harkin (D-Iowa), a high-level SDI officer in blue uniform with medals, and the Ambassador from Moscow Yuri Rhyzov.

After a conversation with Russian nuclear physicist and Embassy Secretary of Science and Technology Anatoly Shurygin (based at the Russian embassy in Washington, D.C.), I excused myself from the dinner table to literally throw up (twice!). He had just come from a

"successful" meeting in the White House and Pentagon to push a new Russian position supporting cooperation on building "offensive space-based weapons and nuclear technology in space—to build trust," he said. I knew that nuclear technology is being considered for deep space, but near-term nuclear technologies present such risks! Never had I imagined that the Russian position would change—or that the Russians would want to build what they had long argued to be threatening, destabilizing and financially-draining.

Meanwhile, I discovered in another conversation that retiring head of the Joint Chiefs of Staff head Colin Powell is lobbying to move control of space technologies from the Space Command in Colorado Springs to the U.S. Strategic Command, the boys who control missiles, bombers and warfare. *This one action would close off the space frontier to world cooperation and peaceful applications FOREVER.*

Clinton and Gore have broken the promise of honored guest Sen. Tom Harkin, who will soon introduce the Outer Space Protection Act. Harkin had committed during the Presidential campaign that if the Democrats get elected there would be no Star Wars! Clinton seems to want close to $4 billion added to the $30 billion in the space-based weapons R&D program, a mere cutback from the $6 billion for '94 Bush wanted. No mention of signing a verifiable world treaty to ban all weapons from space, agreed to by all former Russian leaders! Yeltsin wants to build a Global Protection System, now part of the SDI space-based weapons program, with Clinton to "control space." Russian leadership seems to be desperate to build good relationships, and perhaps would do almost anything for assistance, expanded business and trade, a seat in NATO, democracy and capitalism.

Why haven't we been able to achieve a space weapons ban? Everyone agrees that the system is strategically unnecessary and financially draining. Plus, there *are* alternatives. We have a small window for survival, in which we can take action to preserve our space sanctuary for civilian, commercial and peaceful military applications. (Note: much of the military and SDI technology *is of value*—SDI has been the largest R&D program in recorded history; economists and conversion advisors must realize that the SDI can be converted and expanded *under a different mandate*—our evolution into space WITHOUT SPACE WEAPONS.)

We are all in trouble, in this country and all over the world. Old-paradigm decisions to fund space-based weapons or to cut back on aero-space-defense jobs are obsolete. As Sen. Dale Bumpers (D-Ark) said, "SDI will not protect the United States against bombers, will not protect us against cruise missiles... and it certainly is not going to protect us against terrorists like the guy in New York."

The new paradigm, available to this administration and to all of us, is a cooperative world space program to build a world space station by pooling our resources. We can stop designing hundreds of space battlestations with nuclear propulsion and thousands of powerful weapons pointed down all our throats, and start instead to build a truly global satellite monitoring system, global space habitats, space hospitals, hotels, schools, farms, industries, labs, elevators and crafts to explore the universe together.

This is your wakeup call. We must take action on this issue before one unverifiable weapon is placed over our heads. We don't have much time, since nuclear space technologies are scheduled to be tested in '94 and '95. Star Wars has already begun on the garden island of Kauai; Grand Forks and Omaha are gearing up.

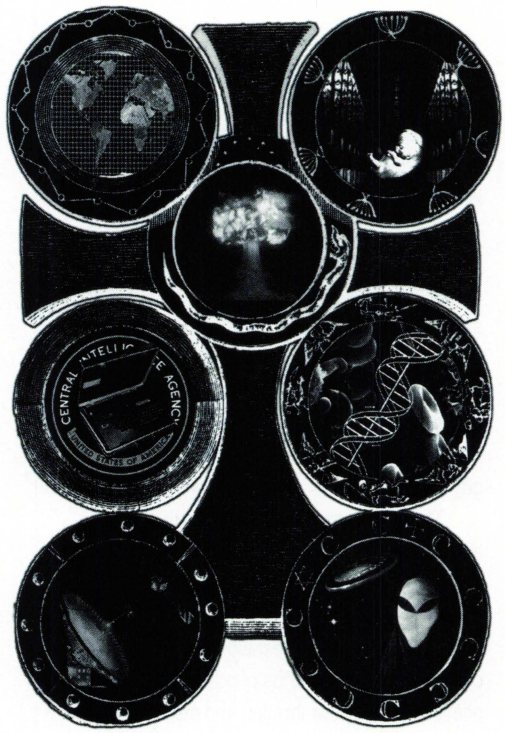
Senator Harkin needs to hear that you support his Outer Space Protection Act. Demand that your Congressional representatives stop funding space-based weapons R&D and start funding the space program in a big way to create jobs and peace on earth. Demand that Clinton and Gore sign an immediate world treaty, starting with Russia and inviting all nation-state leaders to verifiably ban all weapons from space.

Sincerely,
Carol Rosin, ISCOS President
ISCOS, 4053 San Rafael Ave., Los Angeles, CA 90065, vox: (213) 225-1999, fax: (213) 227-7797

ISCOS (Institute for Security and Cooperation in Outer Space) is a non-profit organization founded in 1983. M2

Spidereggs
©david fremont '93
episode 2: Bubbo's Dream
Had a bad dream last night
I was in a strange eatery...
May I take yer order?
a cup of ice cubes 'n mayo
a rodent-like elf appeared at my table...
please adhere to my boner
I stabbed him in the eyebrow with a straw...
Suddenly I was in the back of a pick-up truck with a gigantic human headresembling screenwriter Joe Eszterhas
a zillion tiny critters flew out of his nostrils...
I woke up and an alien was making breakfast. He made eggs, they were good
Where'd you get this nice oven mitt, bubbo?
from my granny now please leave my home
STEEL POLE BATH TUB

XANDOR SPEAKS: THE REAL SEVENTH SEAL



Heide Foley

DEAR HAPLESS BLEATING SACRIFICIAL LAMBS: This may be my last communication. We're on a collision course with the Eschaton. Time and complexity are going asymptotic as we accelerate toward the Singularity. Evil too accelerates: the one-world Illuminati have recently struck two more heartless heavy blows intended to test public reaction, serve as a **warning to renegade armed survivalists**, mind-manipulate us all into **apocalyptic mega-paranoia**, and justify total takeover by the secret government.

A mininuke blew up the World Trade Center. This is the most media-suppressed story in history. Mininukes can be as small as a matchbox, totally undetectable in diplomatic pouches, invulnerable even to airport inspection. It's called an Israeli Briefcase Bomb. Publishing titan Robert Maxwell, working with the Mossad, had a virtual *catalog* of the things. It was all predicted by Dr. Theodore Taylor (who invented miniaturized atomic bombs for the AEC) 20 years ago in *The Curve of Binding Energy* by John McPhee. Meanwhile, Russian **plutonium and nuke secrets have become hot commodities right now on the international black market**.

There is NO known protection against mininukes. They can be carried anywhere without detection. The New World Order now has the perfect cover to suspend the Constitution and clamp down on our few remaining freedoms. Privacy will be under siege as never before in the interests of "preventing the next holocaust." And, in fact, terrorists *could* be planning the next mininuke strike ANYWHERE, ANYTIME. Watch for that telltale double flash. You may have only seconds to take cover from the shock wave.

In the meantime, how long will we sit and watch our elected leaders once again conducting civilian PSYOPS and burning children—this time our own? (Are they not ALL our own?)

Koresh, like Jim Jones, was (is?) a CIA puppet/master brain-washer/social-engineer apocalyptic messianic figure burned at tribal purification rites. Like Jonestown—another CIA mind-control living laboratory—they destroyed the evidence.

Significantly, Koresh was named after a Persian King who overthrew ancient Babylon—currently Iraq. All the secret illuminated societies trace their lineage to Satan-worshiping Babylon. Is all this merely another sociocryptographic level in a complex fractal self-similar hierarchy of conspiracies within conspiracies? (The Illuminati *must* have their little sick jokes.) Koresh is in fact an **alien *agent provocateur* assigned to trigger media obsession with the Apocalypse in preparing earth people for the alien takeover.** The next target, predicts conspiratologist Vladimir Terziski, could easily be **Elizabeth Clare Prophet, another CIA-inspired religious manipulator running a heavily-armed doomsday survivalist cult in Montana from underground bunkers.** Also, expect a **secret New World Order UFO summit at the UN on Oct. 22.**

Aliens are now becoming dangerously "pro-life." In *Secret Life* (Simon & Schuster), Dr. David Jacobs of Temple University reveals their secret plan: **the Aliens are stealing sperm and eggs from millions of people every year and conducting complex reproductive experiments involving in vivo fertilization, partial gestation in the human mother, and incubation.** What he *doesn't* say: it's done in **huge vats in the vast underground archipelago of secret-government Frankensteinian research labs manned by gray-alien Igors. Objective: to produce a race of hybrid human-aliens that will repopulate the planet after AIDS eliminates the undesirable genetic strains.** The children, who are occasionally brought to their abducted parents for contact, are described as Modigliani-like—pale, blond and elongated in appearance. *Have you seen them lately?*

Why did our government move into Waco like exterminators? Because they're scared shitless. And now they're moving in on *us*. **Warning: don't call that 800 number that tells if your phone is tapped—they'll tap your phone!** Now kiddies, I'm going to reveal something that the government has been keeping ultra-secret: **a clandestine FEMA operation run from over 100 underground bases around the country, linked by invisible laser beams to satellites.** The purpose of these bases is to take over ALL communications in event of an "emergency." Now you know why FEMA doesn't have resources available for hurricanes, urban uprisings or the coming mayhem of **yet another Bilderberger/Illuminati-engineered stock market crash...**

Everything you *think* you know is wrong. Clinton gives 1.6 billion to Yeltsin. Nuclear blackmail?—or just courting new markets? Already, the **Soviets have sneakily established the Western White House** in the San Francisco Presidio, the new headquarters of the new-world-order/secret government/Western Regional Command run by MDMA-munching Gorbachev from his new palace (regally presiding over the Pacific, paid for by taxes levied by our greedily rapacious, lying-bastard, children-murdering, Bilderberger-controlled Mr. Slick Willie and his cabal of sleazoid snakeoil salesmen), the same Gorby who is running the shadow ecofascist Green Cross, a cover for genetic research into patenting of novel life forms under alien control and colonial looting of the earth's few remaining resources before *it's lights out, children*!

It's 10 p.m. Do you know *who* your children are?

— Xandor Korzybski

The GEMSTONE FILE

Cover art by James Koehnline

Finally the legendary "Skeleton Key to the Gemstone File" is *in print* after nearly twenty years of underground circulation. It's an intricate web of conspiracy theory detailing the sinister connections and internecine infighting of some of the most famous figures of our times: Howard Hughes, Aristotle Onassis, the Rockefellers, Kennedys, Mafia, and the C.I.A.

Buttressed with notes and commentaries by Robert Anton Wilson, Jonathan Vankin, and Kerry Thornley. Featuring an interview with Stephanie Caruana who compiled the original Skeleton Key from Bruce Roberts' monumental files. Edited by Jim Keith.

"The scales will fall from your eyes!" -Queen Mu

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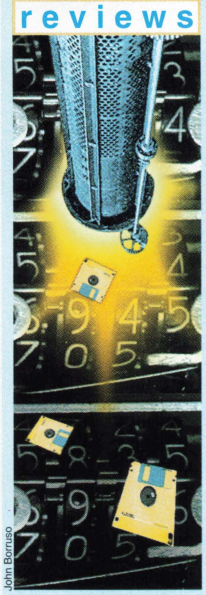


John Borruso

REX NEBULAR AND

Chris Hudak

Rex Nebular and the Cosmic Gender Bender
Publisher: MicroProse
Requires: IBM or compatible, VGA/Super VGA

Just a question, for nostalgia's sake: remember this?

```
As your hands tighten on the
bar, the troll moves below
the catwalk, directly under-
neath you.

>DROP IRON BAR OFF CATWALK

You can't drop an iron bar off
that!

>DROP IRON BAR

Where do you want to drop it?

>DROP IRON BAR DOWN ONTO TROLL

You used the word 'onto' in a
way I don't understand.

>DROP IRON BAR ON TROLL.

You can't see any troll here.

>THROW IRON BAR AT TROLL

The troll is below you!

>AAARRRRGHHH DROP THE FUCKING
BAR ON THE FUCKING TROLL RIGHT
FUCKING NOW BEFORE I KICK THE
FUCKING CRT IN.

You can't throw a fucking bar
at that!
```

If you want a game that's more than just reflexes and rapid-fire—but still have nightmares

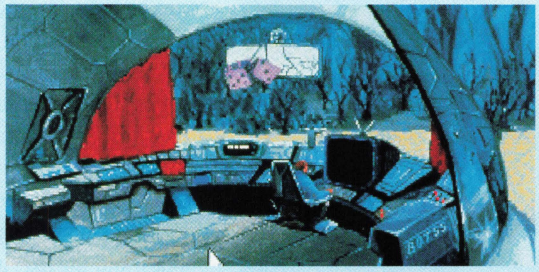
about this kind of thing with exploration/adventure games—you're gonna *love* the point-and-apply interface which is just one of the really cool things about MicroProse's latest, *Rex Nebular and the Cosmic Gender Bender*. You're Rex Nebular, a swash-buckling, bumbling space boob of a hero who comes off like some weird fusion of Buck Rogers, Han Solo and Leisure Suit Larry. While in search of a rare missing artifact, The Slippery Pig (your starship) is knocked out of the sky by an extremely hostile if scantily-clad crew of extraterrestrial females who have apparently left their humdrum careers as *Playboy* models to enter the much more dynamic field of stellar border patrol. Thus begins your quest as, sitting on the bottom of an alien ocean with the charred, twisted remains of your ship, you set about logically and systematically determining (A) where the hell you are, (B) who the lovely, naked girl your remote probe has detected is, (C) what her measurements are, and (D) what, among the festering

THE COSMIC GENDER BENDER

dirty laundry, culturing half-eaten sandwiches and girlie posters in your cabin might be useful to take along before your reserve power—a hamster on a treadmill—fails and your entire ship blows sky-high, (E) what the "Gender Bender" might be and how you can avoid it, and (F) what Bruce Willis might do in a situation like this. [The answers, by the way, are (A) someplace bad, (B) somebody nice, (C) 36 by 78 pixels, (D) I can't tell you *everything*, now can I? (E) I, thankfully, never got that far, and (F) smirk cherubically.]

While anybody will enjoy the easy, slick DTTT (Do This To That) interface, colorful screens and the funny, Douglas Adams-esque dialogues, make no mistake about the fact that Rex Nebular is a game for *guys*. Yes, *guys*—guys with big dreams, big passions, and big... pocket protectors. This isn't *Masterpiece Theatre*, it's *The Benny Hill Show*, you follow me? (Not that I'm complaining. Actually, there are three increasing "naughtiness" levels to choose from before you start play, but speaking for my own honor you should know that I, personally, never so much as looked at the first two).

All that aside, this is some of the best play *and* variety *and* fluidity this side of CD-ROM



games. The situations are VERY involving (I won't reveal more than to say there was one particular kleptomaniacal creature which after thirty-five minutes I so frustratingly wished to kill that I had to leave the room and cool down with a Jolt Cola), the jokes are great, and best of all there aren't any key commands to memorize and master, nor any arcane, choppy syntax to wade through. Which is just as well, otherwise twenty minutes into the game you'd have something like...

```
> GET NATIVE BABE INTO THE SACK

She won't fit.  You must take something out
first.
```

or

```
>NAIL NATIVE BABE

You don't see any nails here.
```

or

```
>PICK UP WAFFLE IRON AND GUN AND SHOOT THE TROLL

What, shoot the troll with the gun or the waffle
iron?
```

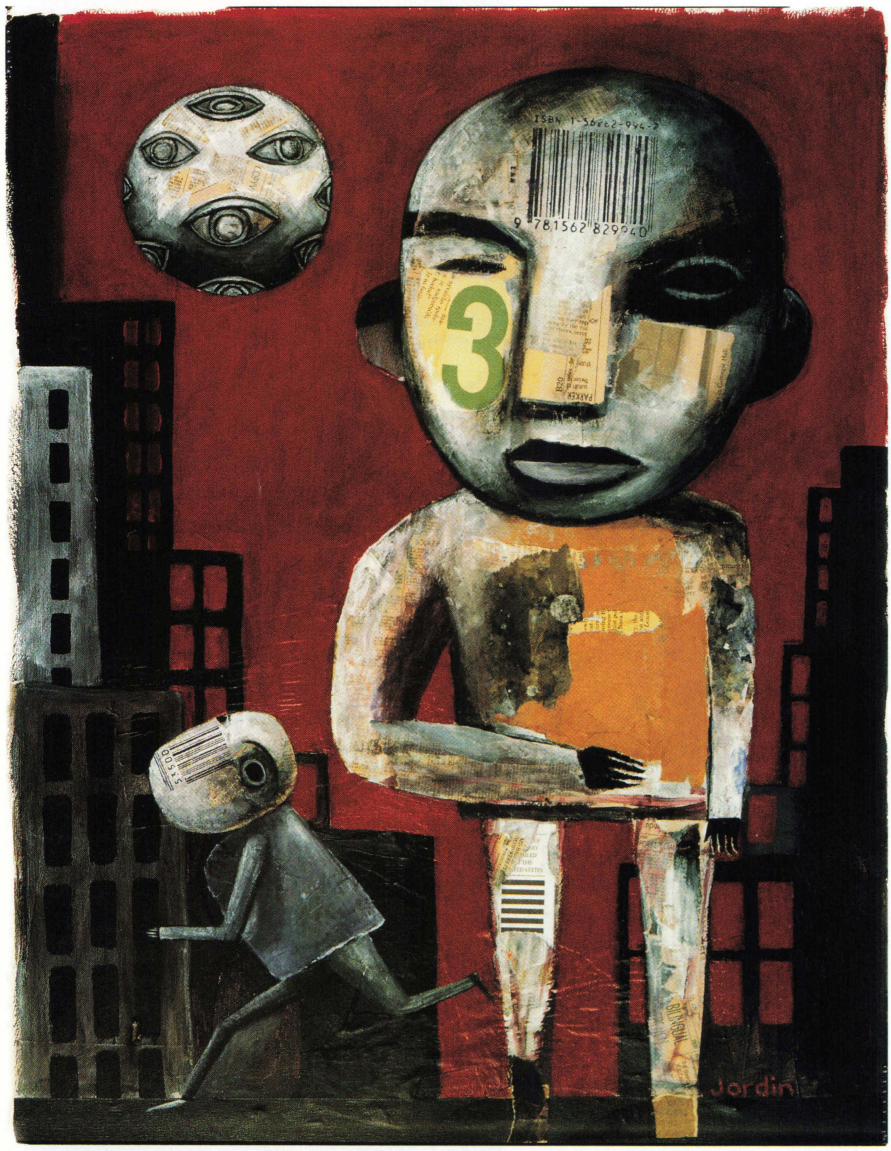
or

```
>APPROACH HOSTILE FEMALE AND PROTECT GROIN THIS
TIME
```

See what I mean? It's *much* better this way. M2

Scanscape

L.A.'s Ecology of Fear



by Mike Davis • illustration by Jordin Isip

Is there any need to explain why fear eats the soul of Los Angeles? In the wake of the Rodney King riots, the rhetoric of urban reform persists, but the substance is extinct. "Rebuilding L.A." simply means padding the bunker.

As city life grows more feral, different milieux adopt security strategies and technologies according to their means. Video monitoring of Downtown's redeveloped zones has been extended to parking structures, private sidewalks, plazas, and so on. This comprehensive surveillance constitutes a virtual *scanscape*—a space of protective visibility that increasingly defines where white-collar office workers and middle-class tourists feel safe Downtown. Inevitably the workplace or shopping mall video camera will become linked with home security systems, personal "panic buttons," car alarms, cellular phones, and the like, in a seamless continuity of surveillance over daily routine. Indeed, yuppies' lifestyles soon may be defined by the ability to afford electronic guardian angels to watch over them. In the meantime, these hard times are boom years for the makers of video surveillance technology.

Tall buildings are becoming increasingly sentient. The sensory system of the average office tower already includes panoptic vision, smell, sensitivity to temperature and humidity, motion detection, and, in some cases, hearing. Some architects now predict the day when the building's own AI security computer will be able to automatically screen and identify its human population, and, even perhaps, respond to their emotional states (fear, panic, etc.). Without dispatching security personnel, the building *itself* will manage crises—and, when all else fails, the smart building will become a combination of bunker and fire-base.

Beyond the scanscape of the fortified zone is the halo of barrios and ghettos that surround Downtown Los Angeles. In the words of historian Kevin Starr: "This is, of course, the *Blade Runner* scenario: the fusion of individual cultures into a demotic polyglotism ominous with unresolved hostilities."

Back in the 1920's, when Social Darwinism held sway at the University of Chicago, Prof. Ernest W. Burgess created a dartboard schematic of the "North American city" that has been called "the most famous diagram in social science." It represents the five concentric zones into which the struggle for the survival of the fittest supposedly sorts urban social classes and housing types. It portrays a "human ecology" organized by biological forces of invasion, competition, succession and symbiosis. My remapping of the urban structure takes Burgess back to the future. It preserves such "ecological" determinants as income, land value, class and race, but adds a decisive new factor: fear.

In contemporary metropolitan Los Angeles, a new species of special enclave is emerging in sympathetic synchrony with the militarization of the landscape. For want of a better term, we might call them "social control districts" (SCDs). Merging the sanctions of the criminal or civil code with land-use planning, they create what Michel Foucault would undoubtedly

have pegged as further instances of the evolution of the "discip-linary order" of the twentieth-century city.

Currently existing SCDs can be distinguished according to their juridical mode of "spatial discipline." *Abatement* districts, currently enforced against graffiti and prostitution in sign-posted areas of Los Angeles and West Hollywood, extend the traditional police power over nuisance (the legal fount of all zoning) from noxious industry to noxious behavior. Because they are self-financed by the fines collected or special sales taxes levied (on spray paints, for example), abatement districts allow homeowner or merchant groups to target intensified law enforcement against specific local social problems.

Enhancement districts, represented all over Southern California by the "drug-free zones" surrounding public schools, add extra federal/state penalties or "enhancements" to crimes committed within a specified radius of public institutions. *Containment* districts are designed to quarantine potentially epidemic social problems, ranging from that insect illegal immigrant, the Mediterranean fruit fly, to the ever increasing masses of homeless Angelenos. Although Downtown L.A.'s "homeless containment zone" lacks the precise, if surreal, sign-posting of the state Department of Agriculture's "Medfly Quarantine Zone," it is nonetheless one of the most dramatic examples of an SCD. By city policy, the spillover of homeless encampments into surrounding council districts, or into the tonier precincts of the Downtown scanscape, is prevented by their "containment" (official term) within the over-crowded Skid row area known as Central City East (or the "Nickle" to its inhabitants). Although the recession-driven explosion in the homeless population has inexorably leaked street people into the alleys and vacant lots of nearby inner-ring neighborhoods, the LAPD maintains its pitiless policy of driving them back into the squalor of the Nickle.

The obverse strategy, of course, is the formal *exclusion* of the homeless and other pariah groups from public spaces. A spate of Southland cities, from Orange County to Santa Barbara, and even including the "Peoples' Republic of Santa Monica," recently have passed "anti-camping" ordinances to banish the homeless from their sight. Meanwhile Los Angeles and Pomona are emulating the small city of San Fernando (Richie Valens' hometown) in banning gang members from parks. These "Gang Free Parks" reinforce non-spatialized sanctions against gang membership (especially the recent Street Terrorism Enforcement and Prevention Act or STEP) as examples of "status criminalization" where group membership has been outlawed—even in the absence of a specific criminal act.

Status crime, by its very nature, involves projections of middle-class or conservative fantasies about the nature of the "dangerous classes." Thus in the nineteenth century, the bourgeoisie crusaded against a largely phantasmagorical "tramp menace," and, in the twentieth century, against a hallucinatory domestic "red menace." In the middle 1980's, however, the ghost of Cotton Mather suddenly reappeared in suburban Southern California. Allegations that local daycare centers were actually covens of satanic perversion wrenched us back to the seventeenth century and the Salem witch trials. In the course of the McMartin Preschool molestation case—ultimately the longest and most expensive such ordeal in American history—children testified about molester-teachers who flew around on broomsticks and other manifestations of the Evil One.

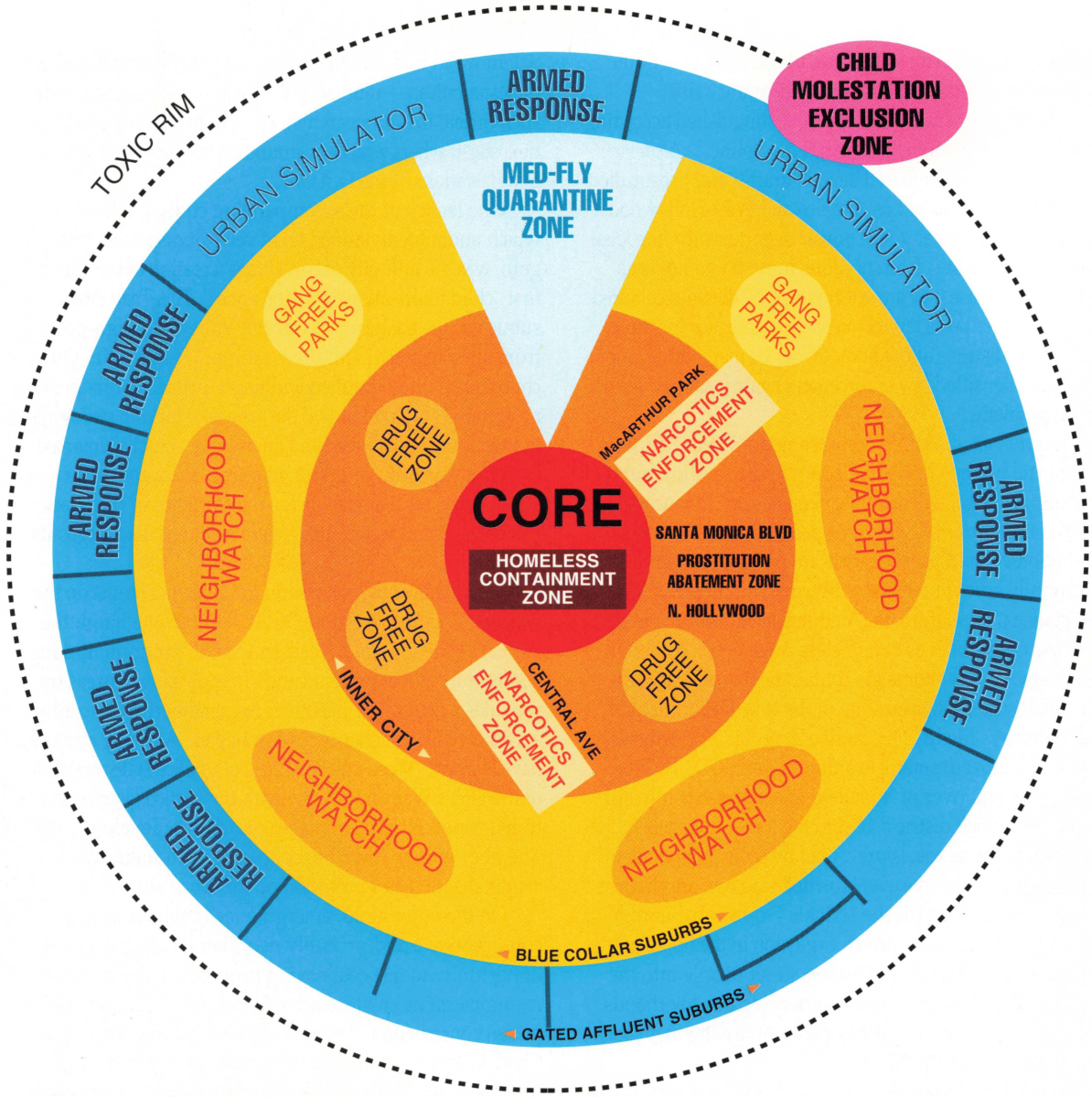
One legacy of the accompanying collective hysteria, which undoubtedly mined huge veins of displaced parental guilt, was the little city of San Dimas' creation of the nation's first "child molestation exclusion zone." This *Twin Peaks*-like suburb in the eastern San Gabriel Valley was sign-posted from stem to stern with the warning: "Hands Off! Our children are photographed and finger-printed for their own protection." I don't know if the armies of lurking pedophiles in the mountains above San Dimas were actually deterred by these warnings, but any mapping of contemporary urban space must acknowledge the existence of such dark, Lynchian zones where the *social imaginary* discharges its fantasies.

Meanwhile, post-riot Southern California seems on the verge of creating yet more SCDs. On the one hand, the arrival of the federal "Weed and Seed" program, linking community development funds to anti-gang repression, provides a new set of incentives for neighborhoods to adopt exclusion and/or enhancement strategies. As many activists have warned, "Weed and Seed" is like a police-state caricature of the 1960's War on Poverty, with the Justice Department transformed into the manager of urban redevelopment. The poor will be forced to cooperate with their own criminalization as a precondition for urban aid.

On the other hand, emerging technologies may give conservatives, and probably neo-liberals as well, a real opportunity to test cost-saving proposals for *community imprisonment* as an alternative to expensive programs of prison construction. Led by Heritage Institute ideologue Charles Murray—whose polemic against social spending for the poor, *Losing Ground* (1984), was the most potent manifesto of the Reagan era—conservative theorists are exploring the practicalities of the *carceral city* depicted in sci-fi fantasies like *Escape from New York.*

Murray's concept, as first adumbrated in the *New Republic* in 1990, is that "drug-free zones for the majority" may require social-refuse heaps for the criminalized minority. "If the result of implementing these policies is to concentrate the bad apples into a few hyper-violent, anti-social neighborhoods, so be it." But how will the underclass be effectively confined to its own "hyper-violent" super-SCDs and kept out of the drug-free Shangri-las of the overclass?

One possibility is the systematic establishment of discrete *security gateways* that will use some biometric criterion, universally registered, to screen crowds and bypassers. The "most elegant solution," according to a recent article in *The Economist*, "is a biometric that can be measured without the subject having to do anything at all." The individually unique cart-wheel pattern of the iris, for example, can be scanned by hidden cameras "without the subject being any the wiser." "That could be useful in places like airports—to check for the eye of a Tamil Tiger, or anybody else whose presence might make security guards' pupils dilate."



This essay is an excerpt from Mike Davis' Beyond Blade Runner: Urban Control, The Ecology of Fear. It was published as pamphlet #23 in the Open Magazine Pamphlet Series in December of 1992. Founded by Greg Ruggiero and Stuart Sahulka, Open Media is dedicated to countering media infotainment, government propaganda, and the corporate control of culture. To date, they have published such incisive authors as Davis, Noam Chomsky, Howard Zinn, and Manning Marable.

Under the rubric of The Immediast Underground, they have also published Seizing the Media*—the first in a series of incendiary treatises calling for "the liberation of public space from all forms of advertising and coercive communication." Greg and Stuart can be reached at: Open Media, P.O. Box 2726, Westfield, NJ 07091; vox: (908) 789-9608. The Open Magazine Pamphlets are available at finer bookstores. A 10-pamphlet subscription is $35. Copies of the original Davis pamphlet are available for $4 (postage included).*

Another emerging technology is the police utilization of LANDSAT satellites linked to Geographical Information Systems (GIS). Almost certainly by the end of the decade the largest U.S. metropolitan areas, including Los Angeles, will be using geosynchronous LANDSAT systems to manage traffic congestion and oversee physical planning. The same LANDSAT-GIS capability can be cost-shared and time-shared with police departments to surveil the movements of tens of thousands of electronically tagged individuals and their automobiles.

Although such monitoring is immediately intended to safeguard expensive sports cars and other toys of the rich, it will be entirely possible to use the same technology to put the equivalent of an electronic handcuff on the activities of entire urban social strata. Drug offenders and gang members can be "bar-coded" and paroled to the omniscient scrutiny of a satellite that will track their 24-hour itineraries and automatically sound an alarm if they stray outside the borders of their *surveillance district*. With such powerful Orwellian technologies for social control, community confinement and the confinement of communities may ultimately mean the same thing.

With 150,000 people incarcerated in California prisons at an astronomical cost per day, this situation threatens to beggar the state. Two new prisons have been built, but funds to operate and staff them are non-existent. The answer, according to a growing number of social engineers: *virtual prisons*. This "solution" neatly and elegantly combines punishment and control while providing a shot-in-the-arm to a budding new industry: "consumer home surveillance." Could it be that this is what Clinton intended by endorsing "Civilian DARPA"?

The Ecology of Fear would not be complete without your friendly neighborhood fink. The Neighborhood Watch program conscripts thousands of citizens to become police informers under the official slogan "Be on the Look Out for Strangers." The program, comprising more than 5,500 crime-surveillance block clubs from San Pedro to Sylmar, is the LAPD's most important innovation in urban policing. The brainchild of former police chief Ed Davis, the program is now emulated by hundreds of North American and even European cities from Rosemead to London. But, uniquely in L.A., it has completed the link with cyberculture. The LAPD has signed a multi-million dollar contract with Steve Jobs' NeXt for a citizens' complaint database—a fact that gives a chilling new spin to the name... NEXT! M2

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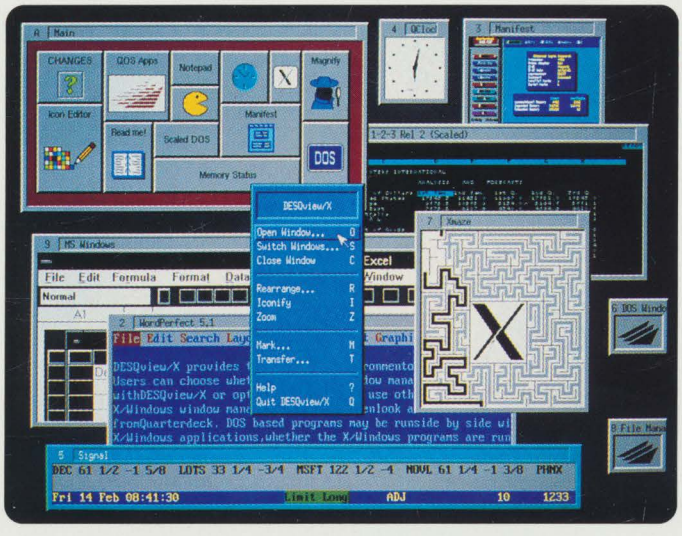

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